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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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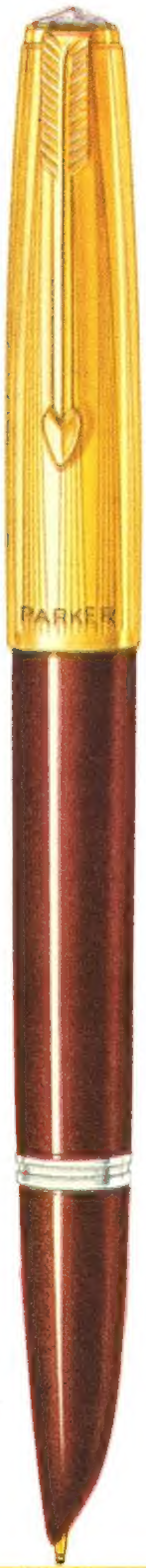

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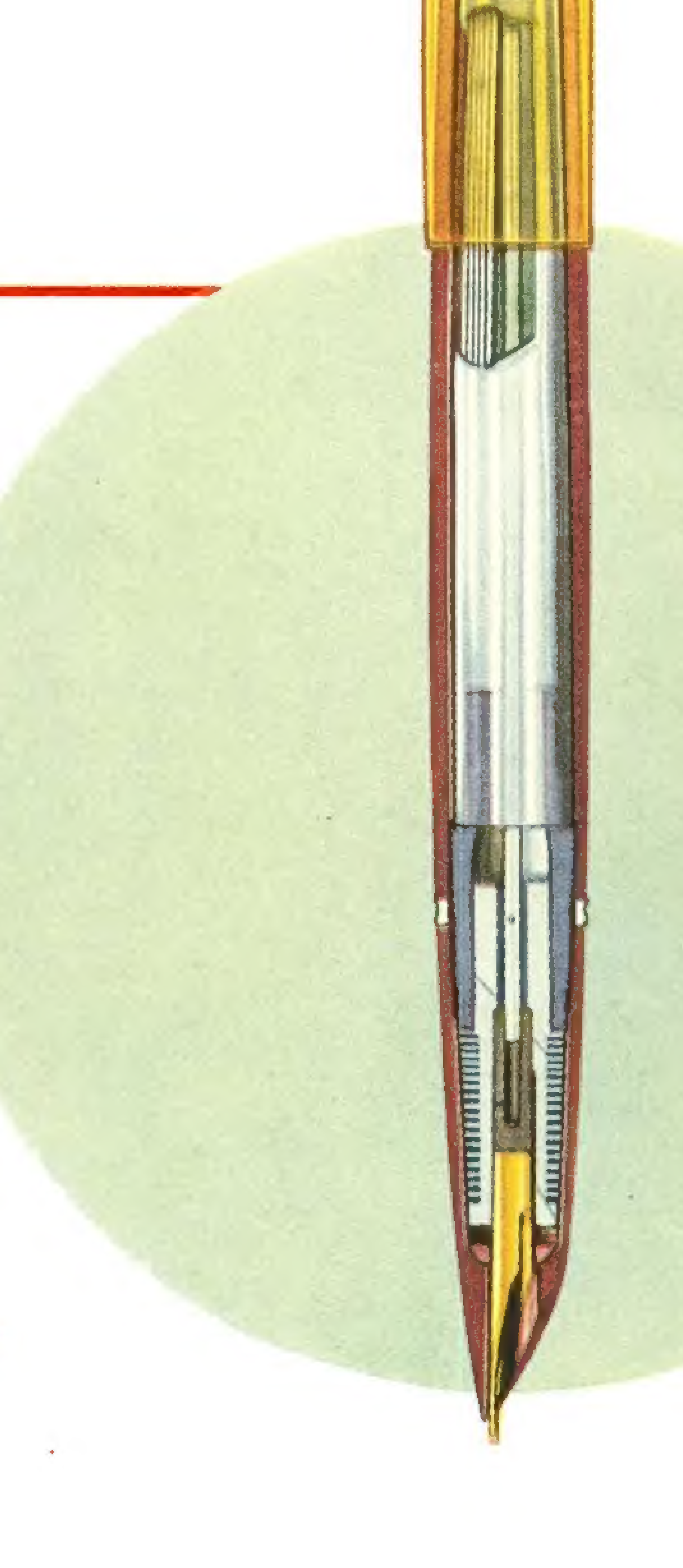

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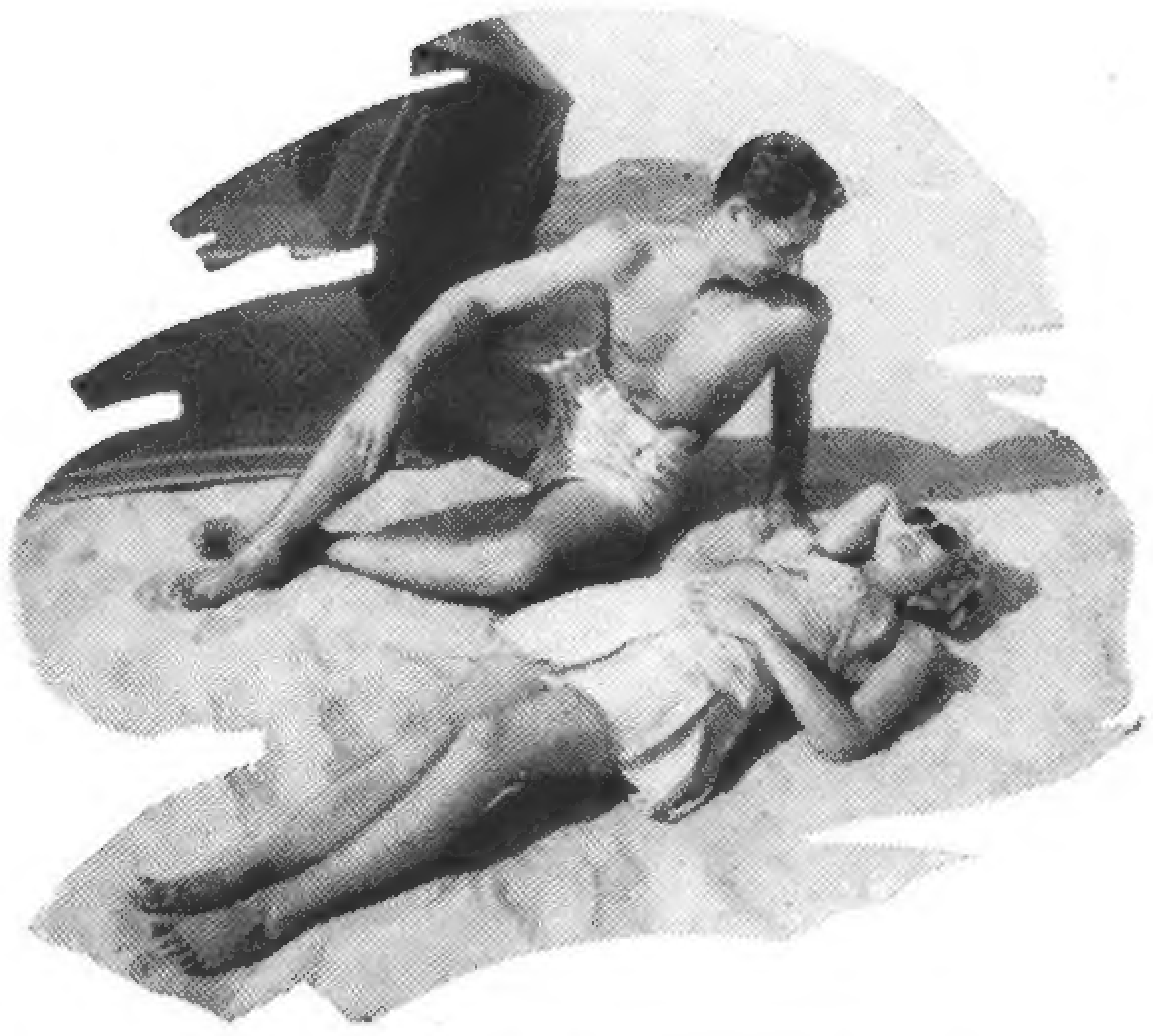

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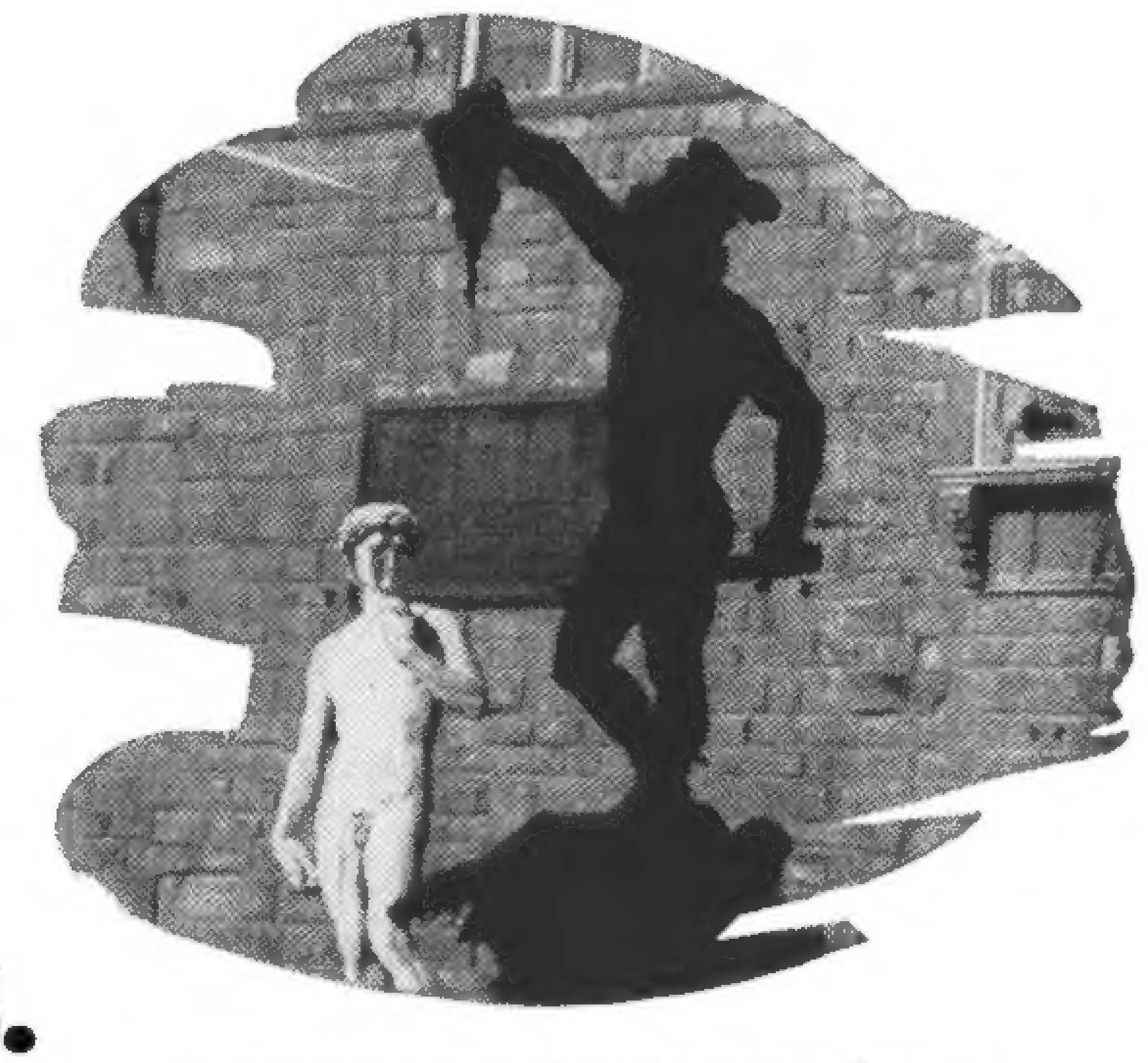

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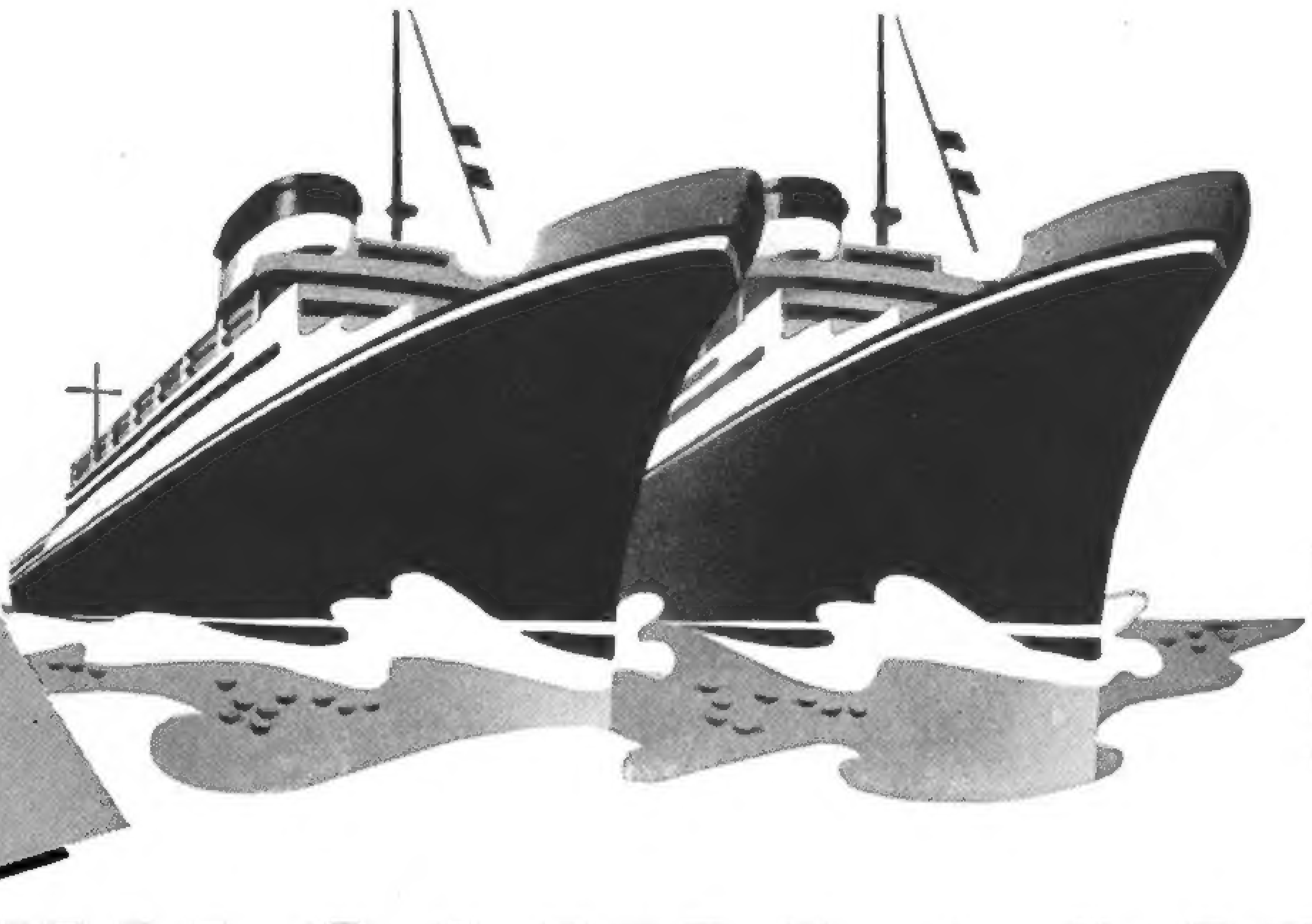

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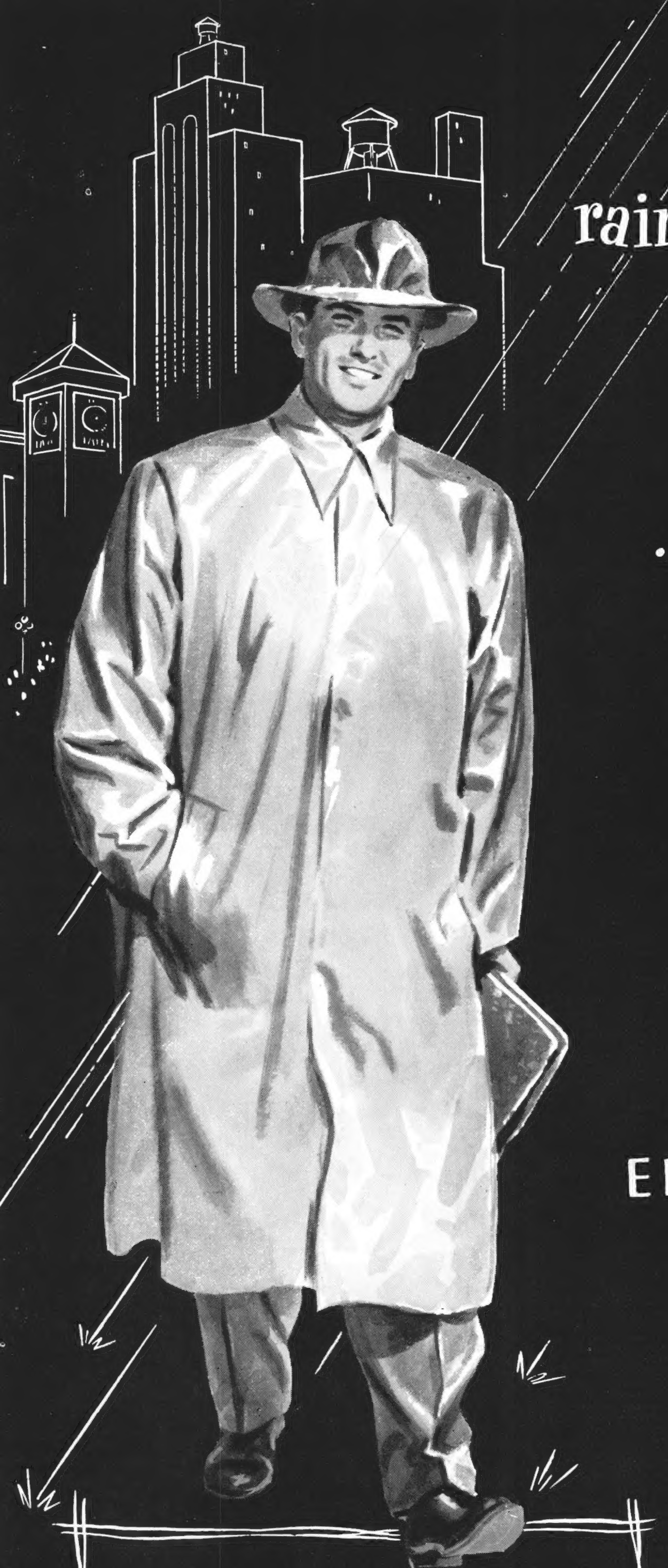

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memo from the publisher:

the power of surprise

A notorious latter-day Don Juan was once asked to what he attributed his downright dangerous success with women. "I treat charwomen as though they were ladies, and ladies as though they were charwomen," he replied.

The principal trade secret which this connoisseur of the clandestine revealed was, of course, the power of surprise. And he therewith spelled out the hidden ingredient of success in the art of fascinating, be it in the chase, cooking, conversation—or the business of publishing a magazine.

Surprise is certainly the hidden ingredient of Esquire's gratifying success, and I believe that one of the secrets lies in our attitude toward our readers...We treat men as though they are gentlemen, and gentlemen as though they are *Men*.

The result is surprise—and surprising: an editorial "personality" figuratively broad enough and varied enough to step up to the bar for a slug of forty rod, straight, or to step out in white tie and tails. It takes a *Man* to do that.

Yes, and the results are surprising, too. You should have seen the mail on *Advice to the Male Animal*—or *What's Wrong with Our Women?*—or *A Bachelor's Confession*—or *The Case for the Unwed Father*.

You should know about the 18,000 *dozen* shirts that were sold as the result of one illustration—or the two-inch photograph that caused the manufacturer of a new portable refrigerator to be over-ordered for two years to come.

You should see some of the thousands of inquiries which a single editorial feature, the Talking Shop columns, produces each month—or the mail that handled the more than 70,000 reprints that were bought of the 20-page Esquire Liquor Intelligencer.

Run through this issue and you'll see that magic ingredient at work again. Try *The Last Shot* for a walloping surprise—and "*Only Chumps Have Friends*"—and the special Supplement on Sailing.

GTS

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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T.M.REG.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President & Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Editorial and Art Depts., 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Circulation, Business, and Production Depts., Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, 1933 under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Mss. and art should be sent to Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-Am. Union and Canada, $6.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $12.00. Subscribers changing addresses should notify Esquire Subscription Dept. 30 days before change takes place. Give old and new addresses.

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Editorial:

More Sea Changes

Only a rookie cop, we know, would be so foolish as to try to stop a man from beating up his wife. The traditional end for such an act of mercy is very well defined: As the cop lets the bully have it for pushing the little woman around, he suddenly receives a clout over the head with an iron, or a broom. No roughneck of a bluecoat is going to touch her man, shrieks the outraged housewife. And as the minion of the law leaves, a wiser man, he hears once more the thud of manly fist on a lady's jaw. But the inalienable rights of the home, and of a male to maul his mate, have been upheld, and the lady absorbs her shellacking with a grim and satisfied stoicism.

It is something in that same petulant and loyal vein that Esquire exists as a "family" magazine. No one berates us more harshly than our closest supporters, but we have heard them stand up for the right to do so with holy vehemence.

This family feeling on the part of our readers has been going on for years. One sign of it is the flow of readers who come to see our offices. We take them through, of course, but a little wistfully, knowing full well the disappointment in store for so many. They are mildly interested in the ordinary processes of getting out a magazine, of course—they look on the harried sales force, the absent-minded editors, and the artists' brash conflict with the tenets of the fashion department with the knowing eyes of moviegoers who have intimate intercourse with a thousand editorial offices, headed by Rosalind Russell or Ray Milland. But, at Esquire, there comes over the visitor quite often a secretive, expectant look which, being interpreted, means: "But where are the GIRLS?" We are actually very proud of the good looks of the young ladies on our staff, but none of them has ever attempted to compete with the Esquire Girl of Al Moore, let us say, or one of the young goddesses pictured in our Kodachromes. Alas, we must soon confess that these deities exist either in the minds of the artists, or inhabit heavens far from here—in a studio perhaps—which we are permitted to visit only upon happy occasion.

But our one fantastic exhibit is an editor whose job covers a romantic horizon of different fields—he has, for example, in the past months investigated, perused, lived, eaten and slept over the topics of Fishing (March) and Golf (April) for our Special Supplements.

He is also the lucky sleuth who sampled the long drinks, such as the Ward Eight and the Singapore Sling, pictured in the Liquor Intelligencer of last August, to make sure that you, sir, were advised of their proper ingredients, not only on paper but on the delicate taste buds of the tongue.

Likewise, he was cavorting in taverns and at barbecues in order to "research" with proper dispatch the Food Supplement of last October while we were eating chicken-salad sandwiches on cold toast at our desk and calling printers while he called for more Escoffier sauce.

This man, now a walking encyclopedia of fact and fancy, and who continues to pretend that his is a difficult and boring task, has just given you the essence of the Supplement on Sailing in this issue. Turning from his usual *pâté de foie gras* to biscuit, and exchanging his diet of champagne for a few licks of salt water across the face, he has gone down to the sea (or at least that part of it that backs up into Long Island Sound) in taxis, and come back to the office brimming with nautical lore about binnacles and mizzenmasts and a girl he met at the New York Yacht Club. But the result is still magical: the man is a genius. He defeated our secret hope that he would be dropped overboard somewhere in a gentle swell, undoubtedly to turn up later on the coast of Brittany, sealed in a bottle, and now has actually triumphed again. Seems he casually spoke to a couple of racing skippers, and, in his endless quest for perfection in our Supplements, would take no pictures or have any truck with any but the swiftest bottoms afloat. This was a big assignment for a man who has been suspected of a slight feeling of queasiness during a trip on the Staten Island ferry last summer, but he never hesitated. Given a choice, he promptly made arrangements to take the photographs you will see on page 91, aboard the seagoing racing cutter *Blitzen*,

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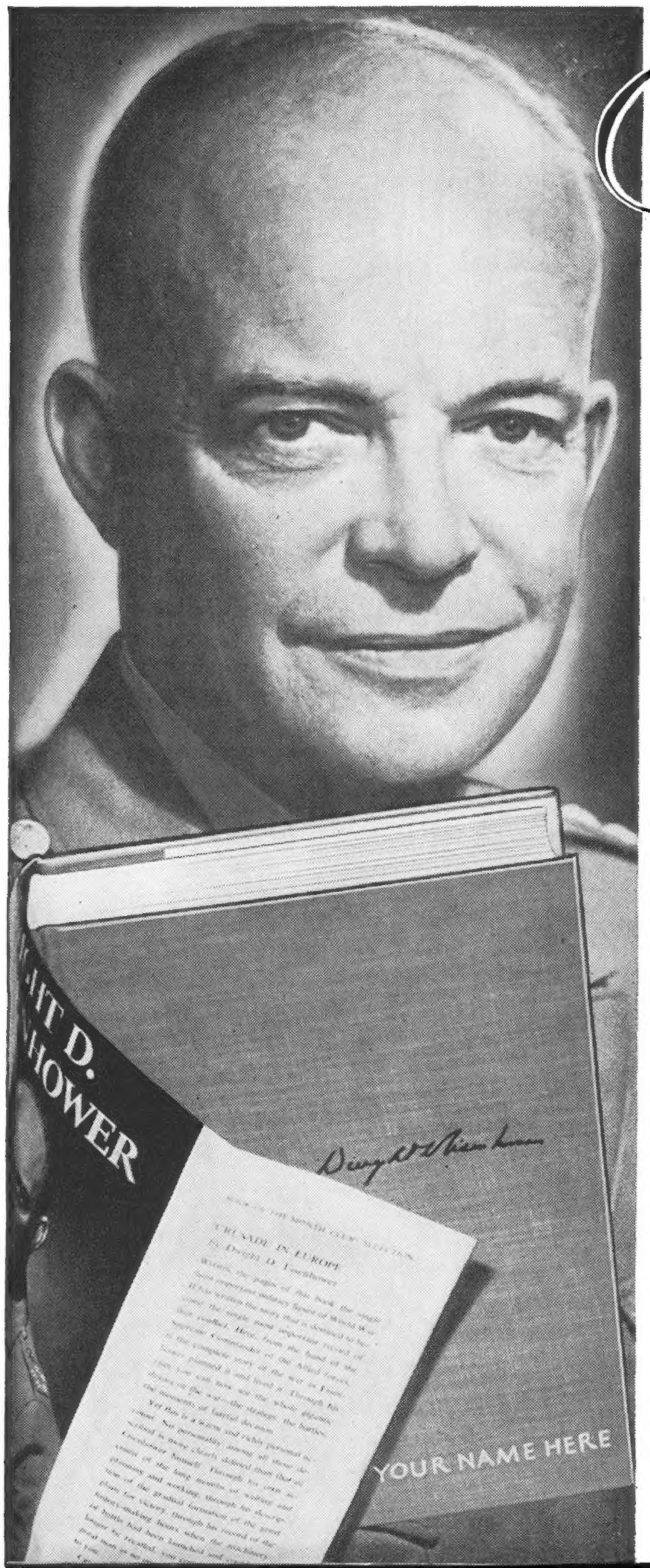

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Editorial: More Sea Changes

Continued from page 6

and rigged another several next to the dinghy of the *Katuna*. We hate to pass you this word, but the fact is that a few weeks after these pictures were made, the *Blitzen* won the famous Bermuda ocean race, and the *Katuna* cleaned up at the big Ft. Lauderdale-Cat Cay competition. Our man takes a bit of credit for these triumphs, having talked things over in advance with the respective skippers of these boats. We just thought you'd like to know that he's psychic. We can't show you any Esquire Girls at the office, but if you'll stop by, you can see this salty character.

However, he's thinking about automobiles now, so there's no use brushing up on your Conrad if you want to talk with him. Detroit's the word, this month.

* * *

With these sea changes in our hair, we have suddenly discovered that Esquire itself has undergone certain mutations, which may or may not result in something rich and strange, to borrow from the uncomplaining Shakespeare.

You will have noticed, perhaps, that for some months back Esquire has given over its cover each time to a graphic interpretation of some of the features of that issue. This month, naturally, it salutes the fleet in the Sailing Supplement, with a wigwag towards another item or two you can't fail to notice.

Another change, and it even slipped past us in the last issue, is the new column make-up of this department, and its brothers The Sound and the Fury, and Backstage with Esquire. Nothing drastic, you'll notice, but we hoped that you'd find a little more movement in the new order, an invitation to keep thumbing your way along, with plenty to see, either in the editorial columns themselves, or in the advertisements hard by (Esquire readers give our ads preferential scrutiny, they tell us).

We don't mind the old order changing, of course, because change is our favorite word, but we like to feel that the new is compounded of the old, somewhat as a man is popularly supposed to have a completely new skin every seven years, without finding it too difficult to be recognized by the doormen at his club or his apartment house. We looked with interest, for example, at a scientific analysis which gives us a percentage breakdown of Esquire's editorial content during 1948. There is no editor alive, or let us say employed, so foolish as to put out a magazine according to a rigid formula of contents, without deviation, any more than there is a hardy soul who simply reaches into the grab bag of his contributors and lets the content fall where it will, regardless of topic. But there is an instinct

Continued on page 10

patch natch..

.. the very newest style note in casual coats—big, roomy patch pockets! And naturally you'll find four of 'em on the Macon, Ayrstar's brand new corduroy sports jacket. You'll wear it every chance you get—on campus, to the game, for informal dates—everywhere! For it makes you look your very best! Fashioned of lustrous, supple corduroy—one of the longest wearing fabrics made, and it's "Cravenette" treated to repel rain. Full rayon-lined; new University side vents; fresh, spring colors—to match any mood or outfit—maroon, grey, sky blue, chamois, green, ivory. About $22.50 at better stores.

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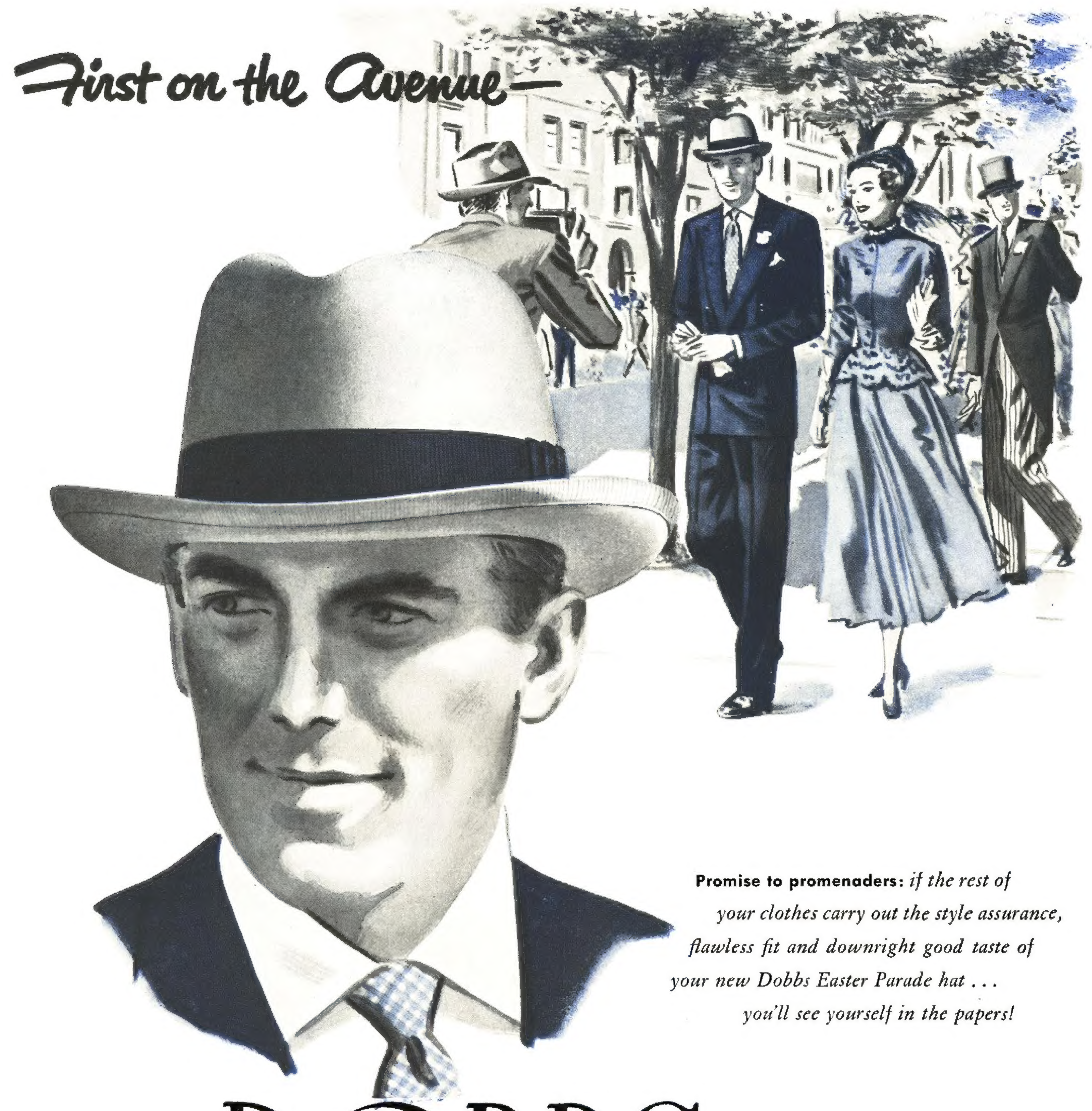
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Other Dobbs Hats $8.50 to $50.00 Available at the finer stores

DOBBS HATS, NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER, PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

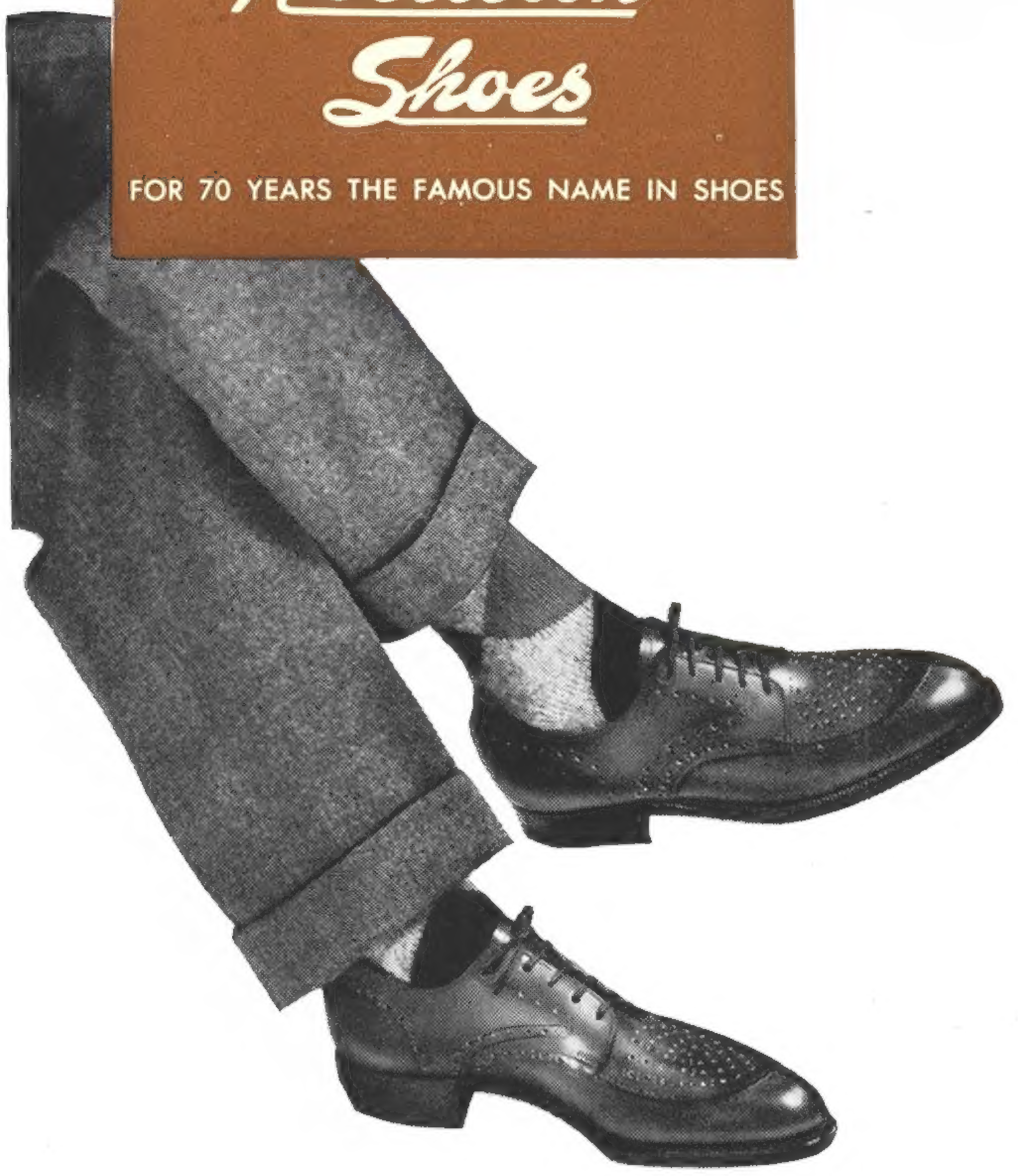
Because
you simply
can't treat
your feet
too well . . .

Nettleton
Shoes
FOR 70 YEARS THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES

ABOVE The Yarmouth with medallion tip (style 451), individually styled in mellow tan calfskin

BELOW The Algonquin*, ventilated for summer comfort, with Nettleton's exclusive hand-sewn seam (style 455)

• See your Nettleton dealer, or write
A. E. Nettleton Co., Syracuse 2, N. Y. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Editorial: More Sea Changes

Continued from page 8

about such things, we have always felt, and fondly believe it to be not unlike the athletic instinct of a Joe Di Maggio, who concentrates on belting the ball, unencumbered by diagrammatic visions of what muscles and joints he is using. Our chart, then, has a certain clinical interest for us, and in that this is a poll which looks backward, we realize that the researchers are standing on exceptionally firm ground, this time.

We note, for one, that 10.3% of our linage was given over to "Cultural Interests," whereas only 0.3% was concerned with "Children." Clearly Esquire brings you Flaubert in preference to feeding formulas. We are happy at our instinctive constancy.

We see that "Sports, Recreations, and Hobbies" sopped up 9.6% of our linage, and ran about even with "Wearing Apparel & Accessories," at 8.7%, leaving us well pleased with our basic fashion axiom that a gentleman considers his appearance and grooming on occasions other than Sunday afternoon.

It's an interesting thing, looking back on a year's work and seeing it stacked up against the wall, like so many fence rails, this much pine, this much cedar, so much oak. *(And what are those splinters over in that dark corner, anyway?)*

* * *

The faithfulness of a good artist to his subject is an awesome thing to contemplate, and we pass it on to you for your own appreciation. We recall, for example, a painting done by Harper Goff, sometime back, depicting the sinking of the *Titanic*. The ship, of course, was perfect in every detail. That you might expect. The artist showed her as if from a lifeboat a short distance away, just before the final plunge. But she sank at night and as you see the starry sky above—and this is the point—Mr. Goff saw to it that each constellation, star, and planet was in its orbital place for that year, that night, and that very hour and minute, as you would have seen it, had you been there.

And now, in this issue, you see Ethan Allen taking Fort Ticonderoga, as Artist Warren Baumgartner paints it so superbly. Mr. Baumgartner knows whereof he paints also: he knows every inch of the Fort, every inch that Ethan strode that night. He knows the Catamount Tavern, he knows Bennington, Salisbury, and the taste of hot buttered rum: he knows his man Ethan, the background he sprang from, and where he stood that night at the Fort, brandishing his huge sword. And it is all there in the gatefold painting.

Mr. Baumgartner, our respects. ##

After Six
BY RUDOFKER

INFORMAL
Comfort
IN FORMAL
WEAR

Summer heat won't faze the crisp, cool, "at ease" lines of the new AFTER SIX formal jackets in handsome White, Beige, Blue and Maroon. Shoulders are roomy . . . lapels more generous . . . fabrics feather-lite. It's all done skillfully by America's Largest Exclusive Manufacturer of Formal Wear. Single and double-breasted models . . . at better men's stores.

WRITE FOR FREE FORMAL
WEAR DRESS CHART "E"

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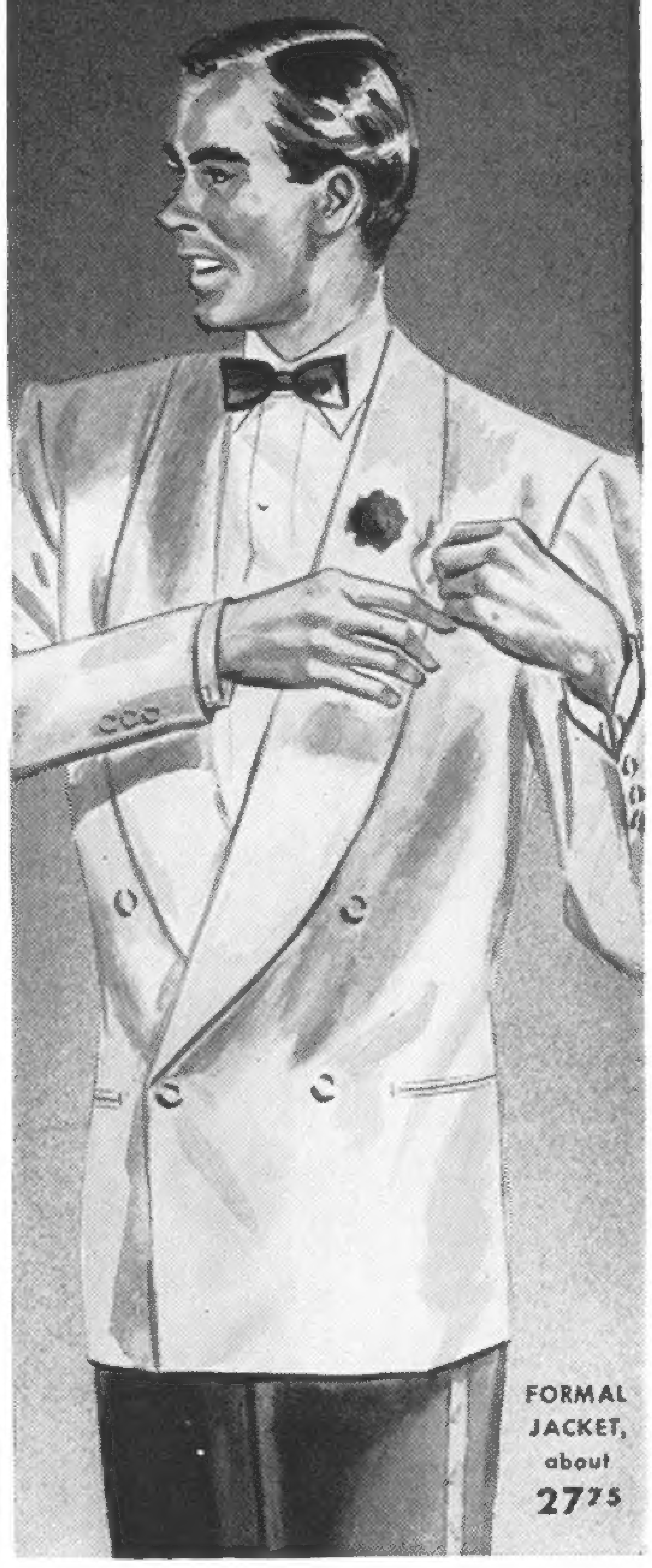
PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

FORMAL
JACKET,
about
27^{75}



Since 1746, perfected through many generations, the subtle art of blending this fine Scotch has been the reason for its preference among men of impeccable taste, in blue-ribbon surroundings, the world over.

WHITE HORSE

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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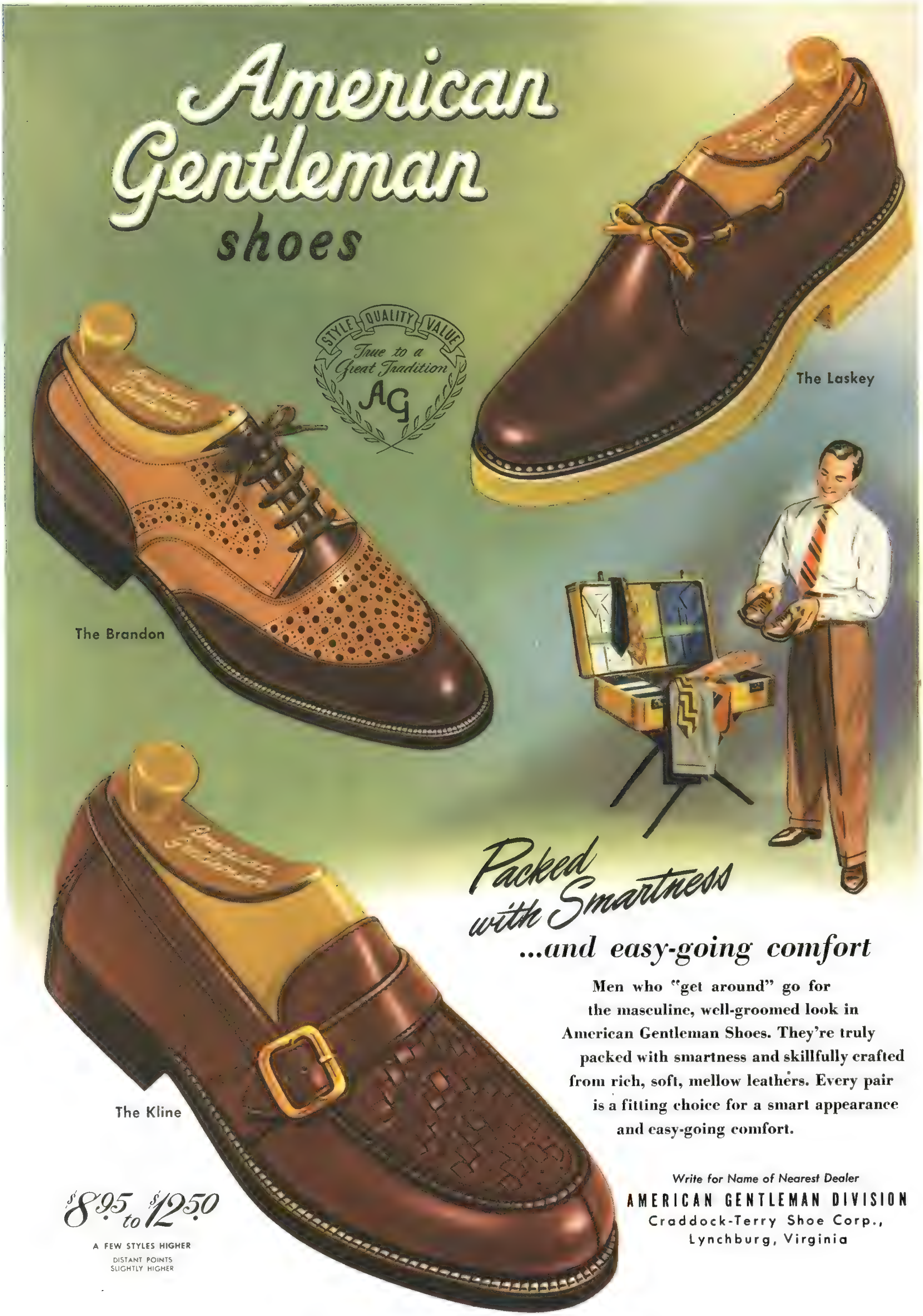
American Gentleman shoes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True to a Great Tradition
AG
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Packed with Smartness

...and easy-going comfort

Men who "get around" go for the masculine, well-groomed look in American Gentleman Shoes. They're truly packed with smartness and skillfully crafted from rich, soft, mellow leathers. Every pair is a fitting choice for a smart appearance and easy-going comfort.

$8.95 to $12.50

A FEW STYLES HIGHER

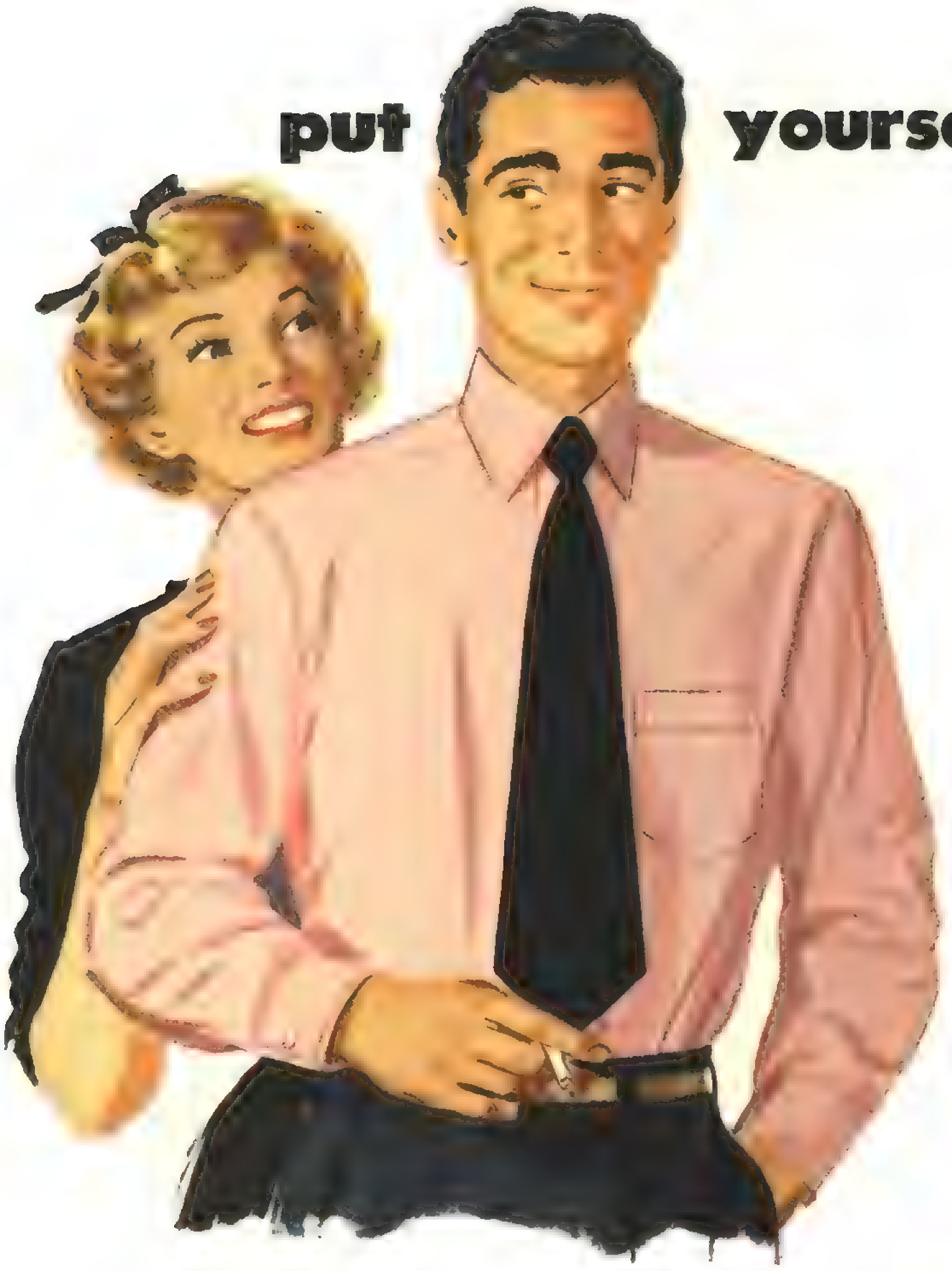
DISTANT POINTS
SLIGHTLY HIGHER

Write for Name of Nearest Dealer

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN DIVISION
Craddock-Terry Shoe Corp.,
Lynchburg, Virginia

don't count on words alone...

put yourself over in COLOR!



Besides talking smooth, you've got to look smooth.

Show her your colorful personality in a good-looking Essley Shirt,

featuring those distinctive new Personality Colors,

and she'll walk with just you in the Easter Parade.

There's a smart pastel shade to point up each trait she admires.

Dashing collar styles, including the genuine *Trubenized** collar

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Fine Sanforized fabrics. Regular or French cuffs. $2.95 to $3.95.

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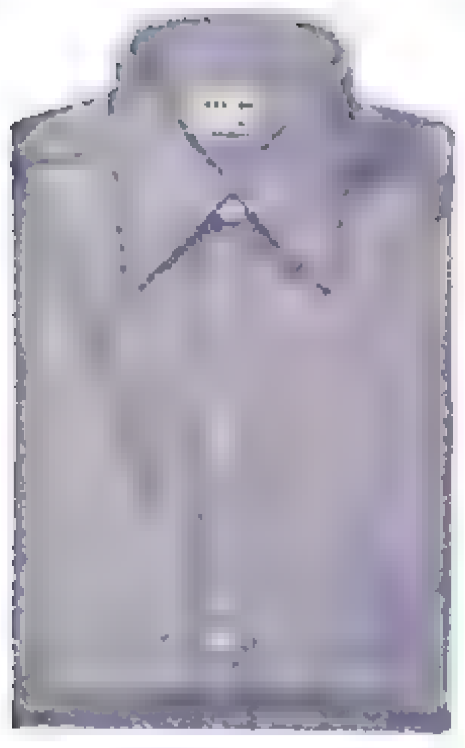
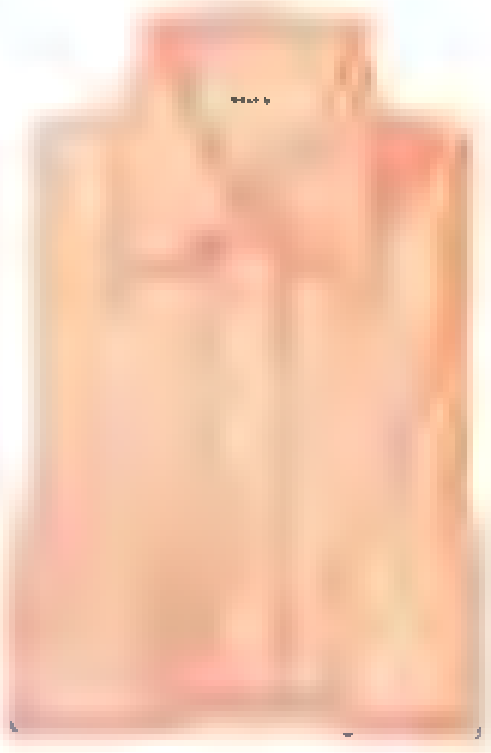
It's Easy with ESSLEY

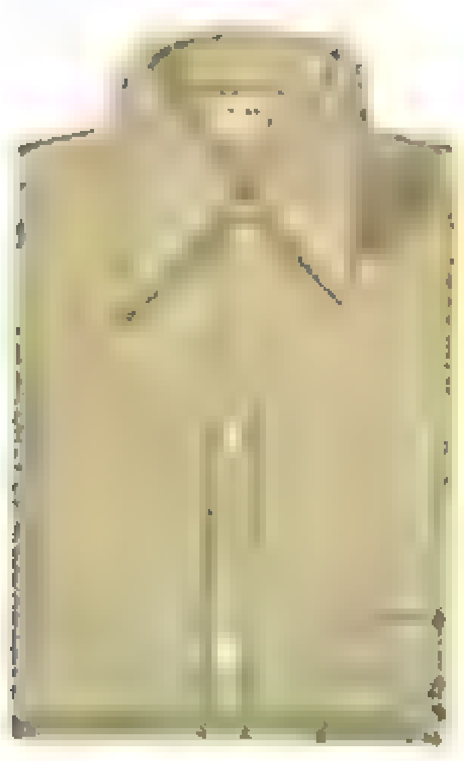
PERSONALITY COLORS



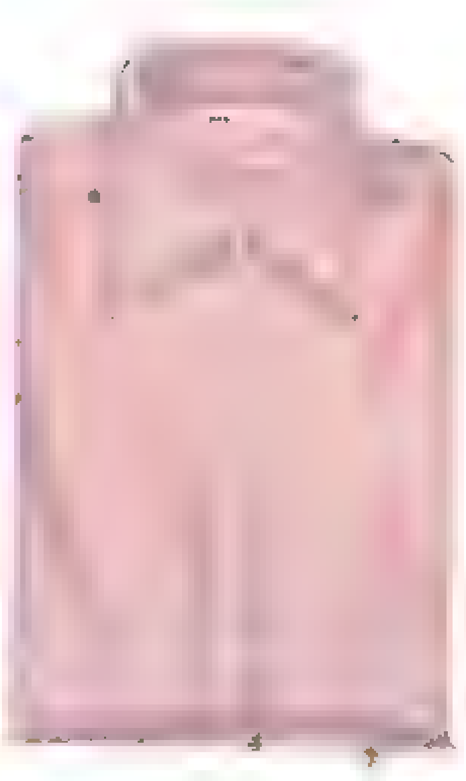
Regular Trubenized
Impression Blue



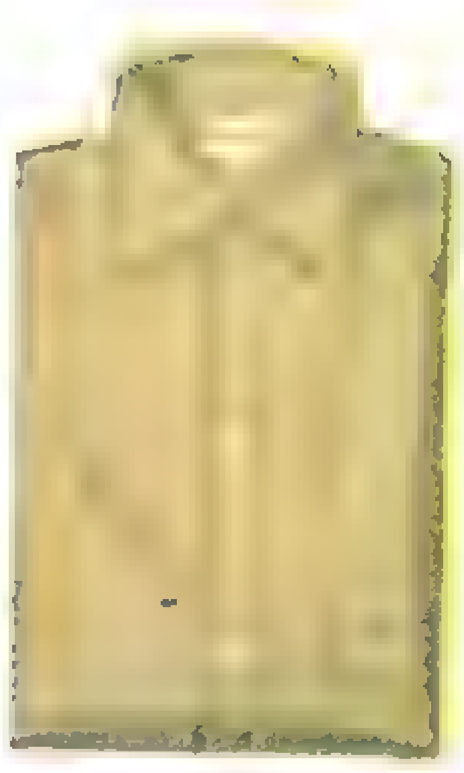
Bold Look
Persuasive Pink



Palm Springs
Sincere Gray



Del Monte
Executive Helio



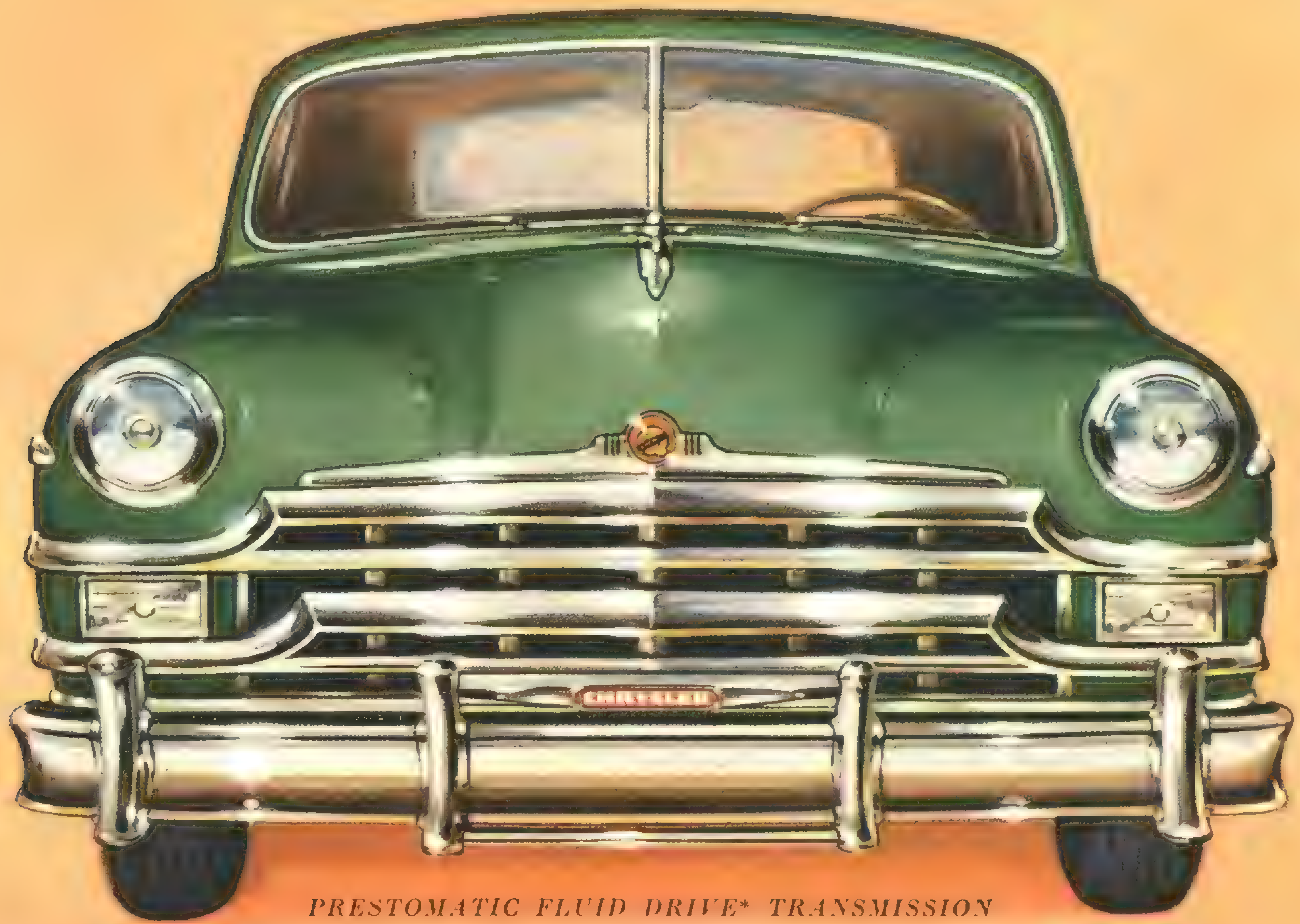
Kent
Jovial Green

Regular Trubenized
True Bamboo

Dress shirts, sportswear and sleepwear for men and boys. Essley Shirt Company, Empire State Bldg., New York City

Chrysler's Great

The Beautiful Chrysler | *Silver Anniversary Model*



PRESTOMATIC FLUID DRIVE TRANSMISSION*

**gyrol Fluid Drive*

Now on display at Chrysler dealers all across America! The most beautiful Chrysler of all time! The Silver Anniversary Chrysler! Completely new in its well-bred beauty! Advanced in its inspired engineering! Designed with common sense and imagination—with over 50 of the advances you count on *first* from Chrysler. With Prestomatic Fluid Drive Transmission . . . with more horsepower from the great high compression Spitfire engine . . . with new, wider chair-height seats . . . plenty of headroom, legroom and shoulder-room . . . with a softer, safer, smoother ride . . . with Safety Rim Wheels . . . this is the car you'll want to live with for years to come! Tailored to taste . . . the safest, most comfortable Chrysler ever built. See it today! The greatest value we've ever offered!

New Car

The Sound and the Fury

stamp market bearish

We read with interest the article on stamp collecting by Bleiberg. We were unaware that prices on U.S. stamps had been skidding so badly.

Please inform us as to just where they can be purchased at these bargains since apparently we and a lot of other stamp dealers have been missing out on it.

Robert W. Russell
Crystal Stamp Mart
Findlay, Ohio

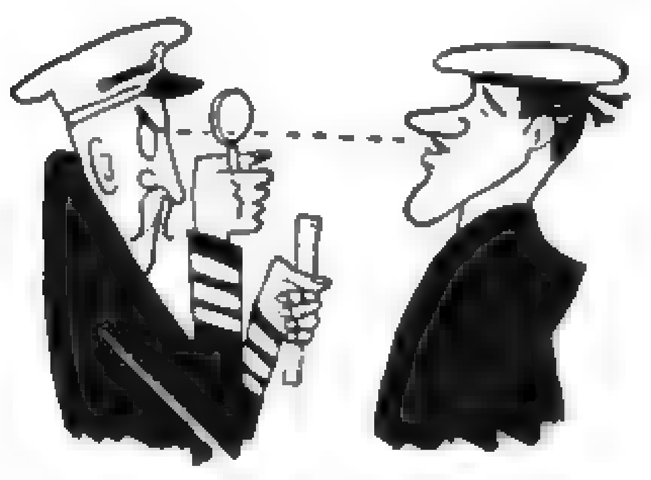
Stamp dealers must be a hardy lot, indeed, if they don't agree that the slump in the prices of many stamps since 1946 can be described accurately by "skidding badly." A couple of years ago, Wall Street (which is a pretty rugged place itself) called a 25% decline in stock prices everything from a crash to a collapse. Some of the stamps cited in my article have suffered a depreciation of as much as 37%, but if Mr. Russell feels like calling that a slight sag, I'm completely agreeable.

Here are the comparative figures, taken from the widely-recognized Weekly Quotation Bulletin of the Mint Sheet Brokerage Co., which maintains a bid-and-ask market in stamps. Incidentally, last week this company was freely offering stamps at prices you apparently consider a steal.

	1–13–49	1–22–48*	10–31–46
Complete set of famous American Sheets:	$350	$350	$560
Sheet of Pony Express:	12	12	19
Sheet of China Commemoratives:	9	9.25	12.50

*Approximate time the article was written.

Robert M. Bleiberg
New York, N. Y.



captain beards sailor

In your June, 1944, edition a Mr. B. C. McCallam, Communications, Ocean Falls, B. C., pointed out that you had made an error in your April issue. Never having seen that particular issue, I assume that you stated in it somewhere that men of the Royal Navy wear a mustache on the upper lip only. Quite right, they do. Whether or not it is in special circumstances, I could not say; as, for instance, a person with a disfigured upper lip.

While in the Royal Navy during the war years I was stationed at Hagling Island, Hants, England; I met a seaman with a mustache and I asked him; as he was about fifteen years my senior, he wasted no time telling me what a cheery young nip etc. I was.

However, I can assure you, and reader McCallum, that it was and is quite legal.

Here is the correct procedure for growing a (set) mustache and beard. The man makes a written request to his captain through his Divisional Officer—thus:

"Request to see Captain through D.O. to discontinue shaving."

He is then given a probationary period to grow a set in, say three weeks, at the end of which period he is inspected. If his set is decent, that is to say, not thin and straggly, he is passed, but if he does not pass he has to shave it off.

When he decides to shave it off, finally, he has to put in another request to continue shaving.

By the way, I had the honor to serve with your Seabees in France during the Second Front, a grand set of blokes, too.

H. Baron
Preston, Lance, England

Stowe's seminar

Having read Leland Stowe's "Ten rules for dying happy," I want to chuck M. Stowe one bouquet of Buddy Poppies. Not only do I agree with the guy a hundred per cent, but I also think he's perfectly right.

A senior in college, I hardly have the license to call myself an "homme du monde." However, having taken a tour of duty at Uncle's expense around the lush, palm-fringed bit o'heaven known as Bougainville, later Luzon, then still later, Okinawa . . . I did get a view of how the Asiatic female lives, thinks, and acts when the male hoves in sight.

Though I witnessed no "brushing of the lint from hubby's business suit" on wifey's part, I did detect, in two years of island isolation, a basic respect for the man on the average woman's part which I have never seen during twenty-six years of U.S. shore patrol. Having seen this near-phenomenon in the most rustic of Filipino "barrios" as well as in the pseudo-modernity of tropical Manila, I concluded the Asiatic male animal has it all over his American counterpart when it comes to respecting his own worth in society.

Having seen my brown-skinned brother's success in the manly art of setting the pace, I quite foolishly embarked upon a postwar romantic sortie without ever having glanced at Mr. Stowe's sage advice. Needless to say, I broke every one of the ten rules he's laid down. Battered, butchered, and beaten by the "one and only," I retreated to the Ozarks—a sky-scraping cabin—there buried my $1000 engagement ring, one (1) sterling silver place set, a sum-

Continued on page 16

It works like magic!
Men prefer SWANK
Makes chain drape correctly
Makes keys feel feather-light

Only SWANK chains have the Anchor that assures a graceful drape; that suspends keys in the pocket. And only SWANK chains have the Quic-Key ring that allows any key to be removed without disturbing the others. It's smart to wear a SWANK Anchor key chain. Available in a variety of patterns. $1.50 to $12.50

SWANK—® Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

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Always look for the name SWANK *on all our products.*

Alligator
RAINWEAR

BE SMART!
KEEP DRY!
BEST BUY: ALLIGATOR!

Finest water repellent and waterproof fabrics, impeccably tailored, soundly styled. Trench model pictured is just one of many distinctive Alligator styles. See all at your dealers . . . in a variety of colors and popular prices. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

Trench model in water repellent fabrics $16.75 to $53.50. Waterproof $13.75. Other styles and fabrics $10.75 to $53.50.

BETTER DEALERS FEATURE:
ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

mer's torrid correspondence, and a broken heart.

Not until my February issue of the "male Baedeker" arrived, was my hope for society's future restored to a normal pulse beat.

I have already bought up every available copy of this midwinter issue in both Kansas City and the thriving crossroads of Liberty. Clipping out Mr. Stowe and pasting him on every frat-house bulletin board, with a personal copy to the Dean of Women, I have felt like one of the prophets.

If the word can be distributed soon enough and far enough, imagine the millions of thankful-to-be-males of future generations who will say, "Mr. Stowe told me so!"

Trusting other pre-naïve males may feel as I do, I should like to see the run of comments you print relative to the matter.

Donn Stewart
William Jewel College
Liberty, Mo.

more jabberwocky

What has happened to the brainteasers that once adorned the Sound and the Fury page? For me it was a monthly-look-forward-to (although I am not quite sure why, because I cannot remember successfully solving even one)! In an earnest endeavor to set the ball rolling again, I graciously submit the following, which probably is slightly different from others, in that it is worked out for you—all the would-be solver has to do is supply the reason why:

If $a=b$
then $ab=a^2$
also $ab-b^2=a^2-b^2$ which, as we all know, is the same as
$b(a-b)=(a+b)(a-b)$
Dividing by $(a-b)$ we get
$b=a+b$
or $b=2b$ which is the same thing as saying $1=2$.

Cecil Lee
Redcar, Yorks, England

advice to Stowe

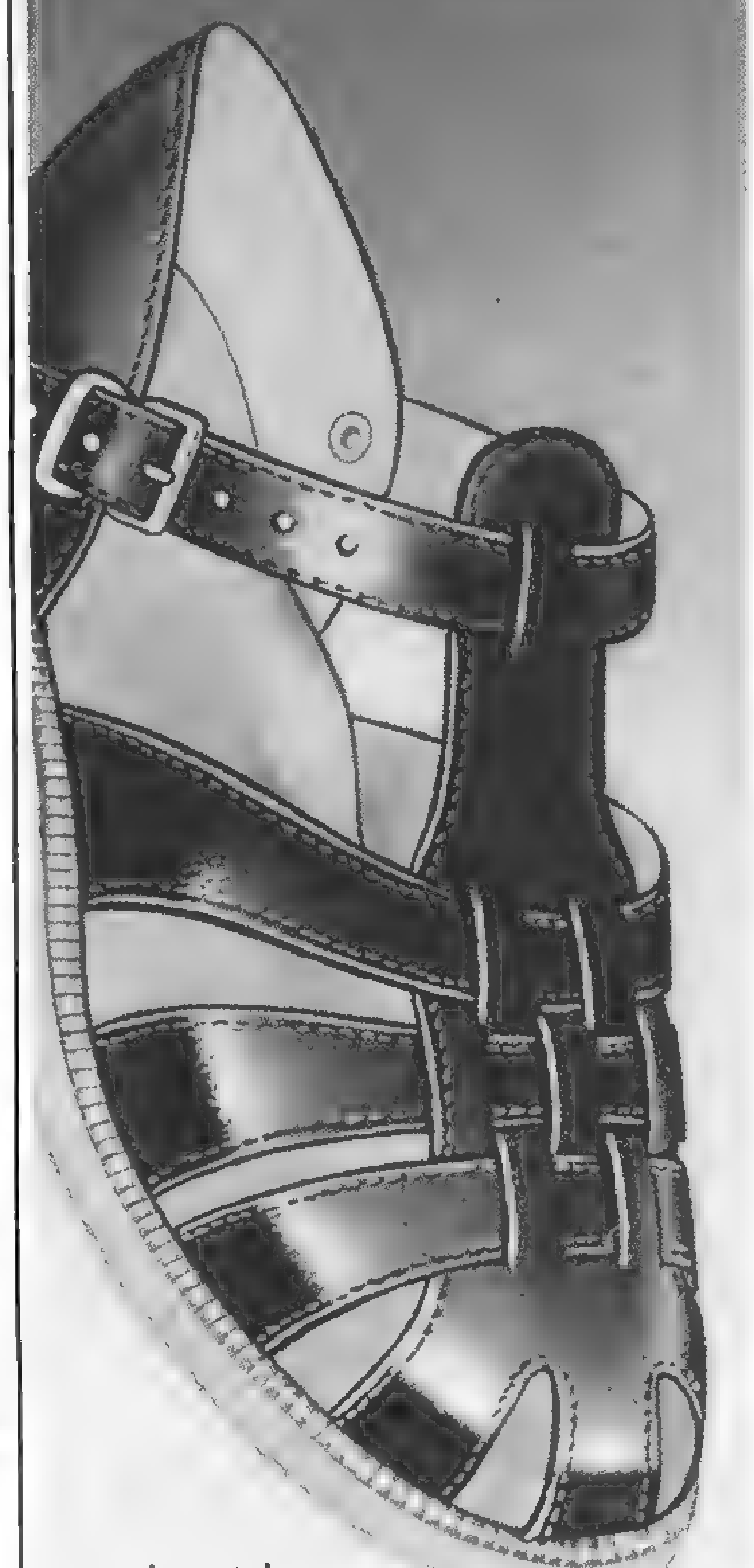
Your article by Mr. Leland Stowe—February, 1949—is actually a burlesque vintage. Why place the unfortunate women in his particular revengeful perspective is beyond me.

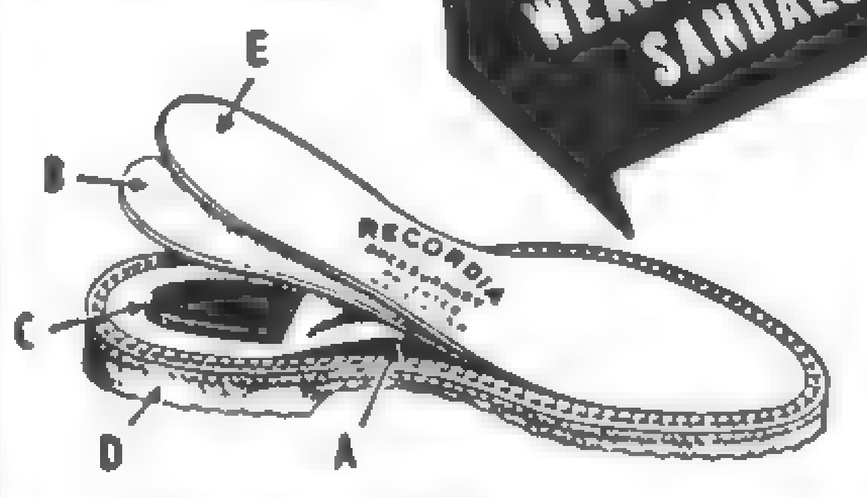
Women should be no problem to any male (weak or strong, Adonis or mouse type). Surely Mr. Stowe has lately been reclining in ultra smart city night clubs.

I suggest that he get around a little where women have to use their hands and work for a livelihood, such as canneries, clothing plants, or doing simple kitchen duties. The extreme false glitter of night-club and movie atmosphere will dispel any glamour, an experience the woman gets at looking in at a man's barber shop.

Harry Borensten, Jr.
Baltimore, Md.

Continued on page 18





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in Sandals
"RECORDIA"
. . . the only sandal with the BILT-IN ARCH SUPPORT

various styles
$3.50 up

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MANUFACTURERS OF "RECORDIA PROCESS" Sandals FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

LOOK FOR THE GREEN SEAL ON THE SOLE

for your nearest store selling RECORDIA PROCESS SANDALS, *write:*
RECORDIA MFG. CO., Inc.
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Bright treasure . . .

diamond-dial watches of rare distinction

Magnificent is the word for these fine Gruen watches, whose superb styling is enriched by the brilliance of genuine diamonds. Their very names reflect their distinction: First Lady, for someone who will be forever first in a man's heart: Governor, for a man who commands respect for his good judgment. Individually outstanding for beauty and accuracy, together an unforgettable gift pair. See them at Gruen jewelers exclusively. Prices include federal tax. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

The FIRST LADY
with diamond dial, $150.

The GOVERNOR
with diamond dial, $150.

GRUEN
THE *Precision* WATCH

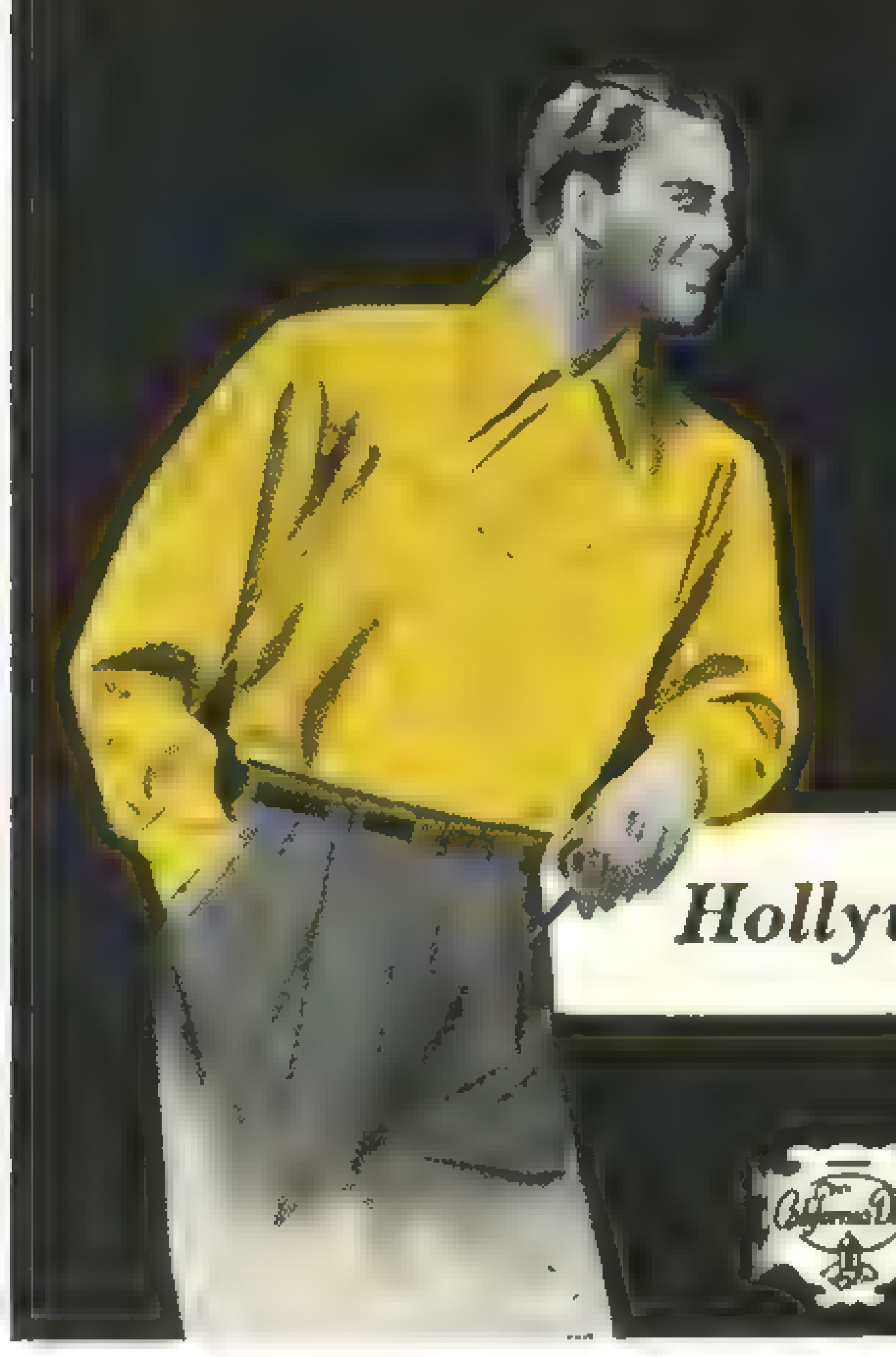
GRUEN 75TH YEAR

THE PALM SPRINGS SHIRT
California's finest!

And only Hollywood Rogue creates the Palm Springs—California's finest casual shirt—designed by Hollywood Rogue for year 'round wear 'round the country. Rogue originated the custom detailing of collar, pockets and the shaping of the body. One of America's great fabric weavers loomed the cashmere-soft, medium weight, Spartan rayon gabardine. The Palm Springs Shirt in twelve masculine colors — $10.

Companion style for the man who prefers the authentic, buttonless original Rogue-Shirt—crafted with the same master shirtmanship. Also in Spartan gabardine — $10. Others at $6.95, $8.95 and $12.50. All wool gabardine at $17.95 and $25. At fine stores or write.

Hollywood Rogue Sportswear Corp.
Hollywood 38 California



The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 16

Esky missed a putt

I wish to congratulate you on the excellent *Guide to Good Golfing* in your April issue. However you erred in saying (in the picture caption accompanying *The Fairway to Better Golf*), that Ben Hogan won the 1947 Masters Tournament. The winner was Jimmy Demaret.

L. S. MAXWELL
San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Esky apologizes for having looked up at the 18th green. The 1947 Masters Tournament was indeed won by Jimmy Demaret who defeated Nelson and Stranahan. Ben Hogan came in fourth. Sorry!*

money is honey

First let me thank you on behalf of all of the men over here who read and enjoy your magazine as much as I do. It is a wonderful morale builder. Best of all, I like your Sound and Fury column.

I have been reading all the letters in Sound and Fury with the keenest interest since Leland Stowe's article appeared as to who makes the best wives, American or foreign women.

I firmly believe if I were to marry a woman it would be a rich woman, regardless of nationality. I feel that I could show much more love and admiration to a well-to-do woman without paying attention to her nationality than I could if I married *any* girl and took into consideration her nationality without respect to her financial background.

M/Sgt. ALBERT WHEAT
Grafenwohr, Germany

review before leaping

Several years ago, while reading Esquire, I came across an article which contained a chart for rating girls who are prospective spouses. This article was about three or four pages of questions concerning the prospect, each question being valued at so many points. At the end of the article was an analysis of the point-rating totals.

I am now in a position to make excellent use of this article, which I have remembered until this day.

ANONYMOUS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The article in question, contained in our October, '42 issue, is* Should I Marry the Girl? *by Ed S. Woodhead. Esky takes special pleasure in settling problems, bets or scores by supplying tear sheets from past issues whenever they are available.*

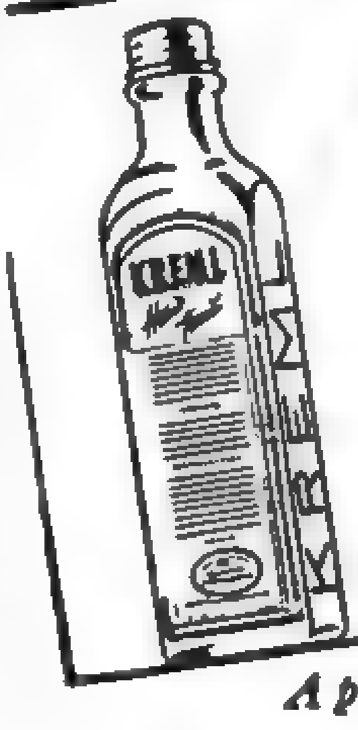
Continued on page 147

YOU MUST AVOID
GREASY
GOO
IF YOU WANT A
CLEAN SCALP—
HANDSOME-
LOOKING HAIR

Remember Water Is No Hair Tonic

On the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place*; it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling so CLEAN. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp—to remove dandruff flakes.

Have the 'clean-cut' Kreml-type hair that attracts



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Hair Tonic
SAVE MONEY—buy the new large 16-oz. money-saving size Kreml and save up to 50%.

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

Esquire Opens With 4 Queens

TIGER GIRL

PANTHER GIRL

ZEBRA GIRL

LEOPARD GIRL

Esquire's Quartet of Queens—the famous Jungle Girl Playing Cards—will even give the loser a "royal flush." Let us deal you in on these tropic beauties—the tempting Tiger Girl and Panther Girl, and the lush Leopard Girl and Zebra Girl—created especially for your card-playing pleasure.

These colorful Jungle Queens are dirt-resistant; a damp cloth restores their luxurious luster. Their cellulose-coated, two-ply stock is unusually durable. Esquire's Jungle Girl Playing Cards are the ideal gift—for yourself or for your friends. One deck: $1.25; two decks: $2.00.

JUST SEND IN THIS COUPON TODAY . . . (U.S. orders only)

Esquire INC. • BOX 1719 • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Here is my check, cash, or money order (no C.O.D.) for $__________. Please send me:

SINGLE DECKS

___Decks of Tiger Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck

___Decks of Panther Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck

___Decks of Zebra Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck

___Decks of Leopard Girl Cards; $1.25 per deck

ATTENTION, BUSINESSMEN: Esquire Jungle Girl Playing Cards with imprinted containers make wonderful advertising specialties. For detailed information, please address inquiries on your business letterhead to: Esquire Calendar Division, Esquire Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

SETS

___Pairs of the new Jungle Girl Cards; Tiger Girl and Panther Girl at $2.00 per pair.

___Pairs of the original Jungle Girl Cards; Leopard Girl and Zebra Girl at $2.00 per pair.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City & State____________________

Time for a new tobacco pouch?

Rogers

the finest in
smokers' accessories

Combination Model
Daily Model

- **Rogers air-tite***

Enjoy a pouchful of fresh tobacco with a Rogers Air-tite tobacco pouch—with its patented† inner pouch of seamless rubber that "seals as it closes" ...The largest selling tobacco pouch made. Exquisitely created in many styles and leathers.

Above: Combination Model pouch of Brazilian Peccary $10 (Rogers Rarity Pipe $5). Other models, $1.50 to $20. At left: Daily Model holds one day's supply compactly. Beaver Calfskin, illustrated $2.50. Other leathers, and other models for full pack of tobacco, $1.50 to $15.

- The latest in cigarette cases

A precision made flat cigarette case that really stays closed, thanks to its ingenious slide-track lock. Holds 22 regular or 18 king size cigarettes without crushing. Frame in gleaming jeweler's finish.

Case illustrated: genuine leather, assorted colors, $5;
in Pigskin and Calfskin, $7.50;
Watermark Sealskin, $10;
Ostrich, $12.50.

Rogers
Majestic

with the patented sliding-track. Just slide lock on track to open. No springs to work loose.
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FREE TO PIPE LOVERS!
Write for booklet "Your Finest Pipe and its Proper Care", 28 pages crammed full of valuable hints. Be sure to address Dept. E-A.

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manufacturers and importers of the finest smokers' accessories
EXCLUSIVE U. S. DISTRIBUTOR, PETERSON'S PIPES, DUBLIN, LONDON
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Backstage with Esquire

North Clarey

NORTH CLAREY, author of *Why Be Afraid of Ulcers?* became interested in his subject through his own experience with an (at this writing) healed-over ulcer. He attended Exeter and Harvard, spending summers in the merchant marine until he had worked his way to the ports of seventeen foreign countries. After working for a time as managing editor of two small magazines, he joined the U.S. Coast Guard during the war, loading ammunition, serving on antisubmarine patrol and skippering a crash-rescue speedboat, but didn't see any action. He says: "I now write advertising in New York, spending five days a week thinking up enthusiastic things to say about automobiles, and it's heaven. Recently I moved my brood to Connecticut along with some miniature-scale model trains and a pair of extinct-species cars. My third hobby is sailing, but like most guys with a typewriter and three children, my enthusiasms don't matter. Spare time means soundproofing a playroom, or putting wheels back on wagons or—out in the back yard with other Dagwoods—mowing the dandelions, dog bones and boulders that grow there."

Eldon Dedini

The short, happy life of ELDON DEDINI is hereby described by that cartoonist: "Born 27 years ago in King City, the pink-bean capital of Salinas Valley in California. The only artist, in generations of ranchers, I still prefer outdoor living, but spend all my time indoors sprawled on a sofa thinking up gags. After art school in Los Angeles I did live-action continuity sketching at Universal Pictures. Lasted five weeks, then nestled down to two wonderful years at the Walt Disney Studios. Spent a good portion of my younger days playing hot accordion at Swiss wedding dances, Spanish fiestas and riverside barbecues. In all I must have eaten several hundred pounds of steak." Dedini's political cartoons have been exhibited in the M. H. de Young Museum in San Francisco. His interest in social commentary and satire is evidenced by his pointed cartoons for Esquire. He is an admirer of Goya, Daumier, Hieronymus Bosch, and Picasso. Dedini and his wife, Virginia, live in Los Angeles.

George Englert

GEORGE ENGLERT, who lives in a 200-year-old house in Tivoli, on the Hudson River above New York City, would much rather talk about the house than himself. His minor alterations on it involved bridge-building, laying flagstone terraces and modernizing an indubitably antique kitchen. Such work is right up Englert's alley. He studied mechanical drawing in high school with the idea of becoming an architect. Then he worked in the advertising department of a Cleveland department store while taking night courses in draftsmanship. Jon Whitcomb was doing the store's fashion sketches at the time and Englert admired them so much as to change his vocation. With his bride, he moved to Chicago to study art. Since 1942 he has worked for all the major advertising agencies in New York City and frequently does illustrations for magazines—a splendid case in point being his drawings for *The Dare*, on page 38.

FRANK O'ROURKE (*The Last Shot*, page 42), is a prolific writer whose short stories appear in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Liberty* and the leading women's magazines. *"E" Company*, his first book, came out three years ago and he had two novels published simultaneously last fall: *Action at Three Peaks* and *Flashing Spikes*, respectively (and obviously) about the old West and baseball. The latter

Continued on page 22

HIS HOBBY IS DEEP SEA FISHING

. . . he wears the only shoe built on an entirely different comfort principle

Give natural, scientific support that actually strengthens foot muscles.

No nails to irritate the foot.

Soft, resilient cork cushions every step.

Fashioned from only the heart of finest Grade A hides.

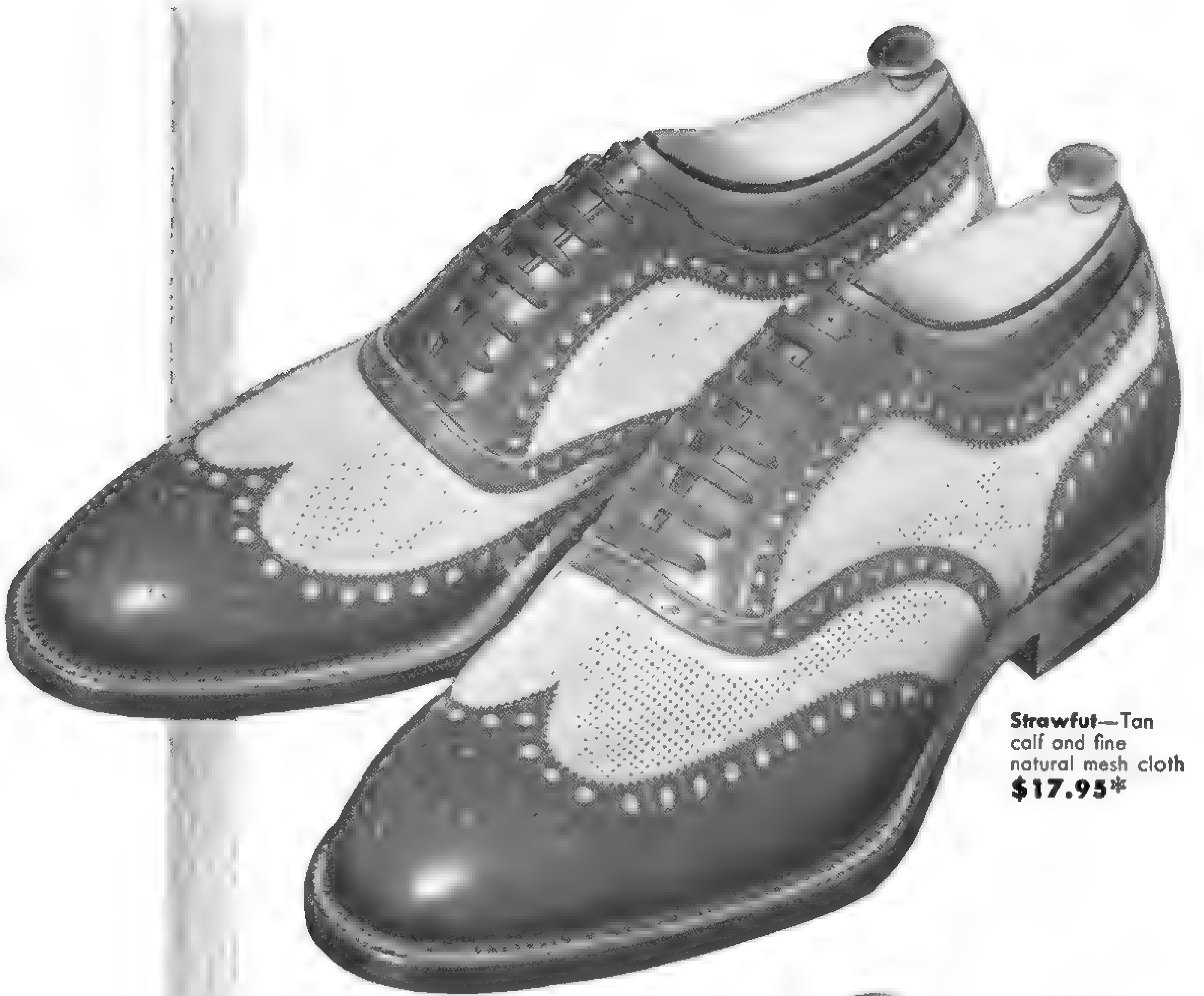
Designed with all the smart detail and hand-finished touches of a custom-made shoe.

Available at these fine stores and many others

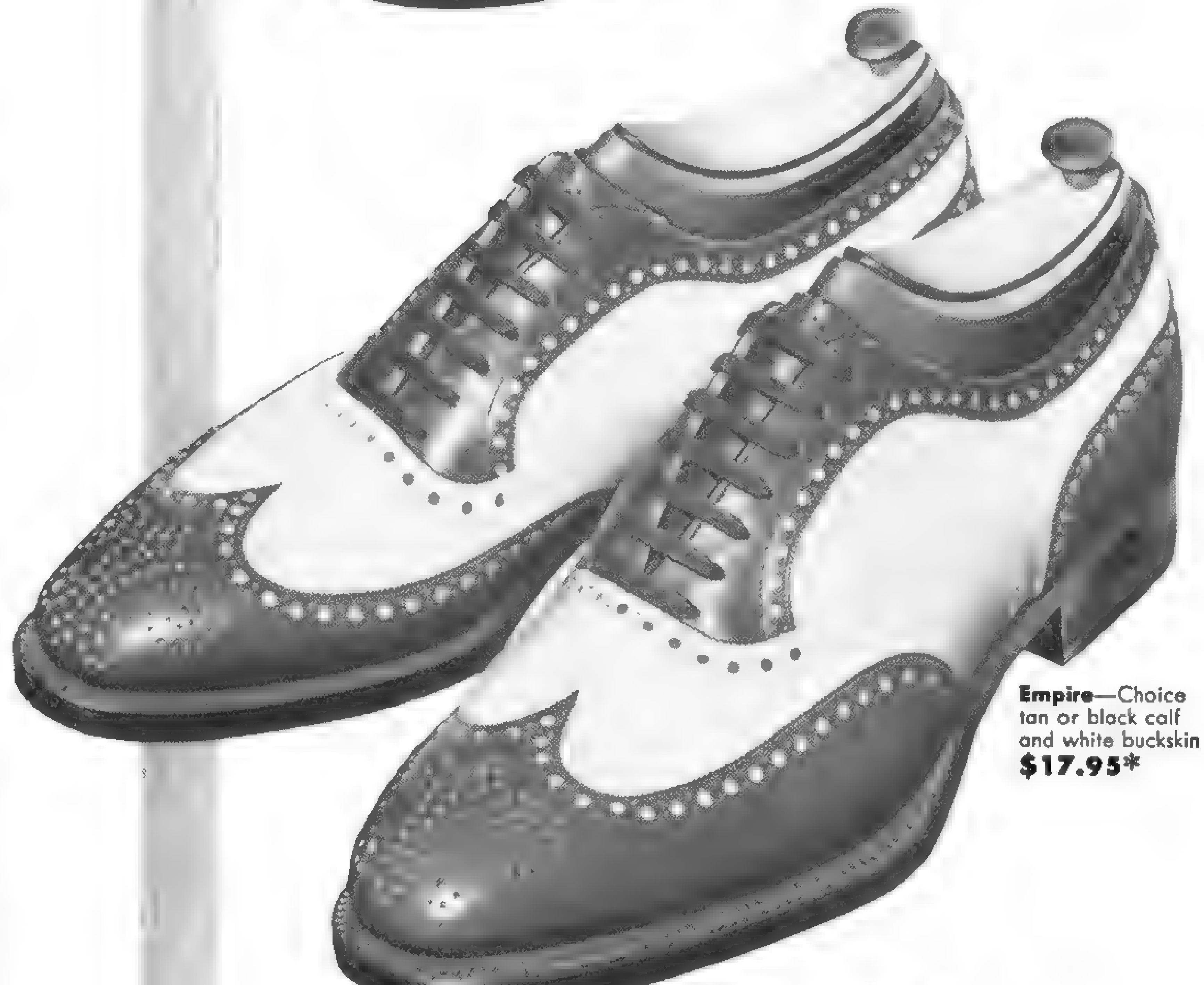
Aberdeen, S. D.	Feinstein's
Albuquerque, N. M.	Breece's Bootery
Alexandria, La.	B. Ginsberg
Alexandria City, Ala.	Carlisle & Fox
Allentown, Pa.	Koch Bros.
Ann Arbor, Mich.	Wagner & Co.
Appleton, Wisconsin	Flood's
Ashland, Ky.	Goddard's Store
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison Paxon Co.
Augusta, Georgia	J. B. White & Co.
Aurora, Ill.	Weingart & Pillatsch
Bakersfield, California	Seiler's
Baton Rouge, La.	The Dalton Co.
Bay City, Michigan	Penrod's
Beverly Hills, California	Monte Factor, Ltd.
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Bluefield, W. Va.	Shaman's
Boise, Idaho	King's
Boston, Mass.	Walsh Shoe Shop
Bowling Green, Ky.	Dollar Bros.
Bristol, Tenn.	Boston Shoe Store
Canton, Ohio	Spanagel's
Casper, Wyo.	A. J. Woods
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Woerderhoff
Champaign, Illinois	Sholem Shoe Stores
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger Co.
Cheyenne, Wyoming	Fowler's
Chicago, Illinois	M. L. Rothschild
Clarksburg, W. Va.,	Parsons Souders Men's Store
Cleveland, Ohio	Halle Bros.
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Vorhes
Columbus, Miss.	Sisson's, Inc.
Dallas, Texas	Dreyfuss & Sons
Davenport, Iowa	M. L. Parker
Decatur, Ala.	Wilder's, Inc.
Denver, Colo.	Daniels & Fisher
Des Moines, Iowa	Frankel Clothing Co.
El Paso, Texas	Al's Shop for Men
Evanston, Illinois	M. L. Rothschild
Fairmont, W. Va.	Sharp-Hamilton Co.
Fargo, N. D.	Strauss
Fort Collins, Colo.	Maxwell Shoe Co.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Shoe Fair
Grand Rapids, Michigan	Wm. Klein
Green Bay, Wisconsin	C. A. Gross
Greenville, S. C.	Stewart Merritt Co.
Hammond, Indiana	Edw. C. Minas Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.	London Boot Shop
Hollywood, California	Sidney's
Hopkins, Minn.	Nelson's
Idaho Falls, Idaho	Bellamy's
Indianapolis, Ind.	Wm. H. Block Co.
Jackson, Mississippi	R. E. Kennington & Co.
Jacksonville, Florida	Levy's Dept. Store
Joliet, Illinois	Eagle Clothing Co.
Kankakee, Illinois	Lottinville
Kenosha, Wisconsin	Chiappetta's Shoes
La Crosse, Wis.	Ora's Shoe Store
Lansing, Michigan	Schaberg-Dietrich
Lexington, Ky.	Phillips Shoe Store
Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass Co.
Los Angeles, California	J. W. Robinson Co.
Louisville, Ky.	Rodes-Rapier Co.
Macon, Georgia	Davison Paxon Co.
Manitowoc, Wisconsin	Koutnik & Schwartz
Memphis, Tenn.	Izzy Rosen
Meridian, Mississippi	Marks-Rothenberg Co.
Montgomery, Ala.	Montgomery Fair
Miami, Florida	Richard's Dept. Store
Milwaukee, Wis.	Jos. Schumacher
Milwaukee, Wis.	Van's
Minneapolis, Minn.	M. L. Rothschild
Minot, North Dakota	Sharks'
Mobridge, South Dakota	Stutenroth
Mt. Clemens, Mich.	H. J. Waltzer & Sons
Nashville, Tenn.	Castner Knott Co.
New York, N. Y.	George S. Lapkin
Oakland, California	H. C. Capwell Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Rothschild's B. & M.
Omaha, Nebr.	Browning, King & Co.
Pendleton, Oregon	King's
Philadelphia, Penn.	Jacob Reeds' Sons
Pocatello, Idaho	Hudson's
Portland, Oregon	Meir & Frank
Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
Rockford, Illinois	E & W Clothing Co.
Sacramento, Calif.	Devlin's
St. Paul, Minn.	M. L. Rothschild
St. Petersburg, Florida	Maas Brothers
Salina, Kansas	Stevenson
San Francisco, Calif.	Sommer & Kaufman
San Jose, Calif.	Devlin's
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Rodenbecks
Savannah, Georgia	Max Lehwald & Co.
Sheboygan, Wisconsin	Koutnik & Schwartz
Shreveport, La.	M. Levy Co.
Sioux City, Iowa	T. S. Martin Co.
Sioux Falls, S. D.	E. C. Olson
South Bend, Indiana	Gilbert's
Spokane, Wash.	Les Critzer Shoe Den
Stockton, California	Devlin's
Tampa, Florida	Maas Brothers
Toledo, Ohio	Lion Dry Goods
Trenton, N. J.	Fischer's
Tulsa, Okla.	Clarke's
Tucson, Ariz.	A. Steinfeld's
Twin Falls, Idaho	Hudson's
Vermillion, South Dakota	Steven's
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Wheeling, W. Va.	Nay Shoe Co.
Wichita, Kansas	Spines Clothing Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Lazarus Store
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Belcher's
Youngstown, Ohio	I. Mooney

WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE *Smart* SHOE*

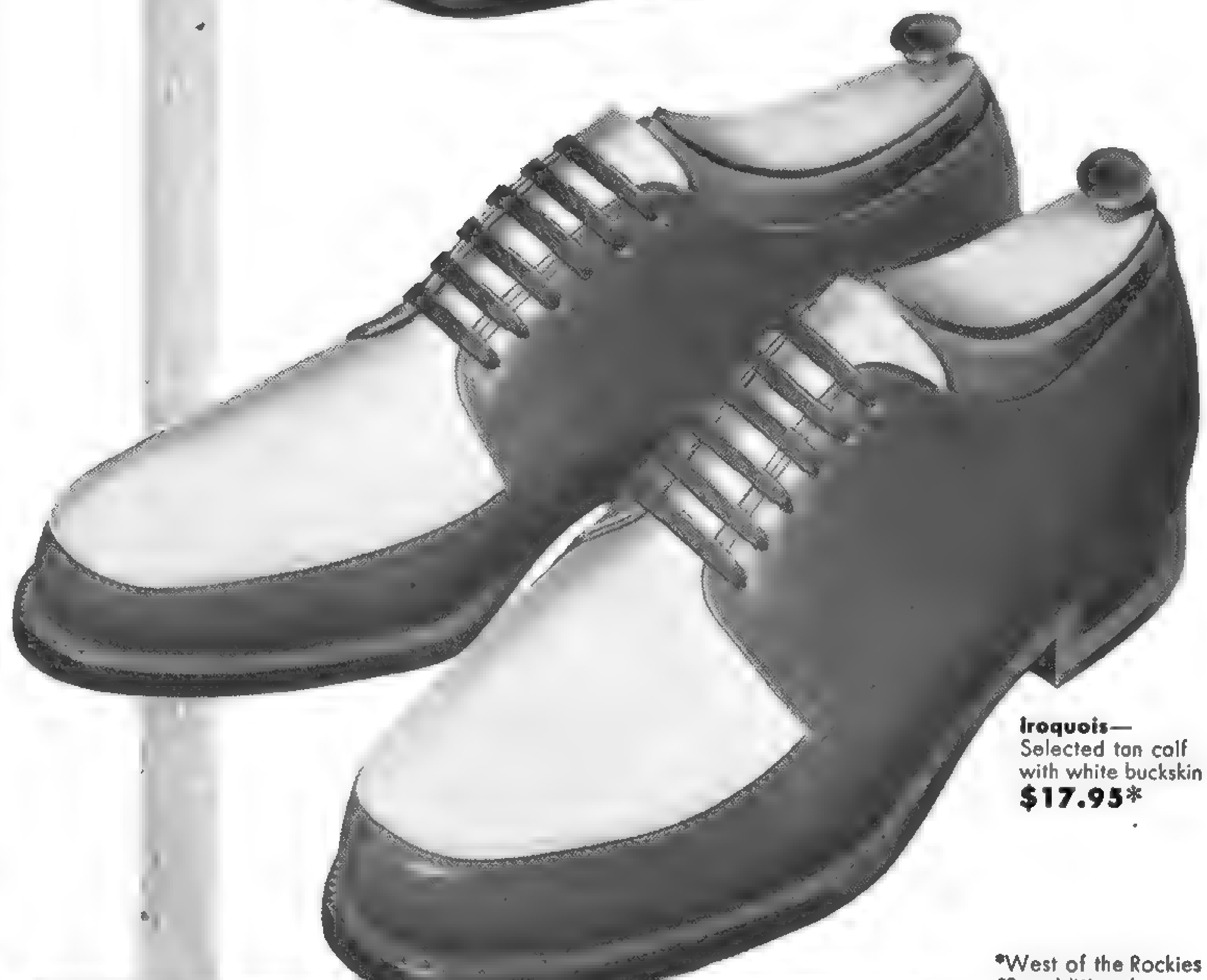
Unless you think your Allen Edmonds shoes are the most comfortable you ever enjoyed, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon return of shoes within 2 weeks after purchase.



Strawfut—Tan calf and fine natural mesh cloth
$17.95*



Empire—Choice tan or black calf and white buckskin
$17.95*



Iroquois—Selected tan calf with white buckskin
$17.95*

*West of the Rockies 50c additional.

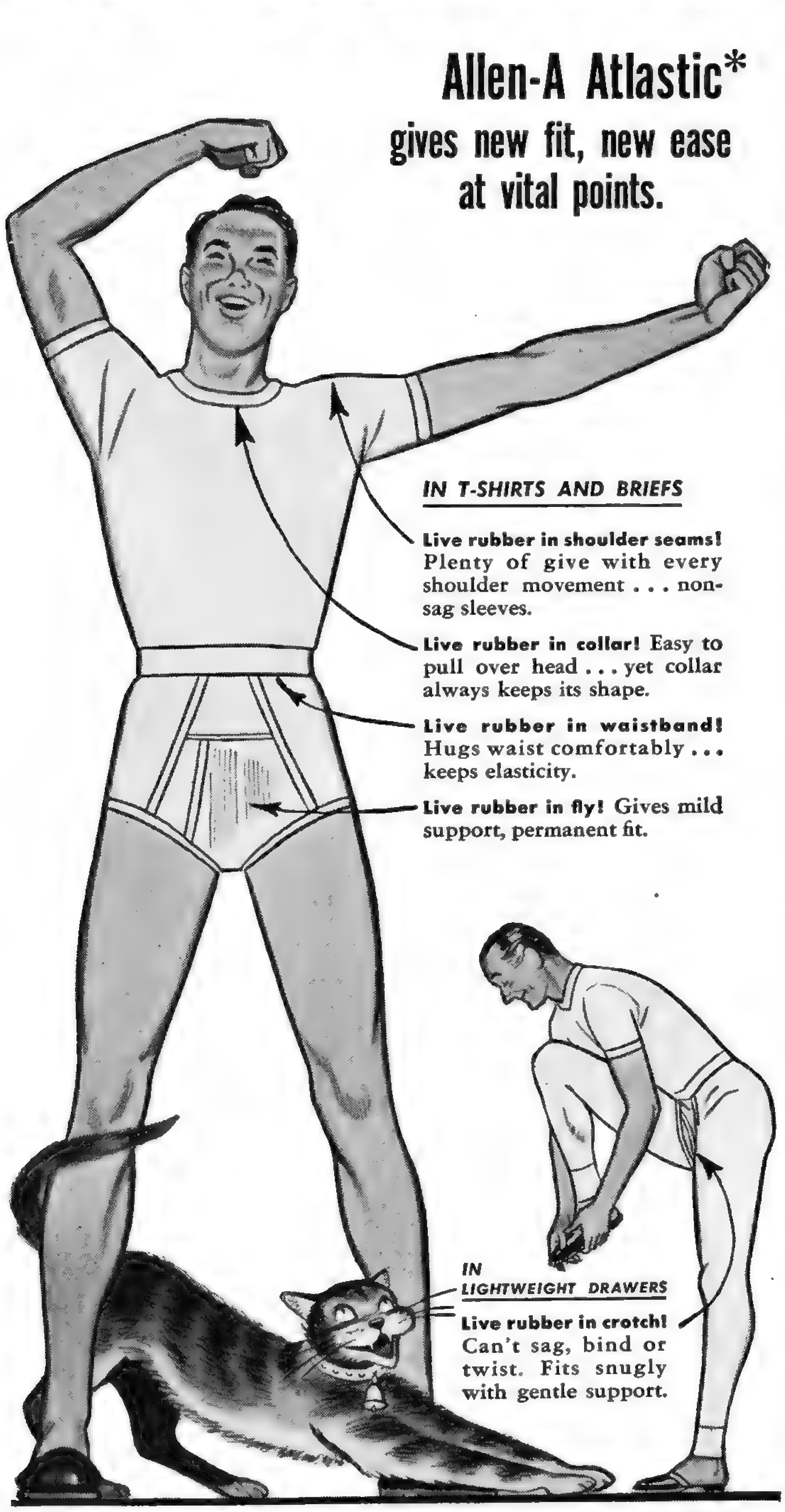
THE SHOE OF TOMORROW

Allen Edmonds

See Classified Directory under Allen Edmonds for Dealer or write direct. Send for booklet "The Shoe of Tomorrow." Dept. EM, Allen Edmonds, Belgium, Wisconsin.

NEW!
LIVE RUBBER STRETCH!

Allen-A Atlastic*
gives new fit, new ease
at vital points.



IN T-SHIRTS AND BRIEFS

Live rubber in shoulder seams! Plenty of give with every shoulder movement . . . non-sag sleeves.

Live rubber in collar! Easy to pull over head . . . yet collar always keeps its shape.

Live rubber in waistband! Hugs waist comfortably . . . keeps elasticity.

Live rubber in fly! Gives mild support, permanent fit.

IN LIGHTWEIGHT DRAWERS

Live rubber in crotch! Can't sag, bind or twist. Fits snugly with gentle support.

AT LAST! **ATLASTIC!** Allen-A puts this new rubber and combed yarn fabric in the spots where you need it most. Flexes like your muscles. Well-ventilated, perspiration-absorbent. Launders *and launders* . . . and live-rubber stretch stays in for life of garment!

Allen A®

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.—Pat. #2,282,217

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 20

is the first of a planned series of fiction concerning various sports. He was born in Colorado, educated in Missouri, and, like his characters, likes to keep moving; his last address was Clearwater, Florida.

George Frazier

After graduation from Harvard, where he won the highly esteemed Bowdoin literary award, GEORGE FRAZIER contributed fiction and articles to magazines all the way from *Redbook* to *Vanity Fair*. He became, in turn, reporter and columnist for the Boston *Herald* and Entertainment Editor of *Life*. Aside from writing for many slick and quality magazines in this country, he has done pieces on jazz, in French, for several European publications. Random House has published a collection of his work called *The One with the Mustache is Costello*. Having written the lyrics to *Harvard Blues*, Mr. Frazier proved his impartiality by doing the same for *Yale Blues*, a new song you'll probably be hearing at the same time, approximately, as you read these words. A free-lancer, Frazier lives in New York with his wife and two small sons. As one may judge by turning to page 56, he's quite partial to the Stork Club.

OREN ARNOLD, who becomes a two-timer in Esquire with *Brands from Hell to Texas*, page 71, has recently had himself a time writing a couple of paper-bound books called *California Brags* and *Arizona Brags*. These books, guaranteed to amuse tourists while causing no pain to Chambers of Commerce, include such esoteric tidbits as: "In Los Angeles it is against the law to sell snakes on the streets or shoot rabbits from streetcars," and "Arizona cowboys get $40 a month if they herd steers and $400 if they herd dudes." Well, two states down, forty-six to go.

WILLIAM WALLACE IRWIN is an American expatriate who lives in Paris. After graduation from the University of Pennsylvania he went to Idaho, and learned how to twist a bronc as well as how to vary baked beans (see *All in Good Season*, page 73). He drifted into civil engineering, with restful intervals of running country weeklies. In the latter enterprise he was a great success, pursuing the editorial policy of printing the names of every subscriber on every possible occasion. Back East he helped revise the New International Encyclopaedia, and, after reading its twenty-odd tomes, felt qualified for a post with Dodd, Mead. He says: "I left this publishing company to accept a very minor job in the first World War, and afterward married and settled down in Paris. The years passed quietly until Hitler's invasion, after which we spent over two years in one of the Nazis' evil concentration camps." After the liberation the French government made him a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

A West-sider, JAMES P. DAWSON grew up in the sports department of the New York *Times* where he began as office boy and became Boxing Editor in 1915. *Remembrance of Kings Past* reflects his broad acquaintance with champion fighters. Loyal to the West Side as he is to the *Times*, he strongly resents provincial newcomers who write glibly about "Hell's Kitchen."

Warren Baumgartner

WARREN BAUMGARTNER was born in Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. He studied art in St. Louis, at the Chicago Art Institute, and the Grand Central School of Art in New York. During a year in Europe, he traveled and painted extensively, his longest stopover being at Concarneau, in Finistère (formerly known as Brittany), which he considers an artist's paradise. After working for several years in oils he found the fluid medium of water colors better suited to his temperament. As a member of the American Water Color Society he won the Adolph and Clara Obrig and the Hans Obst prizes. His most recent venture has been in tempera, the medium used for his painting of Ethan Allen, on page 49. Incidentally the background and material for this painting was obtained at Fort Ticonderoga through the courtesy of Stephen Pell, its director. Mr. Baumgartner is a member of the National Academy of Design, the Illustrators Society, and the Westport, Connecticut, Group of Artists.

That wonderful
"freedom-from-clothes" comfort
...only in PLATEAU, the suit
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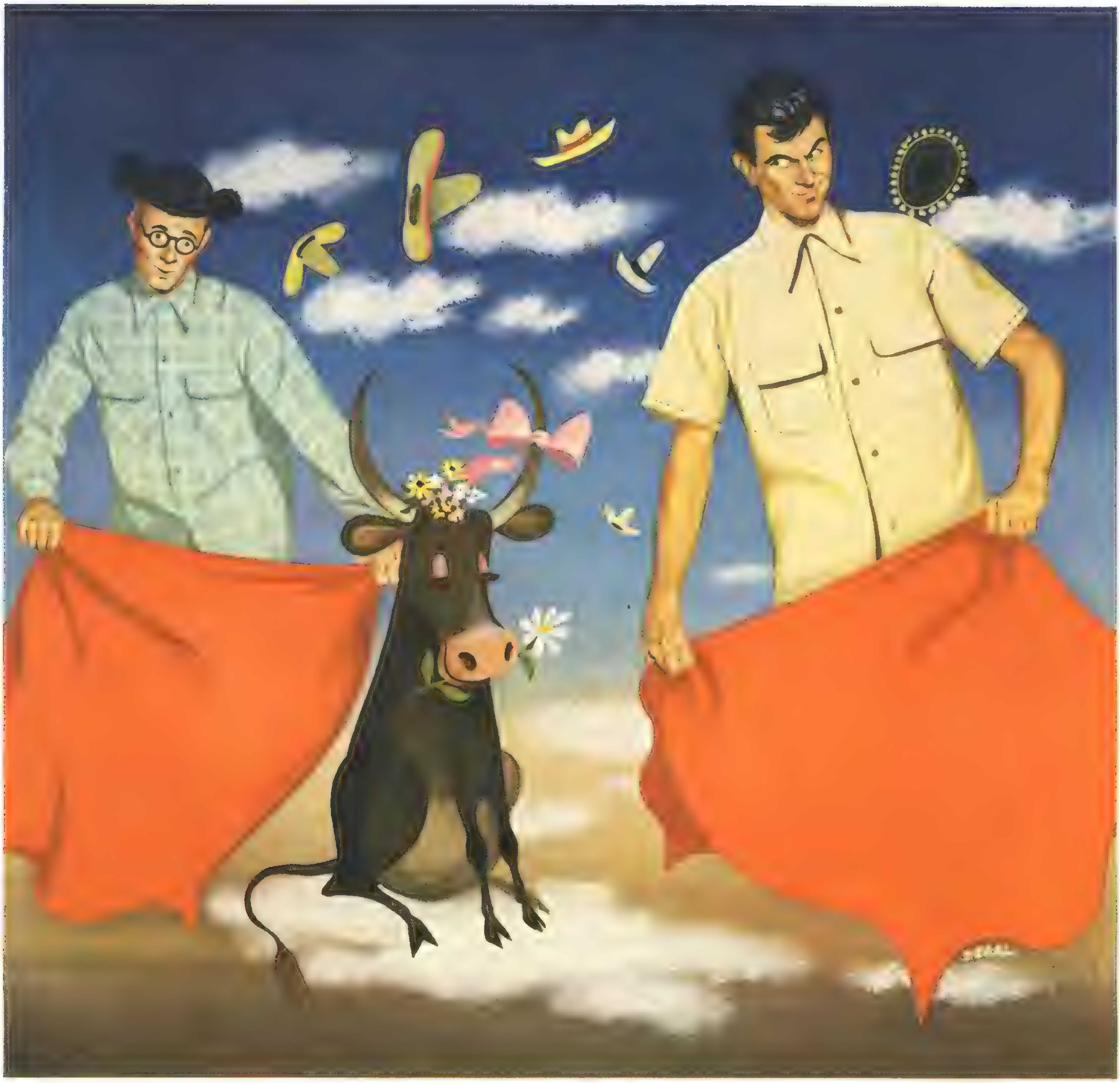

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Matador... Toreador... All adore Textron Sports Shirts

The bull is charmed... to say nothing of the ladies. But then, everybody goes for the new Textron Sports Shirts. Full-cut so you can go into action on the links, on the courts, on that fishing trip. Made with a collar you can wear open or dress up with a tie. And two generous pockets hold cigarettes and sun glasses. Of finest washable rayon in your choice of white, blue, tan, green, yellow or gray. Small (14-14½), Medium (15-15½), Medium-Large (16-16½) and Large (17-17½). At leading stores throughout the country. TEXTRON INC., Textron Building, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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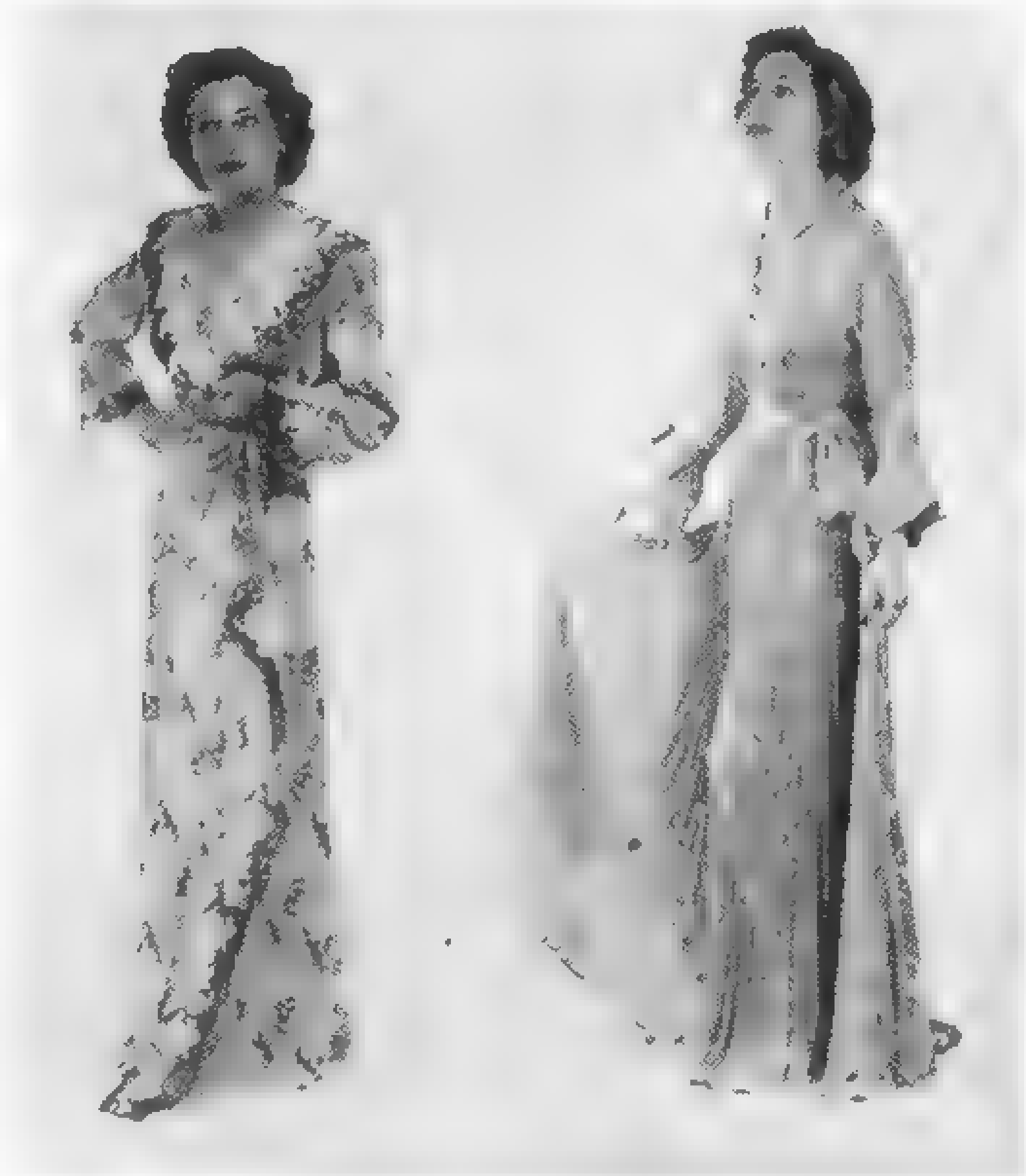
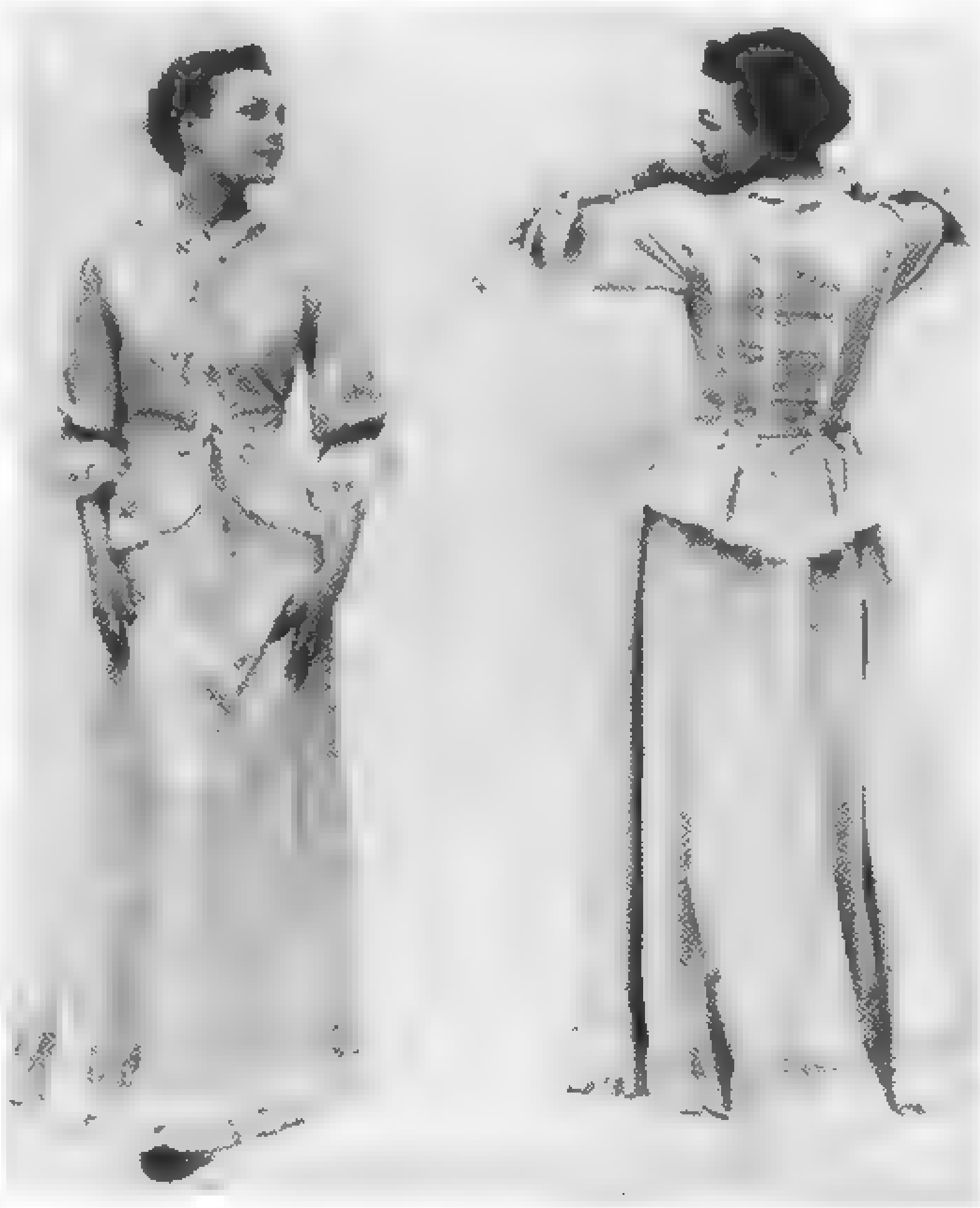
Talking Shop with Esquire

FOR MOTHER'S DAY. Something she can use constantly yet would probably not buy for herself is a negligee on the expensive side. A wrap-around in white and black (or brown) print with chantilly lace at the collar, the wrists and in a cascade down the side is especially good for an older woman and graceful whether she be large or small. More of a hostess gown for someone with not too large a waistline, a style with full-pleated skirt comes in red, sungold, mauve or aquamarine with a white motif.





THE YOUNG AND SLENDER mother, wife or maiden aunt who likes the frilly, feminine and intriguing will be delighted with this Nylon robe. It comes apart at the waist so that she can slip the top on separately as a bed jacket. Because it washes and dries easily and quickly and also serves a double purpose, it is practical for traveling, for times when she is sick but not too sick to look pretty, or for any day when she has breakfast brought to bed. In pastels with white lace frills.

GAY GARTERS of satin and lace are more successful a gift for her than you would ever suspect. Even if she is completely ladylike, well over forty and with no signs of being frivolous, the chances are that she'll be a little surprised and secretly pleased when she opens the package.

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Ranger

Get that WONDERFUL Seaforth FEELING!

Top off your shave with Seaforth Lotion and enjoy the bracing air of the Scotch Highlands—the cool crispness of heather and fern!
Seaforth Lotion soothes and cools ...smells fresh, not fragrant. Start your days—and dates—with That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling!

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In handmade stoneware jug,
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ARPEGE
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the best Paris has to offer

For Active Men ONLY

"TOUGHER THAN ALLIGATOR"

The Nation's Watch Strap
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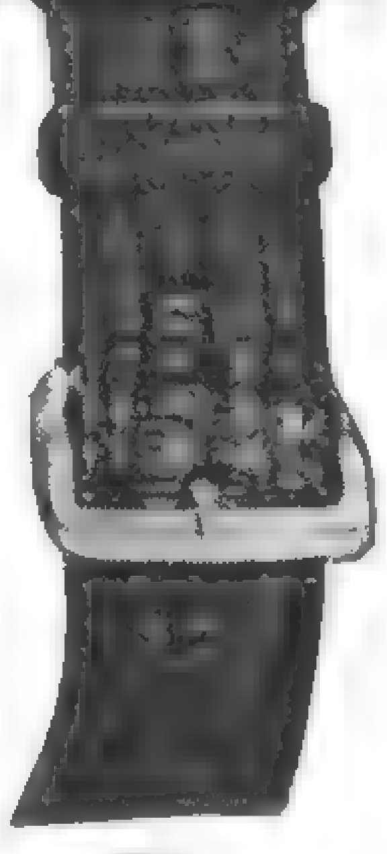

You'll really go for this rough, tough and handsome gator-grained strap. Wear it anywhere and everywhere — at work or play. Never a pinch or a pull. Made of the new miracle material Polythene. *Guaranteed* not to rot, rip, stretch or crack.

Attractive shades of tan, brown, black and white. If not at your favorite druggist or tobacconist, pin a dollar to this ad and mail to ...

Costs $1 Worth 5 Times the Price.

POLYGATOR
1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo 7, N. Y.

Treat yourself to real comfort!
Custom-made
HALF-WELLINGTON BOOTS

You'll like the careful workmanship ... the way they fit. During the war we made these fine boots for men in the service only. Now everyone can enjoy their comfort and good looks. These boots are made in black or brown, with choice calf vamps and kid uppers. Write us today for price and instructions for ordering.

John A. Frye Shoe Co., Dept. E-5 Marlboro, Mass.
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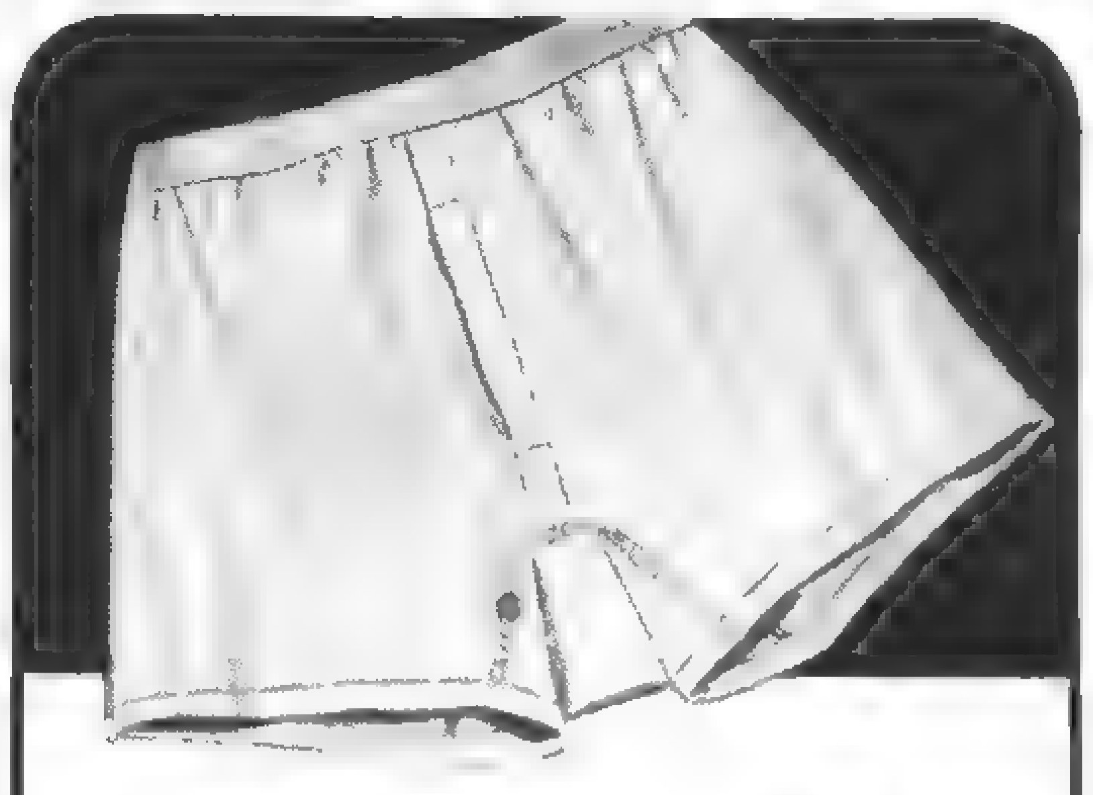

COTTON KNIT SHORTS
FOR MEN

Roomy comfort knitted in to stay. Kitten-soft, fine-combed yarns — balloon seat, elastic waistband. And they never go near an ironing board. **$2.**
Tee shirt to match, $2.
Sleeveless, $1.50.

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AMERICAN HOSIERY CO.
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Custom-styled
White cotton broadcloth shirts
ONLY 3.95

Button Spread
Regular
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Fine, white cotton broadcloth, sanforized to resist shrinkage. French cuffs, pearl buttons, stays in the collars except for the button-down style.
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Collar Style:
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Spread Collar

Sleeve 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36

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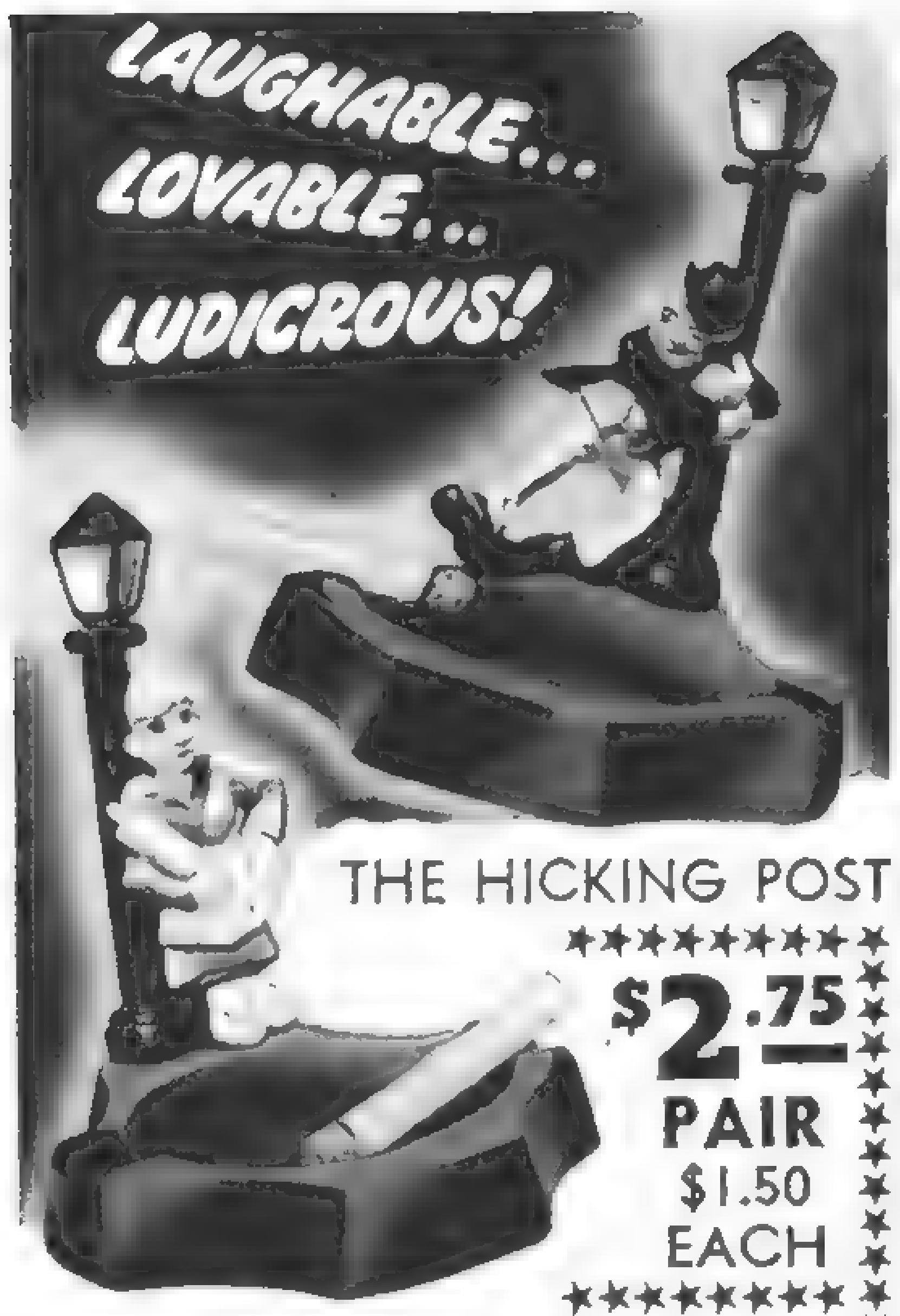
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$2.75 PAIR

$1.50 EACH

THE HITTING POST

Most unique Ashtrays you've ever seen! She's waiting for her tosspot husband with a rolling pin. Pair them on your desk, mantel, or bar.

Handpainted in six colors ... made of heavy cast iron ... last a lifetime! Excellent party favors, distinctive gifts. Shipped *postpaid* with money-back guarantee same day your order is received. Dozen $15.

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Easiest, Surest Way to End

DIRECTION WORRIES

Drive with a

HULL AUTOMOBILE COMPASS

Beaconlite Illuminated $5.95

Streamline Standard $3.95

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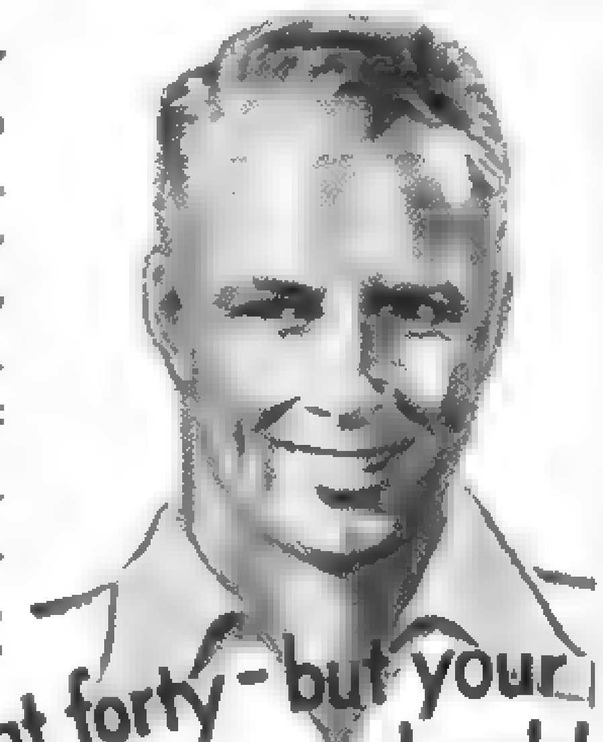
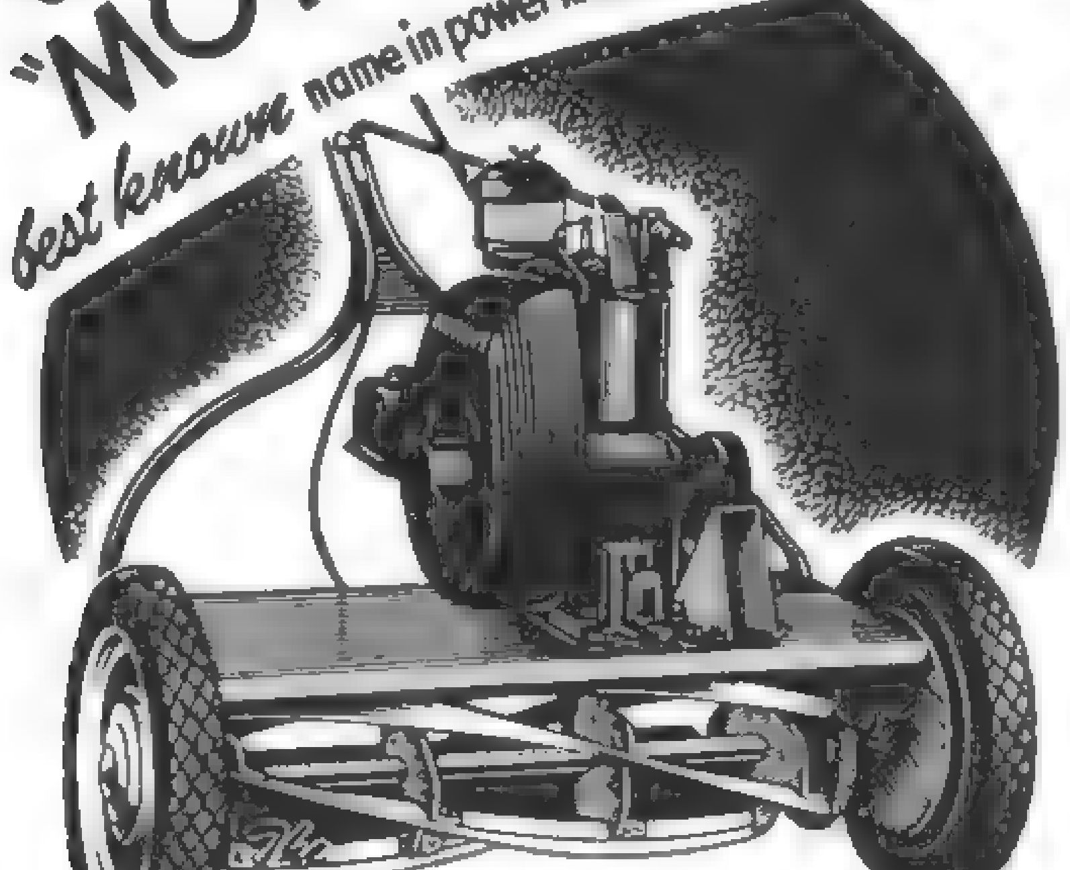
At your dealer. Write for circular.

Why push a hand mower when you can drive a "Moto-Mower" ... builders of quality power mowers for thirty years ... write for literature and the name of the nearest dealer . a MOTO-MOWER is worth insisting upon ... ... sizes 20" to 71"



Life may begin at forty—but your lawn mower pushing days should end ... it's time to drive "MOTO-MOWER"
best known name in power lawn mowers for thirty years



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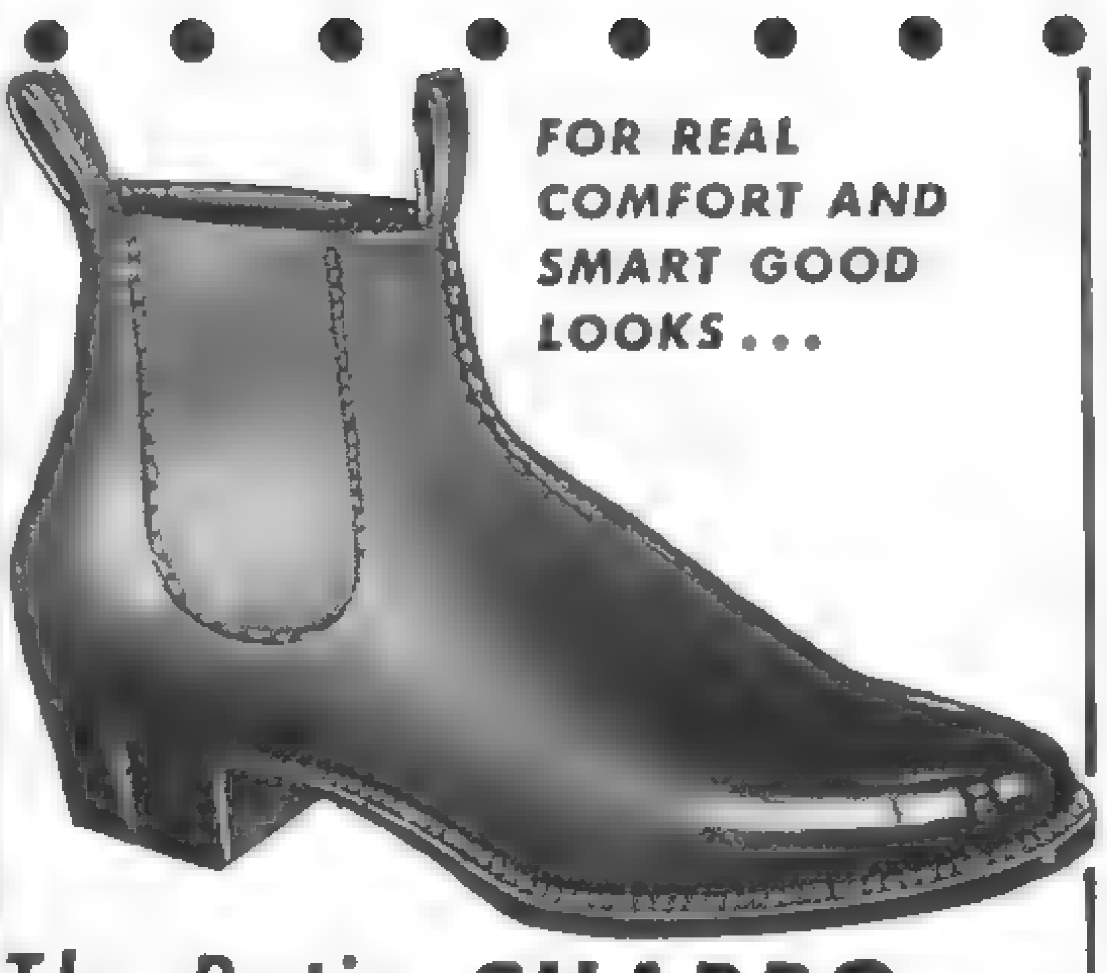
FOR REAL COMFORT AND SMART GOOD LOOKS ...



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—smooth-toe, snug-fitting footwear for smart comfort. Created by and imported from Mexico's outstanding bootmakers, Tres Caballos. Bench-made of top-quality calfskin, with extra-sturdy pliable soles, 1¼ in. heel, rubber tapped. Available in black or brown. When ordering The Botin Charro, please specify color and size, from 4 to 12, medium or wide. **$12.50**

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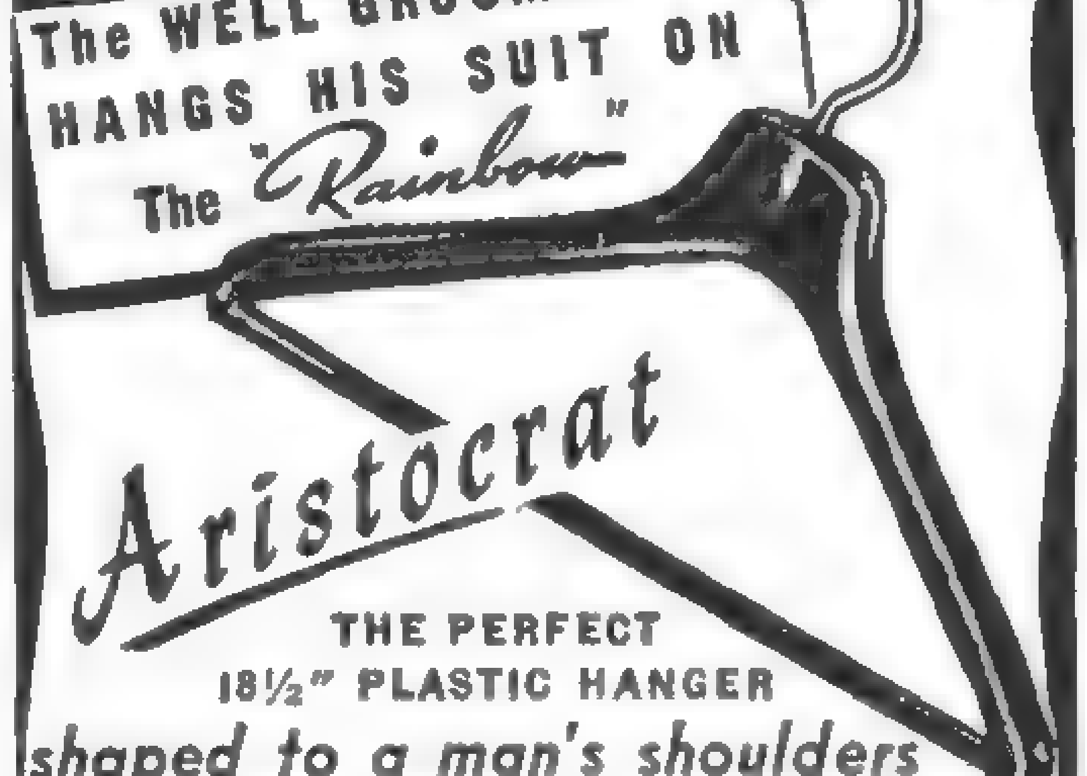
The WELL GROOMED MAN HANGS HIS SUIT ON The "Rainbow"



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THE PERFECT 18½" PLASTIC HANGER

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Shaped and styled for suits, coats, leisure jackets.

Practical, unbreakable. Special concave construction prevents "Suit Sag" — keeps that well pressed look! Wide, full trouser bar prevents creasing. Revolving chrome-plated hook.

Colors: Crystal, Amber, Onyx, Sapphire, Emerald, Ruby, Mahogany, Maple.

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$1.25 Each — Set of 12 — $12.00

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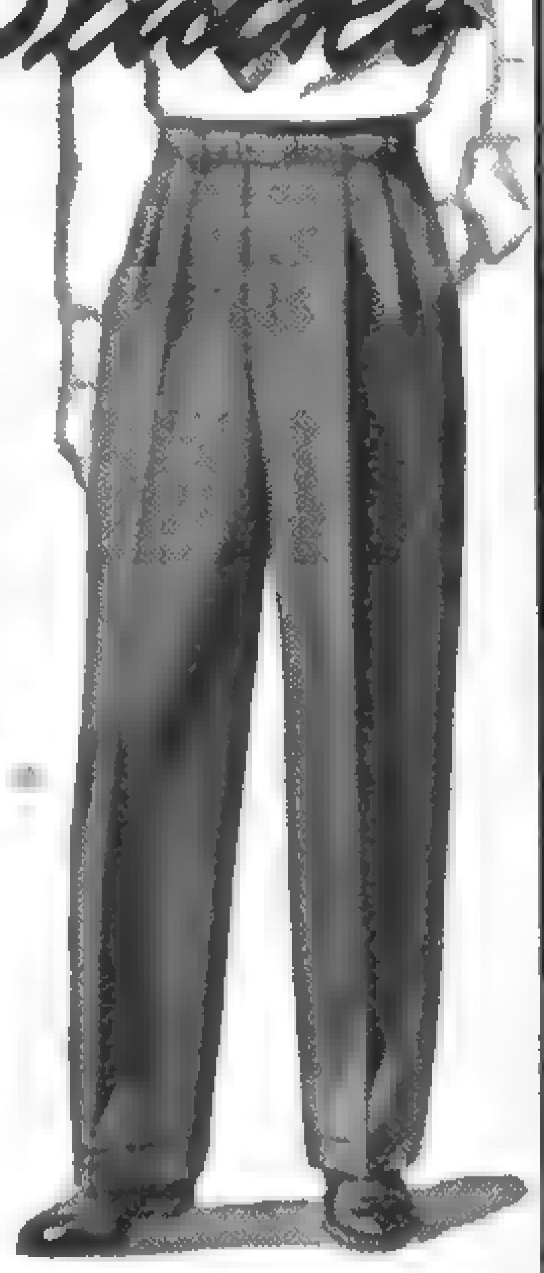
$12.75



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Luxurious 100% Virgin Wool 2-ply Worsted Gabardine. Silky sheen ... supple drape. The finest gabardine dress slacks you can buy. *At Least $20 At Better Stores.* Every detail of styling expertly fashioned by skilled men's tailors. Fabrics from New England's finest worsted mills.

Superior fabrics!
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Superior tailoring!

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Mail your order today. Your money refunded promptly if not pleased. Colors: (Brown, Gray, Blue, Tan). State 1st and 2nd color preferred. Pay postman only $12.75 plus C.O.D. charge, or send advertised price and we will pay postage. Waist Size 28 to 42. Flannels too! (Gray, Blue, Brown). Same fine quality. Same price.

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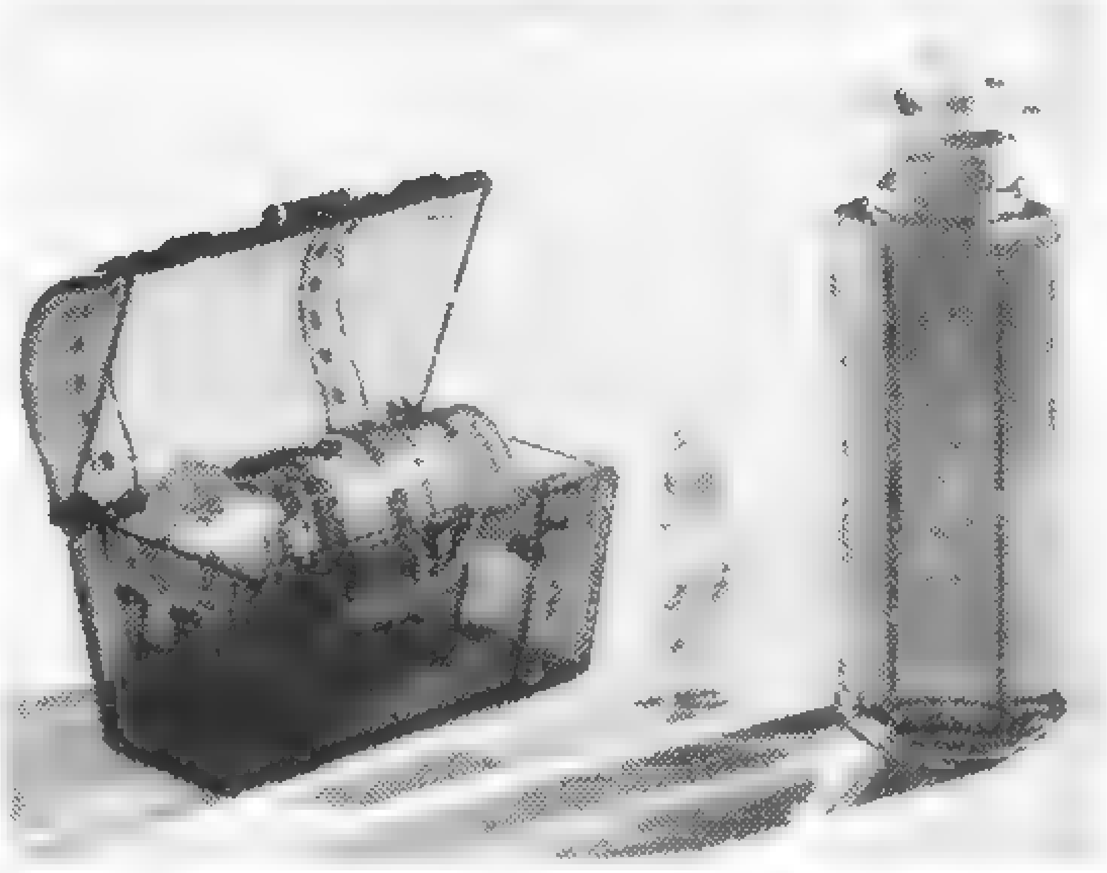
CITY__________ZONE_____STATE_____

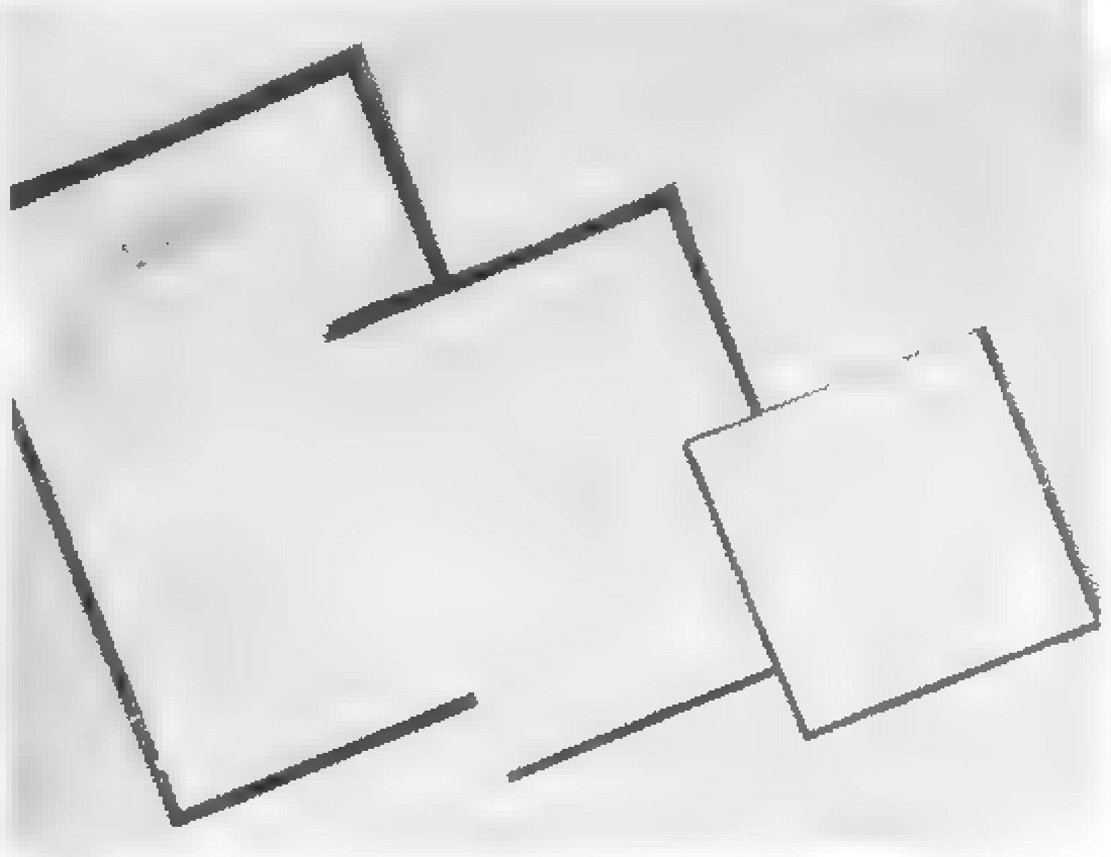
WAIST SIZE______COLOR (1)______(2)______

GABARDINE ☐ FLANNEL ☐

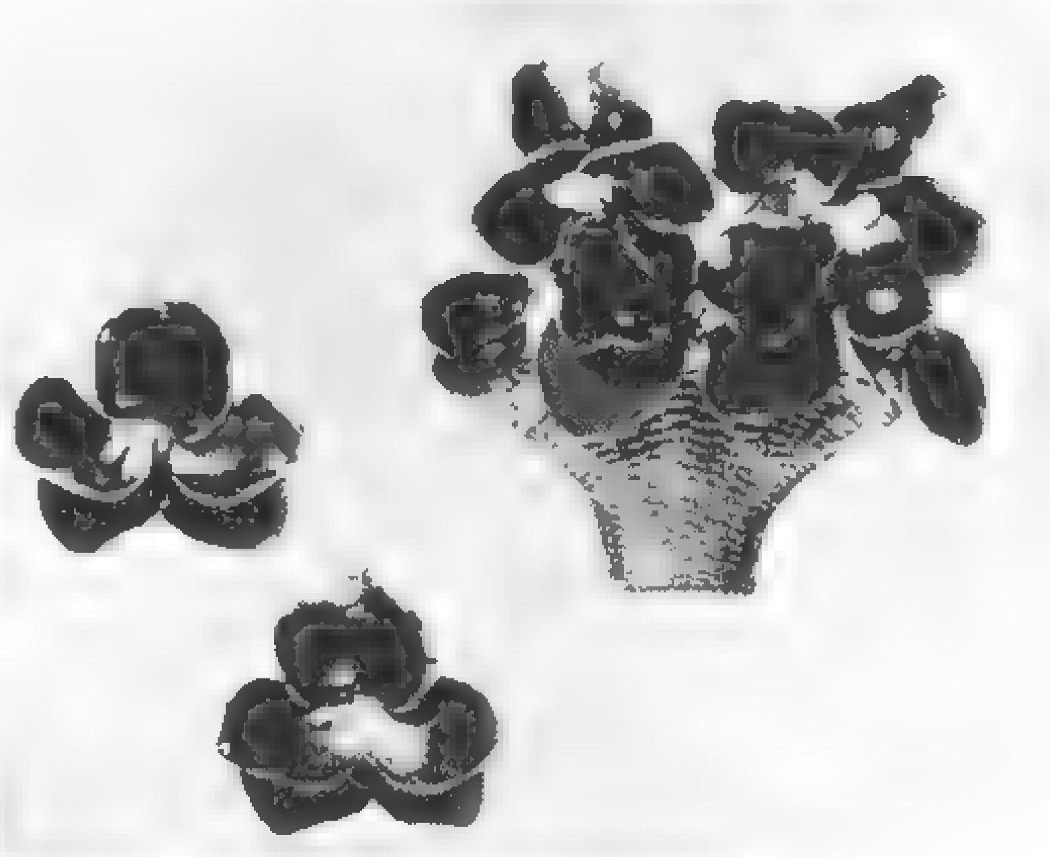
Talking Shop



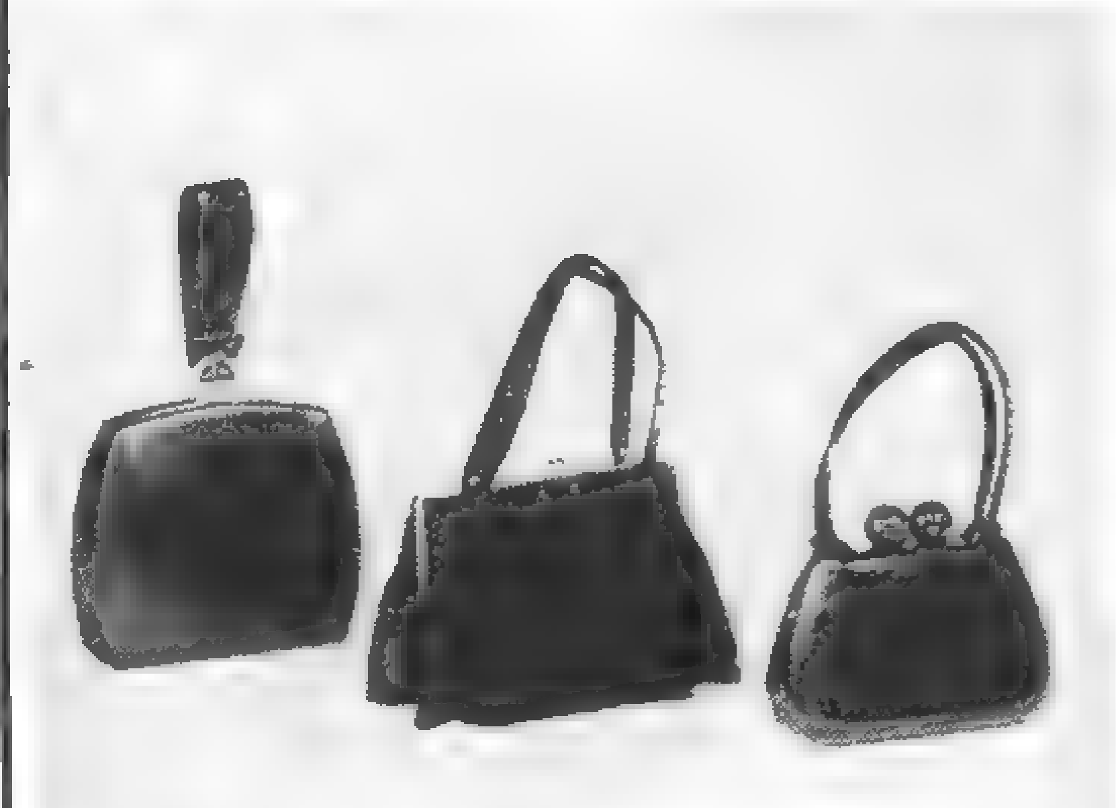
QUEEN'S RANSOM, though far from costly, is as appealing a fragrance as one can find. And the name has some interesting implications. It suggests perhaps that with this ransom you can claim her, or that among women you've chosen her your sovereign or simply that she is as precious to you as . . .



BOTH BOLD AND GRACEFUL, an engraved monogram and address give distinction to her personal stationery. The kid-finish paper is grey, border maroon, monogram and address black. Monogram plate is for the large sheets and unusual square-notes. Also blue bordered white paper.



VIOLETS IN A BASKET make moderately-priced costume jewelry, pin and earrings. Violets are French enamel, the basket is 18K gold-plated sterling silver. Lightweight and fragile looking even though almost unbreakable. Violets are white, mauve or violet; there are also apple, cherry and peach blossoms.



PRETTY TO LOOK AT yet made for convenience, a panier-handled calfskin bag for sturdy use, a Velvasuede informal dress bag with a dainty skirt effect, or a smart cocktail-size bag of simulated tortoise shell with a shirred Velvasuede center. Any one of them will please her.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

Ranger

SHOE of the MONTH

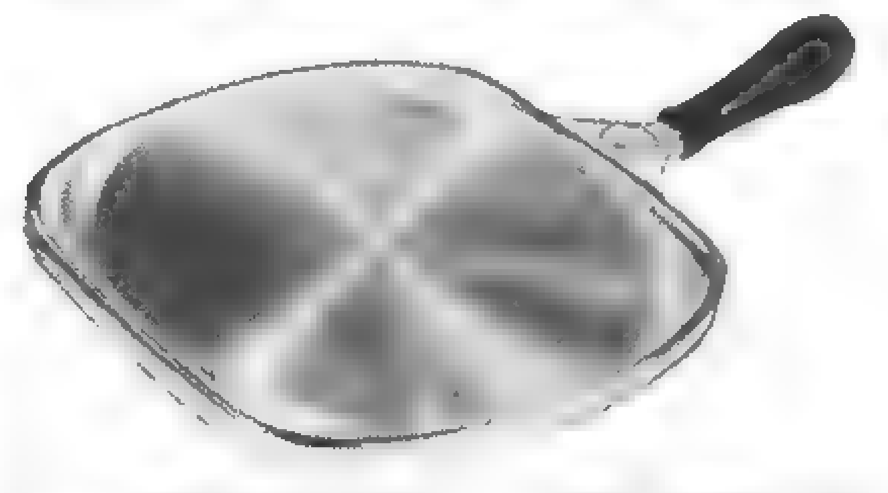
Style hits a new high in these ultra-smart hand-woven *Concords.* Designed especially for all-purpose wear—ventilated for cool comfort. Distinctive pattern in rich brown leather. Flexible leather sole and rubber heel. Style-right for any occasion. A topnotch shoe value!

ORDER BY MAIL—*Immediate Delivery*

Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order Model E-25 today. State exact shoe size and width. Available *now* in sizes 6 to 12, A to E. **$10.95.** Add 25¢ for mailing.

Satisfaction or your money back.

CONCORD SHOES, Inc., Milwaukee 1, Wis.



PANCAKE GRIDDLE WITH A THERMOMETER

Grandma Layne's pancake griddle with thermomatic heat indicator eliminates guesswork. Made of finest cookware aluminum . . . A perfect gift!

At most Dept. Stores...or sent prepaid direct for only $6.45, tax included ($5.95 West of the Rockies.) Mail check or money order to

LAYNE MFG. CO., 2035 Milan Ave.
South Pasadena, California

Newest Styling at BIG SAVING!

Smart California-type GABARDINE SLACKS with the "Bold Look"

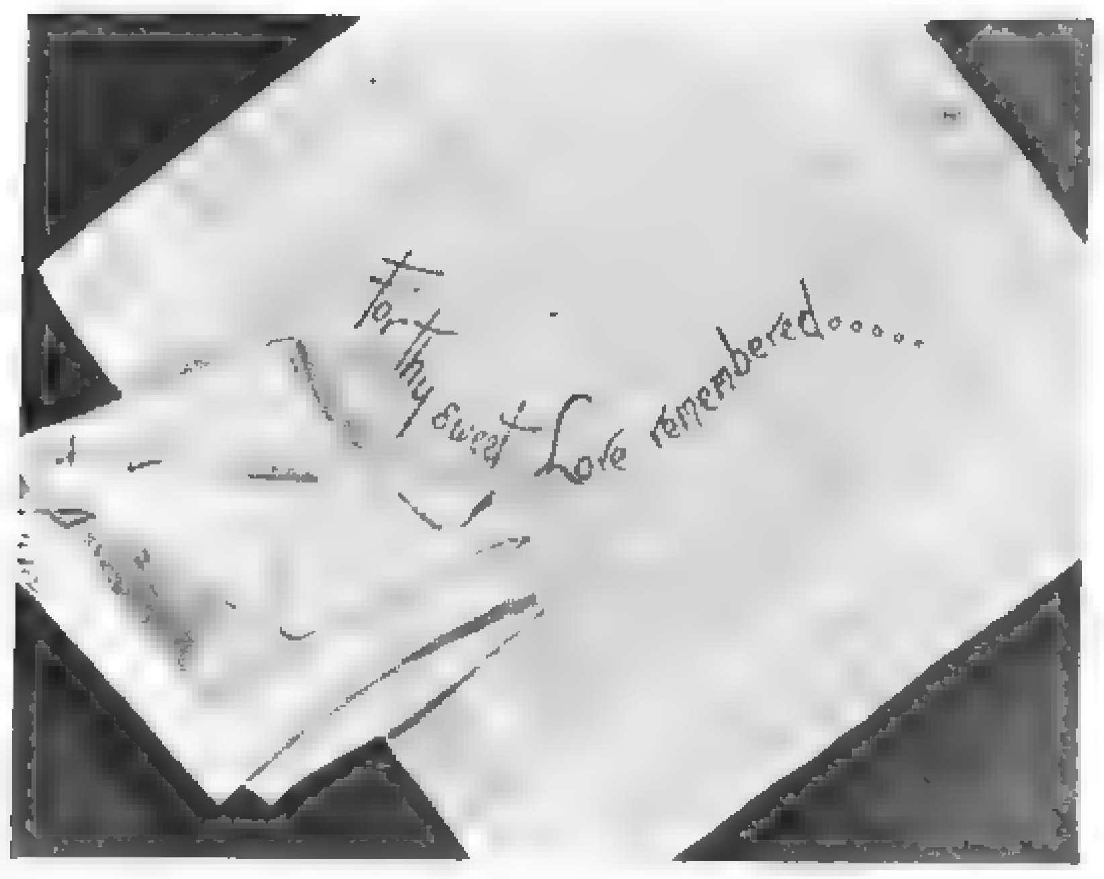
$15 VALUE New! Snappy! Elegant!...at Real Saving! Very latest styling . . . full drape, deep-pleats, dropped belt loops, welt seam, saddled stitching. Zipper front, dot fasteners. Roomy pockets. Genuine virgin-wool and fine-spun rayon blended. Expert fashion tailored for superb fit and appearance. Spring and Summer weight. Ideal for business, dress or school. Exceptional value. Your money back in 10 days if not pleased.

$9.85 PR.

Send Only $1 with name, waist size (28 to 42 pleated), 1st and 2nd color choice (Blue, Brown, Tan or Gray.) Pay postman balance plus C. O. D. charge. Or send full price, we pay postage.

LINCOLN TAILORS Dept. ES-5 Lincoln, Nebr.

with Esquire


for thy sweet love remembered.....

A TOUCH OF STYLE is called for with a gift like stockings. The famous fashion designer, Schiaparelli, packages two pair of superfine Nylons under the lace skirt of a small satin dressmaker's form. To be specially generous, include the candle-shaped bottle of her "Sleeping" perfume.

LIKE AN ECHO, this present keeps repeating. Flowers from California arrive fresh and fragrant on an appointed day every month via air mail special delivery. They may be a profusion of house flowers to brighten your rooms or something more exotic like Birds of Paradise. Order for 1, 6 or 12 months.

MORE ELOQUENT than music, a tribute indelibly painted on a handkerchief: "For thy sweet love remembered..." Or another poet's words "To every deed she joins a perfect grace." The handkerchiefs, in white and wonderful colors, are Swiss sheer and hand rolled, the script is clear—the compliment without equal.

FOR A LADY'S BEDROOM if she spends her leisure hours there, a satin chaise set is a gift to underline luxury and comfort. Soft, light and silken and in marvellous colors — aqua, dusty pink, French peach, clear yellow, and pearl grey. The pattern is a lucky clover leaf.

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TALLER
INSTANTLY!

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IN YOUR
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Want more respect?... more opportunity? Then increase your height INSTANTLY with Davis Hite-Builders. Slip them inside your own shoes. Invisible, comfortable, easy to wear. Made to last years. Amazingly low-priced!

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Rush name, address, and shoe size today. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents postage for your pair of Hite-Builders, mailed in plain package. If not delighted with immediate result, just return them and we'll refund your money at once. Or send $1.95 now & save postage. Same guarantee, of course. Order today, look *taller* next week!

Only $1.95 A PAIR

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COMFORT LUXURY SAFETY

Prevents burns on rugs, bed sheets, furniture
The robot collects ash and butt automatically

Chrome $2.65,Pp. (west of Miss. $2.75)

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at all better stores everywhere or write direct

IMPORTED
GIFT PIPES

Direct from CZECHOSLOVAKIA
No. 101
No. 476
No. 875

These distinguished imported pipes will delight the heart of any pipe smoker - be an unusual gift he'll cherish for a lifetime. No pipe collection is complete without these cool and sweet smoking traditional pipes from middle Europe, where peasants and noblemen smoke them every day. Beautifully hand made by skilled Czech craftsmen who take pride in their age-old art. Order today, immediate delivery. Money back guarantee.

No. 101 Polished cherry wood stem. Seasoned briar bowl and elbow. Horn bit. 101-A 8" $3; 101-B 10" $4; 102-A 12" $5.

No. 476 Seasoned briar bowl, trigger cover top, removable drain cap of carved cattle horn. 2-piece stem. 7" overall $7.

No. 875 Carved horn stem and bit. Stem wrapped with European stag fur. Briar bowl has rich metal figurettes $10

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Send me pipe(s) No.______ at $________ POSTPAID Airmail 50c extra
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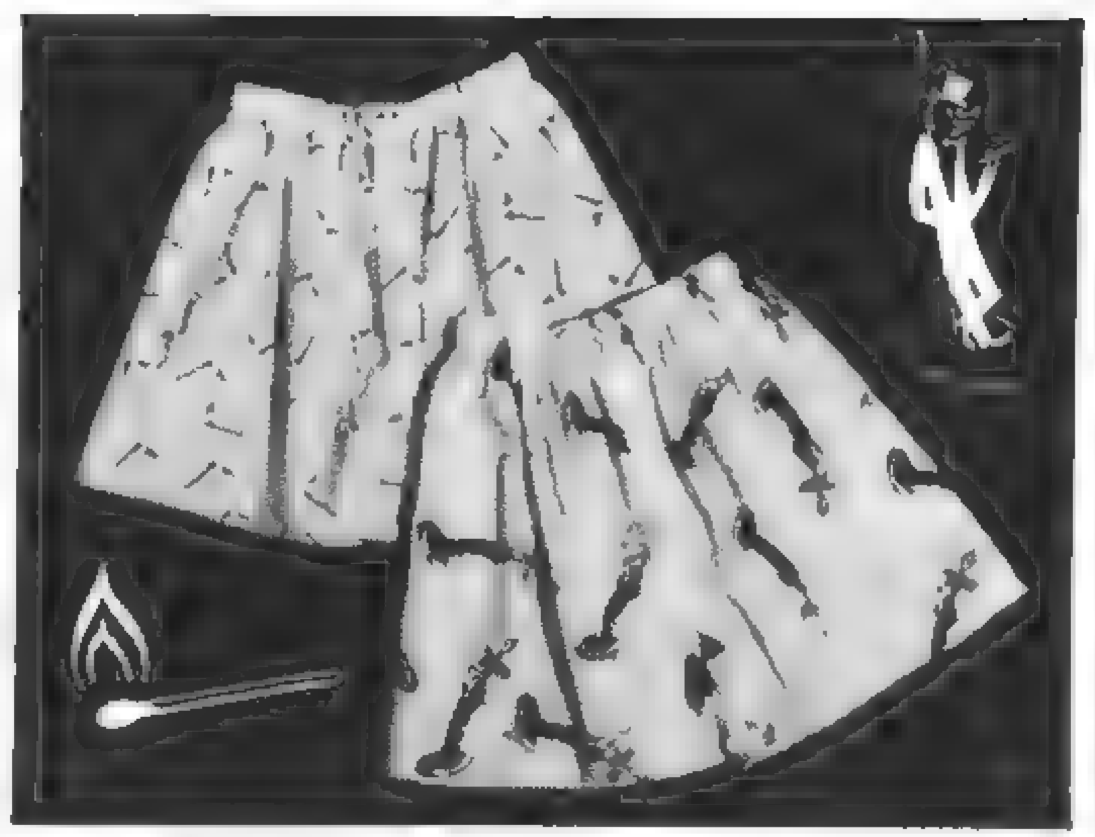
(In California add State Sales Tax)



WHOOOOEEEEEEE!!!

WOLF SHORTS. The original Hollywood Wolf leers from a Hollywood & Vine lamp post. Red, yellow, and black print on white Sanforized Broadcloth.

FLAMING SHORTS. Flaming red matches on white Sanforized Broadcloth. Surprise that male! Both "Wolf" and "Flaming" are elastic band, boxer type shorts. Guaranteed sizes 28 to 42. $2.50 a pair postpaid. *An exclusive from—*

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ORDER NOW
FOR QUICK DELIVERY
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Fine quality smooth grain leather 10 inch boot—full leather-lined. Finest bootmaker-leather outsoles. Tuck in trousers or wear outside. Easy on—Easy off!

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$16.50

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APRON

"It's On The House, Folks!" bar apron with 3 pockets for Mickey Finn, Aspirin, Tips, and a bottle opener attached by a chain! Fine quality white drille with red vest. Amusingly decorated with humorous illustrations.

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Postage Prepaid

Send 10¢ for 1949 'Tippler' catalog #43

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SERVING WAGONS • UNUSUAL GIFTS
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Here is a special 'phone watch which attaches right to the center of the dial. Swiss movement with sweep second hand and radium dial. Saves you time and money. Easy to attach, just press on by hand.

Price $11.00 (Tax & Postage Included)

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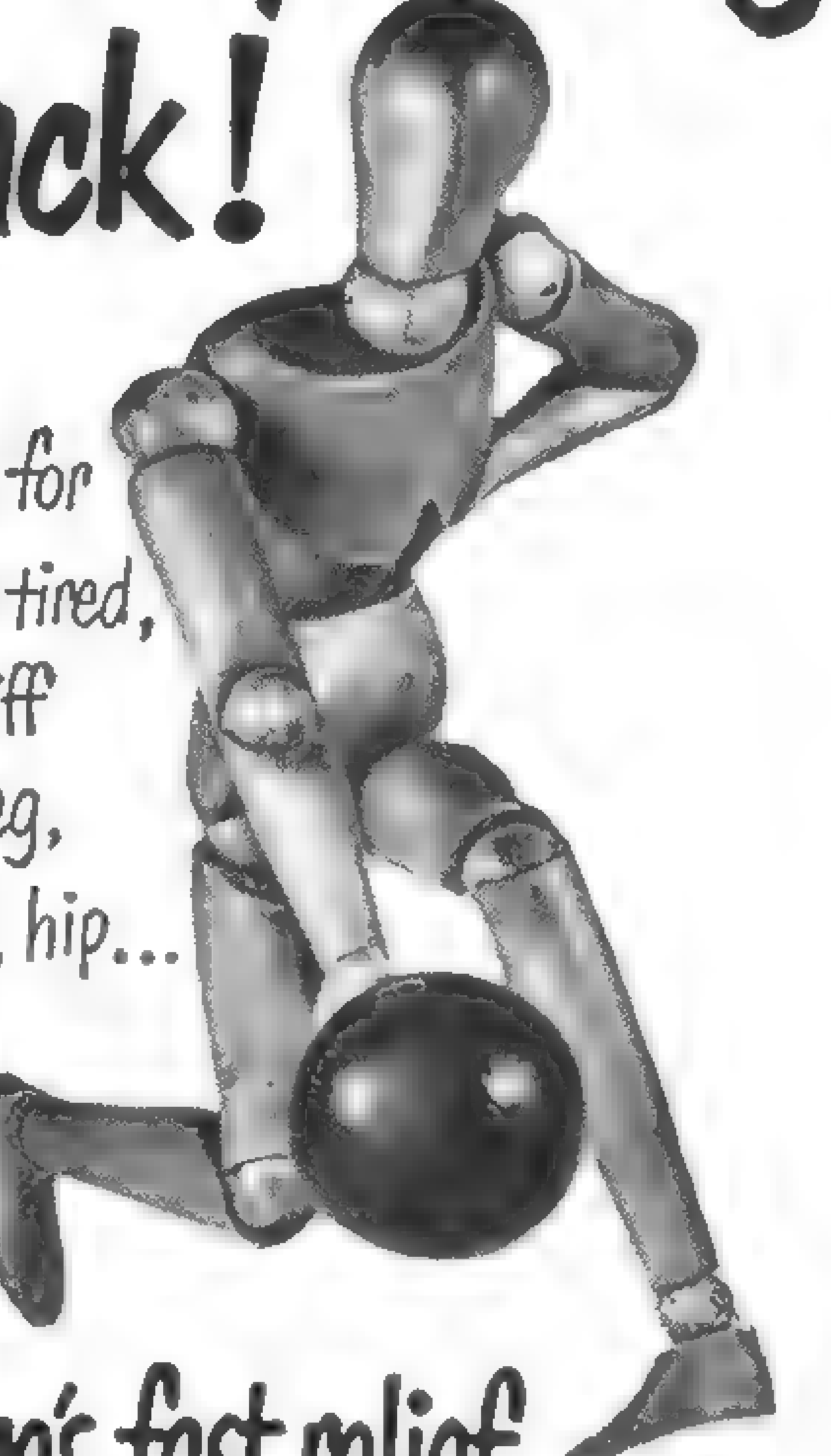
Oh, my aching back!



and for that tired, stiff leg, arm, hip...

Here's fast relief...

- Stiff as a board after over-exercise? That aching soreness in tired muscles eases fast when you rub on famous Absorbine Jr. Try it! All drugstores, $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.
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Ah! my Absorbine Jr.!

Every day is fun day

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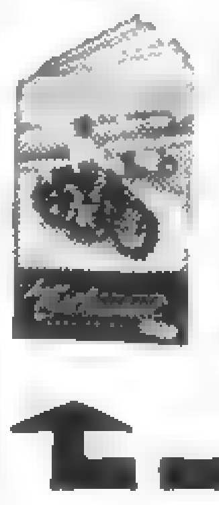
HYDRA-GLIDE FORK

EVER ride on a cloud? Ever wish you had a motorcycle that would give you that feeling? Well, brother, here it is... the 1949 Harley-Davidson with the Hydra-Glide Fork! Glide is a *mild* word for it! Never before has such riding comfort, steering ease and roadability been built into a motorcycle. You *float* over bumps, *skim* over rough roads, *sail* down the straightaways, enjoy every mile as never before. Even on longest trips, you're fresh as a daisy, ever ready for fun as you take in exciting race meets, endurance runs, hillclimbs, gypsy tours, sightseeing trips. Try a glide-ride and be convinced! See your Harley-Davidson dealer for a FREE ride. Mail the coupon now.



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Send free copy of ENTHUSIAST magazine, filled with motorcycle action pictures and stories; also literature on latest models.

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THE **Setwell*** "twenty incher"

- Big 20 inch curved shoulder gives size 42 suits and larger, a wrinkle-free and neat appearance.
- Finest selected hardwood.
- Natural finish—beautifully lacquered.
- Nickel plated steel hook and locking device.
- Also available—17 inch hanger for size 40 suits and smaller.

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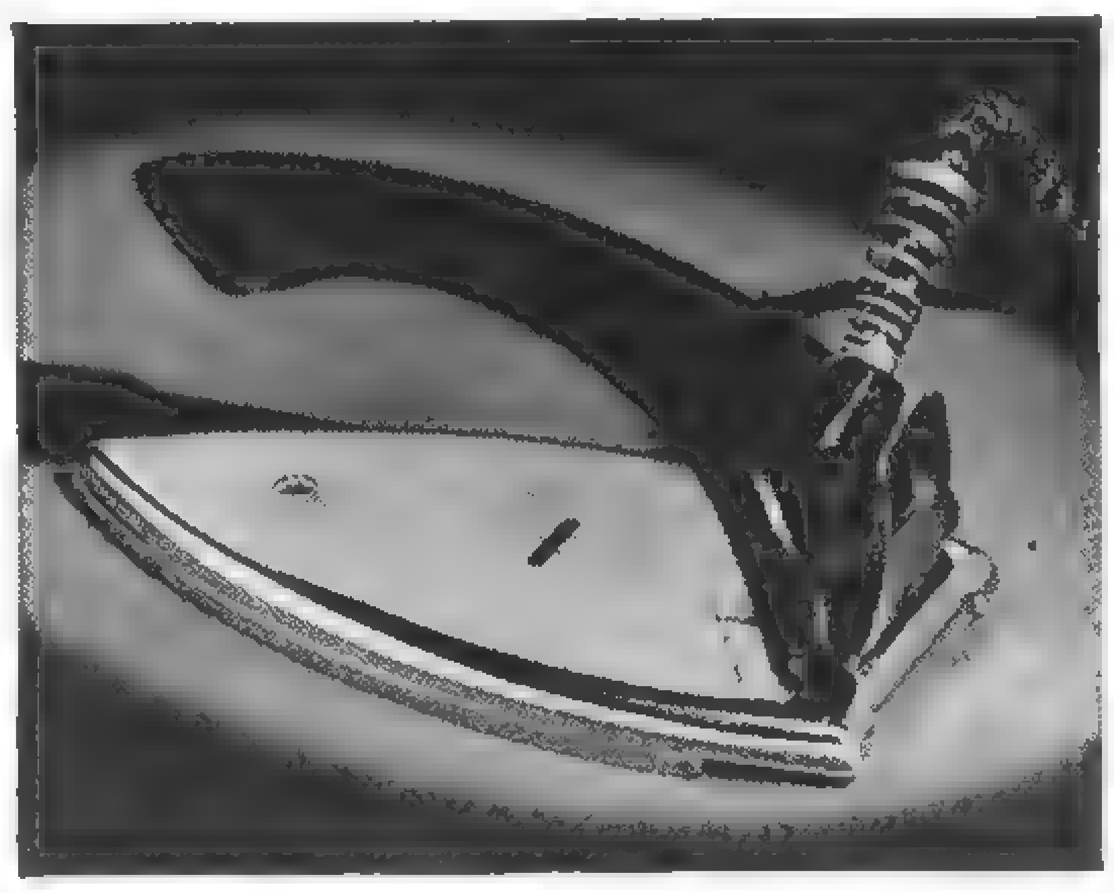
1705 West 13th Street Chicago 8, Illinois

AT MEN'S STORES AND NOTIONS DEPARTMENTS EVERYWHERE

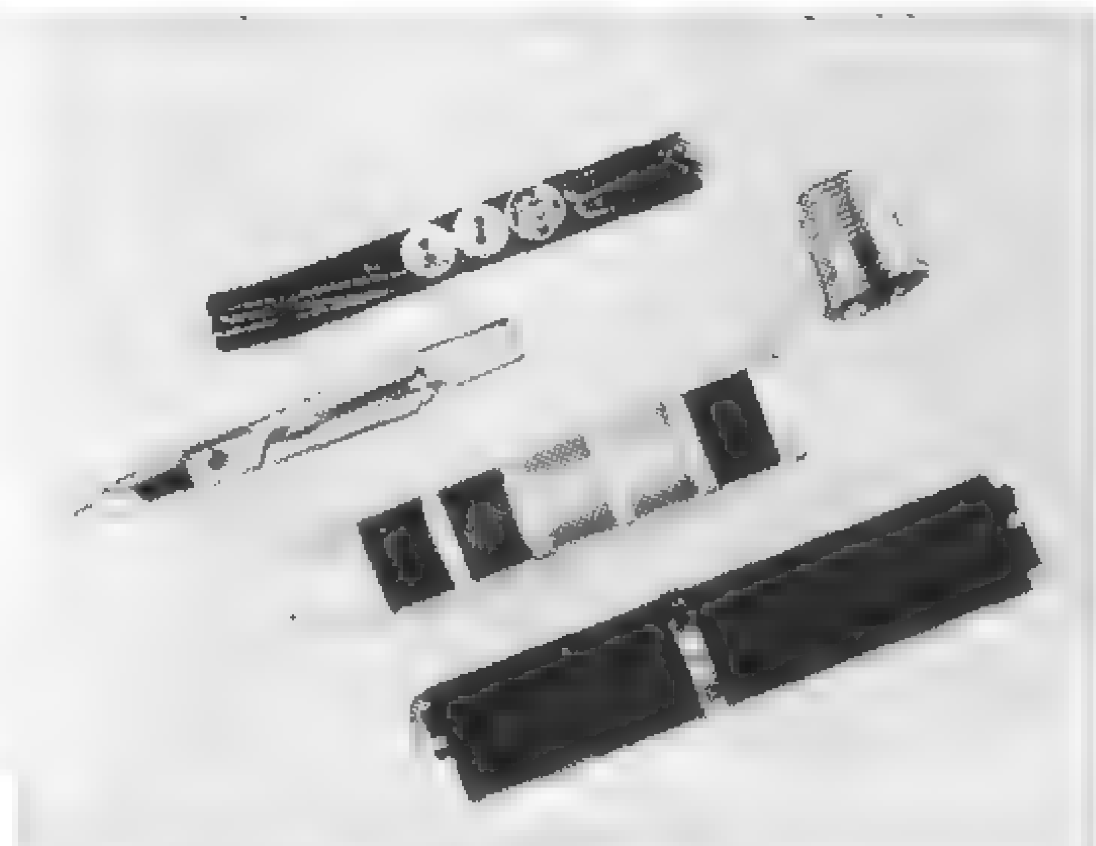
Talking Shop

FOR SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS and other social occasions when she is her own cook and serving maid, she needs an apron but one more becoming than the kind grandmother used to make out of old flour bags. Washable organdy, in colors, with hand-painted orchids or roses to one side and an initial at the pocket.

A DOZEN DIFFERENT FEATURES recommend a new Swiss-made, portable sewing machine for the overworked housewife. To mention just one: because of a free arm, like a sleeve board, socks can be darned, sleeves mended as never before. It weighs only 14½ lbs. and the case converts into a spacious work table.



IT'S JUST LIKE A WOMAN to wash stockings, slips and such sundry parts of her wardrobe even when she's away from home. She'll be grateful over and over again if you present her with a neatly packaged travel iron. It operates on both a-c and d-c current, has a correct-heat indicator and weighs two pounds.



IN A PREDICAMENT for want of a safety pin, a needle and thread or an important button, she ought to carry emergency equipment. Needles, thread, pins, buttons, snaps and a fine miniature gold-plated scissors are all in a leather-covered case about as long as a long cigarette. Red and green, brown and black.

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Ranger

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BUSINESS CASES

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"If it's made with leather—Mashek makes it better"
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Handsome Key Chain PERSONALIZED with your initials!

Hand-cut thru and thru. 14-K Gold or Rhodium (white) plated. Enclose 2 or 3 letter initial, underlining last.

KEY CHAIN—$5.95
incl. tax and postage
MATCHING TIE BAR—$4.95

Send check or money order

Write for free PERSONALIZED jewelry booklet!

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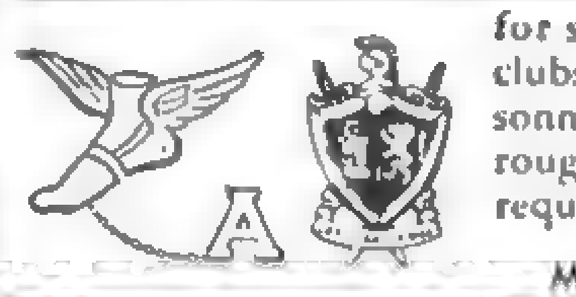

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for social, sports, and service clubs..lodges, fraternities—personnel and safety awards.. Send rough sketch and state quantity required for price information.

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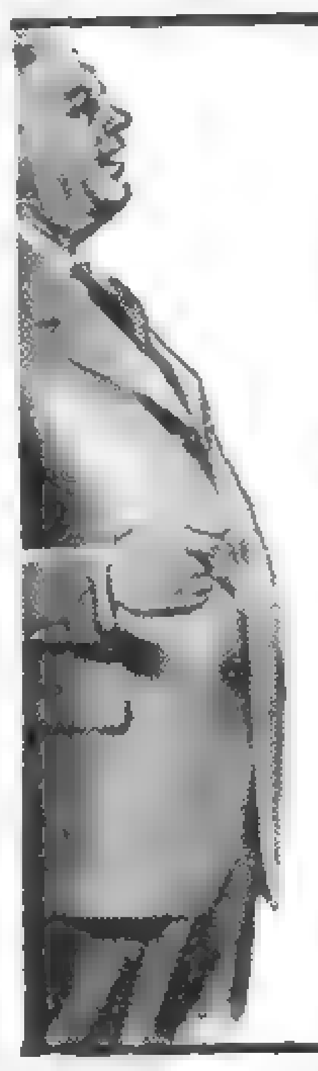

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TO MEN WHO WEAR SIZES 48 to 70

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Write for FREE Catalogue "J"
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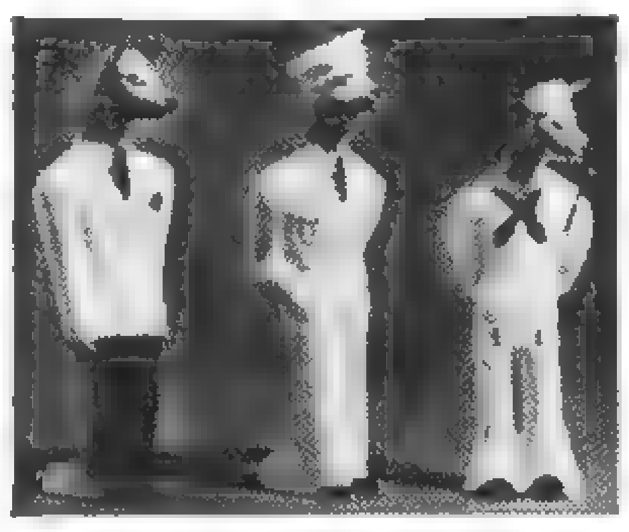

O-O-Ooooooo!
Attention:
WOLVES & WOLF-BAIT

Here is the perfect gift for wolves of all ages and varieties: the prowling, howling, ogling wolves—and their victims, too! In short, a flattering Father's Day gift for *all* men—even those who are wolves only in daydreams. Charming statuettes 7" high in attractive color. California ceramic. Three styles: "THE BOULEVARD"; "THE G.I."; "THE SEA-WOLF." Each: $2.95 postpaid. Send check or money order. TERRY HAND PRODUCTIONS, Dept.E, Box 2648 Hollywood 28, Cal.

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FITS LADIES', MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES...
SELF-LOCKING ADJUSTMENT... HOLDS SHOES SECURELY

Use a SHINE-BOY SHOE HOLDER!

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SHINE-BOY is the answer to that messy shoe shining problem... Holds shoes firmly while you clean and polish them ... Fits Men's, Women's and Children's sizes.. Sturdy steel construction.. Brown baked enamel finish ... Easily removed when not in use... SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.

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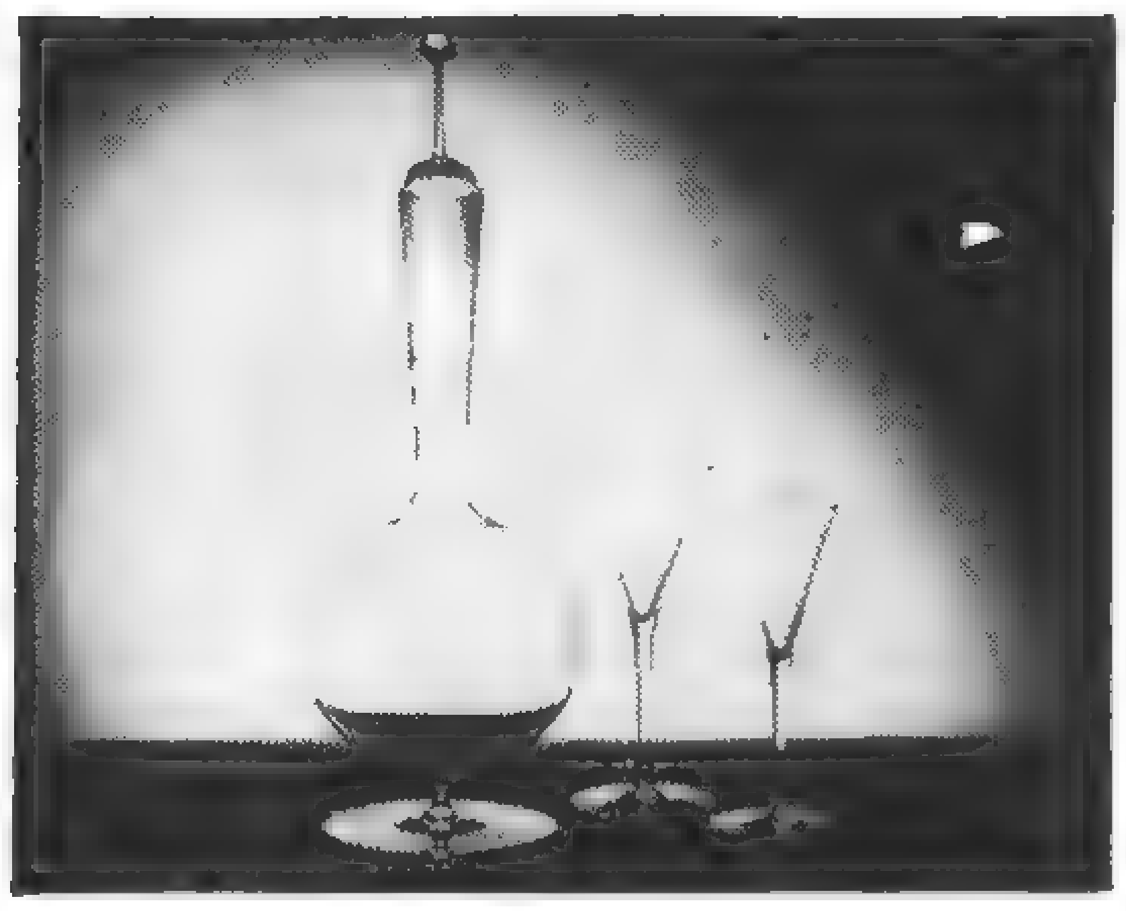
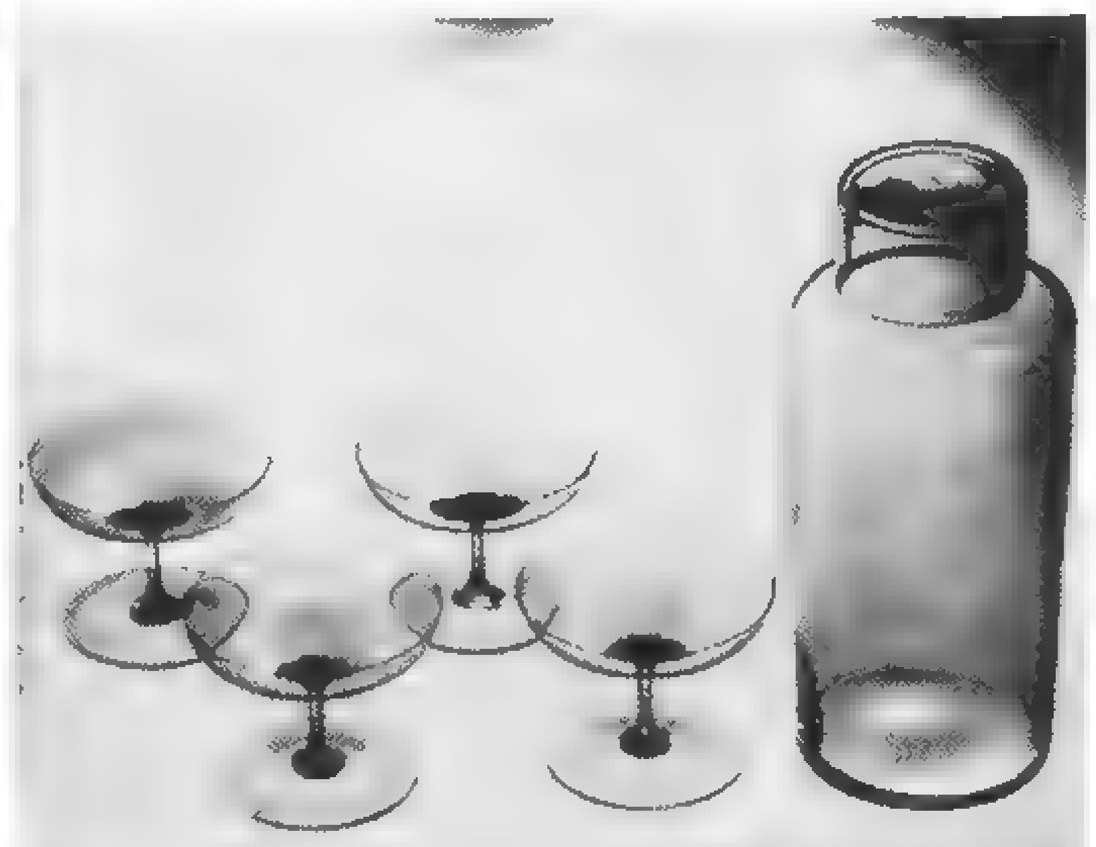
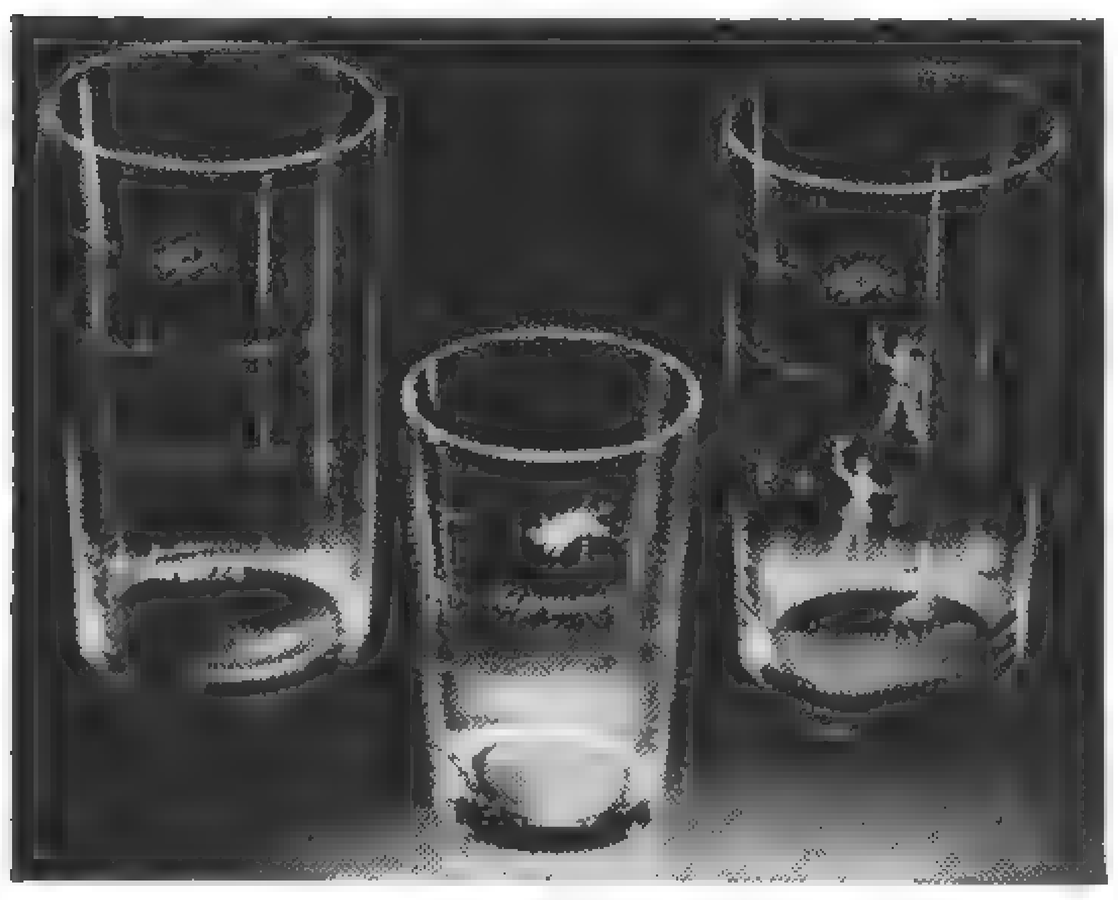


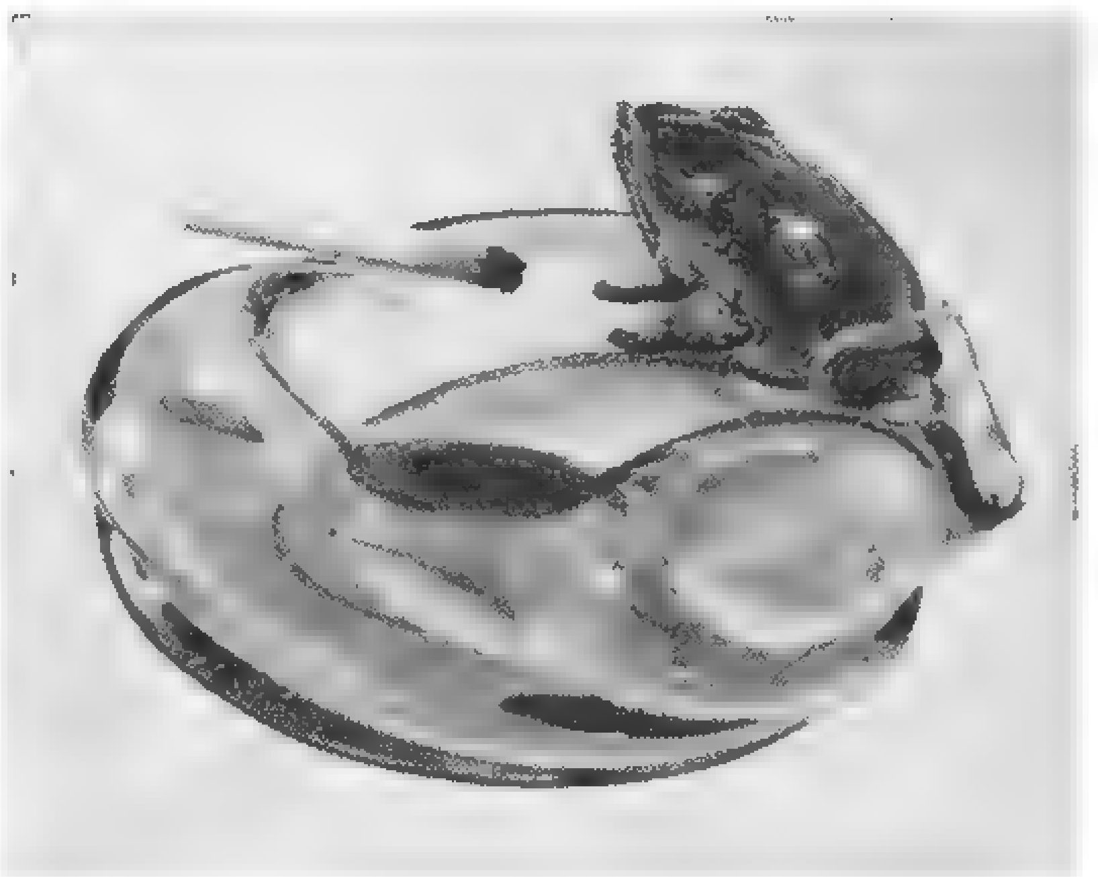
EXQUISITE SIMPLICITY is the keynote of this extraordinarily beautiful Lobmeyr glass from Vienna, this year celebrating its 125th anniversary and currently on exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. Shapes like this decanter and slim tall glasses are gold, silver and blue lustreware also in clear glass.



MODERN DESIGN and old master craftsmanship together produce glass such as this brandy set in clear glass or in the three lustres. The bottle stands about 7" tall and the glasses 2¼". There seems to be some special perfection in its smallness, its design and its proportions.



EACH TO HIS OWN INCLINATION. At different levels on these highball glasses are the words *lady, gentleman, shipmaster;* at the top is a drawing of a pig. Smaller glasses, similarly marked, are for straight drinks. Both glass and engraving rate with the finest.



A FAT GREEN GLASS FROG sits and contemplates on the edge of a deep ash tray as if by the side of a pond. The color in the thickness of the glass is like swirling clear green water. This is a piece of the famous hand-blown glass from the Island of Murano near Venice in Italy.

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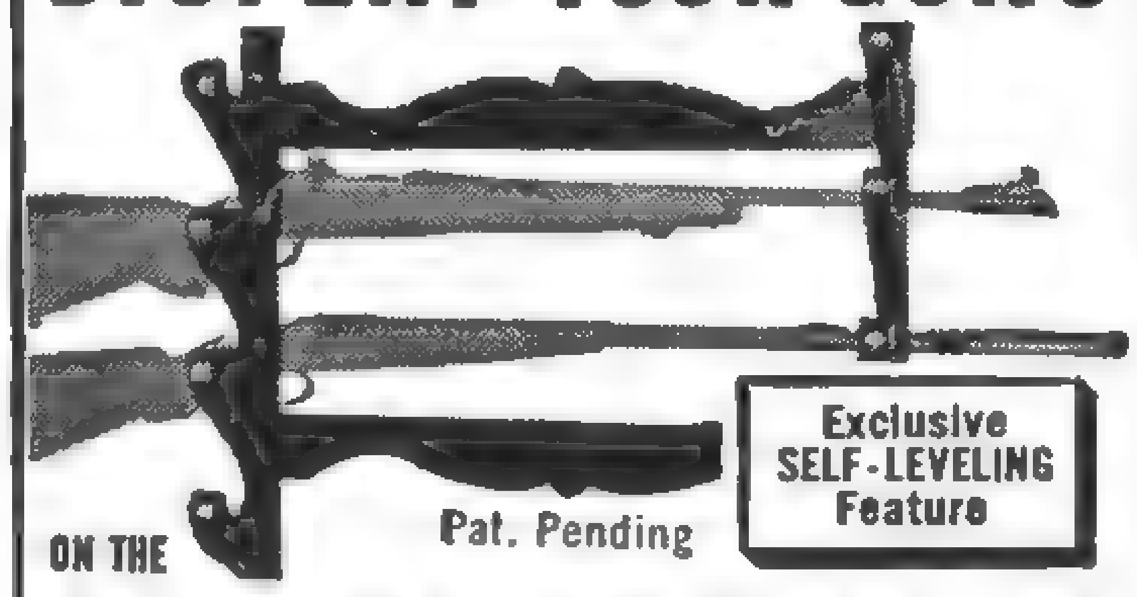
Ranger

DISPLAY YOUR GUNS



Exclusive SELF-LEVELING Feature

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ON THE

PEQUOT GUN RACK

...Adds Decorative Beauty to any Room

Protect your guns from the wear and tear of just "lying around". Hung in a cozy corner of the living room the PEQUOT GUN RACK will impart a delightful touch of hunting atmosphere. And what a beautiful Rack this is—a Nimrod Product—of unique, graceful design ... cut from selected, finely grained Walnut with hand rubbed finish. Self-leveling feature allows any type gun to rest securely in horizontal position. Four gun size (holds 2 to 4 guns)—$7.95. Six gun size (holds 4 to 6 guns)—$10.95. Also hangers for single gun—$2.25. Check or money order. Shipped postpaid. Money back if dissatisfied.

THE NIMROD CO. (Div. of Geo. Marnhout Co.)
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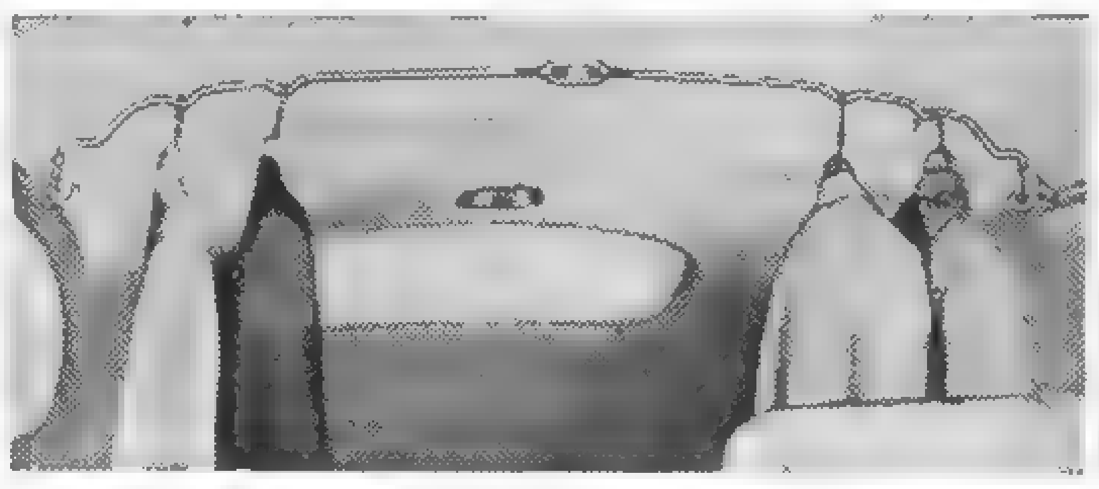
The New Easy-to-Install

HANG-ALL Auto Wardrobe Rack

Holds 12 or more garments full length



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✱ Perfect for vacationists, salesmen, and sportsmen. Eliminates packing troubles, saves pressing bills. Will not shift. Easily attached and removed. Richly nickel plated. Clamps over window frame without marring. Does not interfere with rear view or use of doors. When ordering state make and model of car... Send check, money order or postal note. **$3.95** *postpaid*

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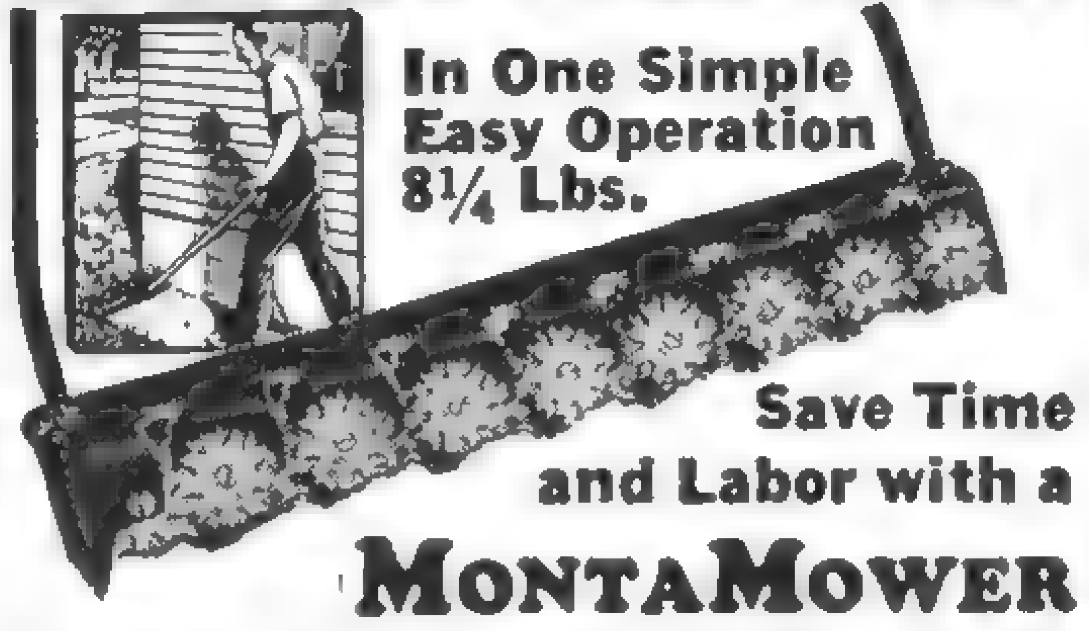

In One Simple Easy Operation 8¼ Lbs.

Save Time and Labor with a

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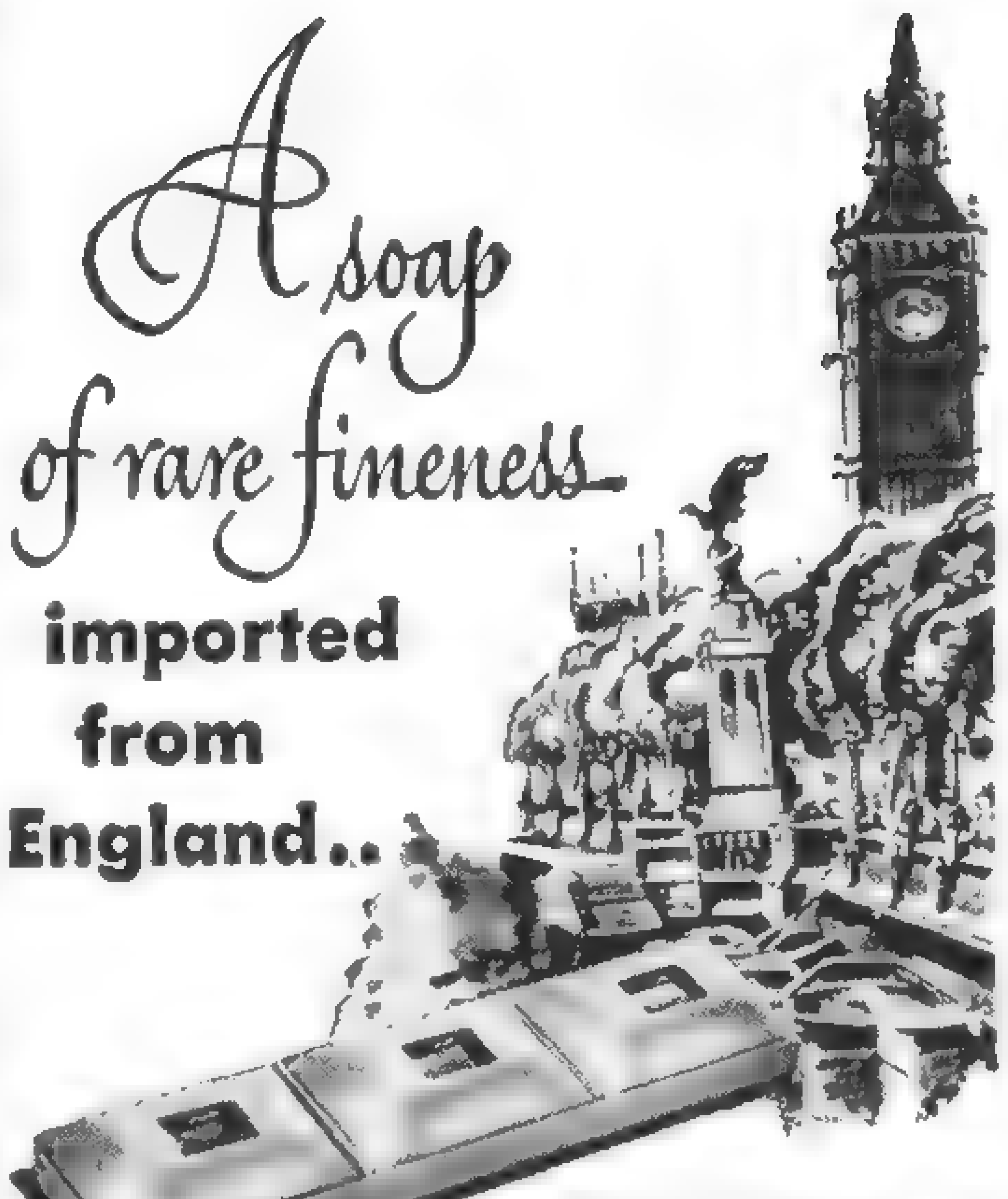

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Toilet Soap

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Cussons Imperial Leather is especially imported for those men and women who like to live luxuriously and are really discerning.

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...for men who appreciate the flattery of gabardine

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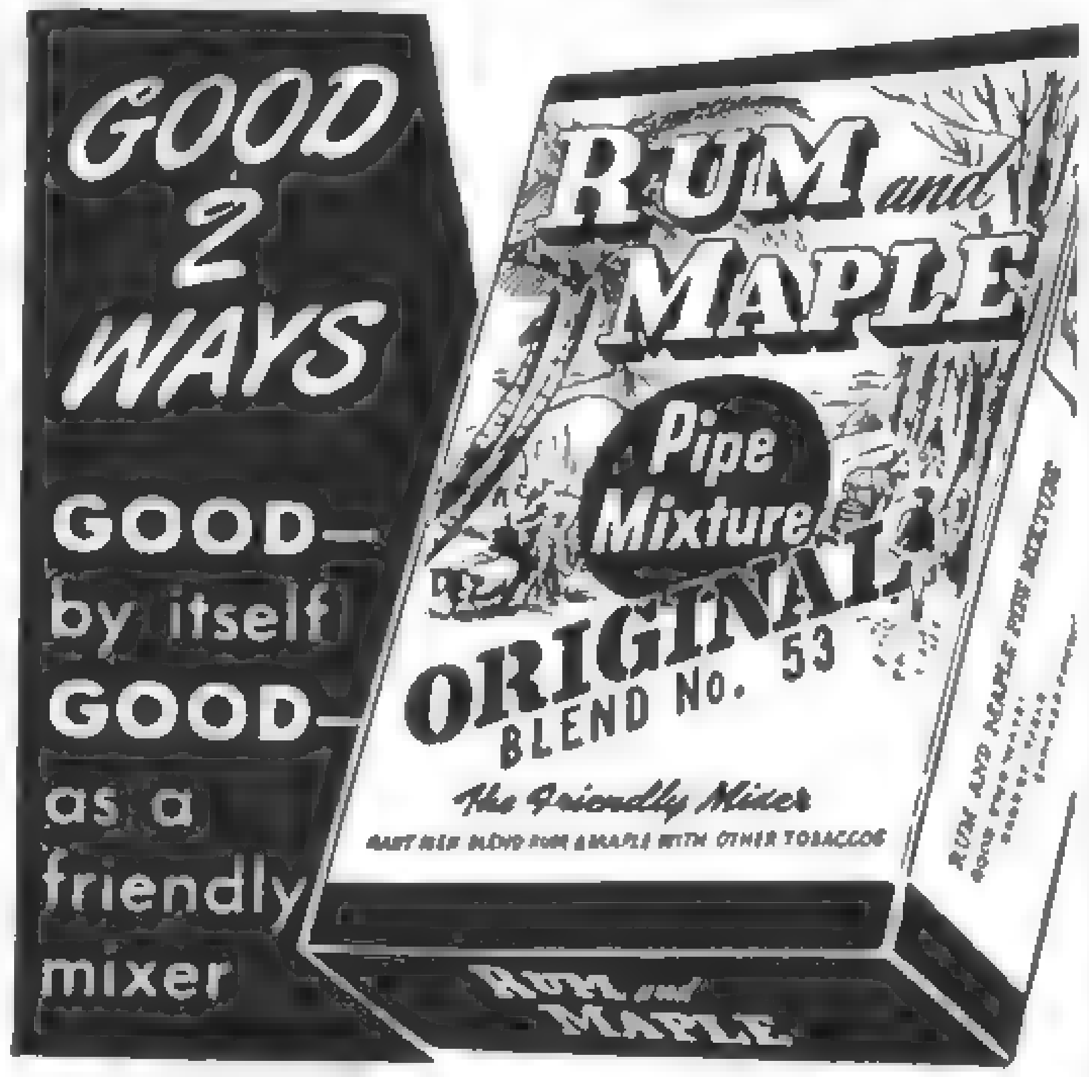

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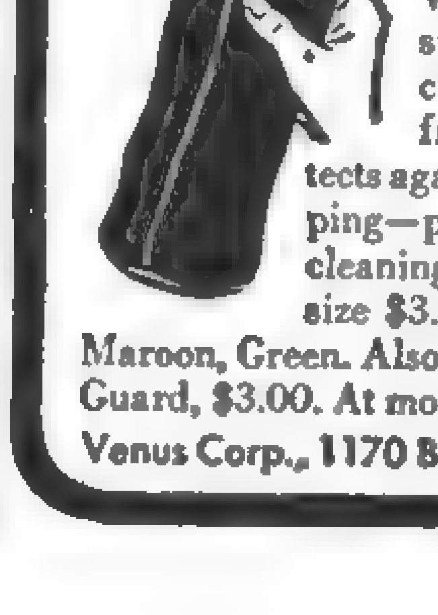

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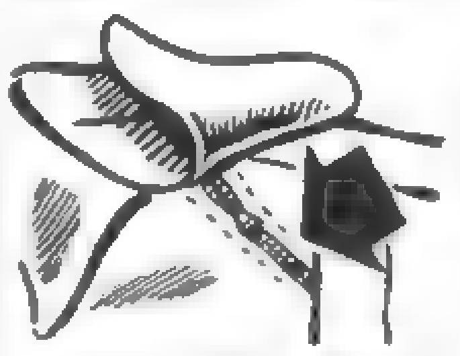

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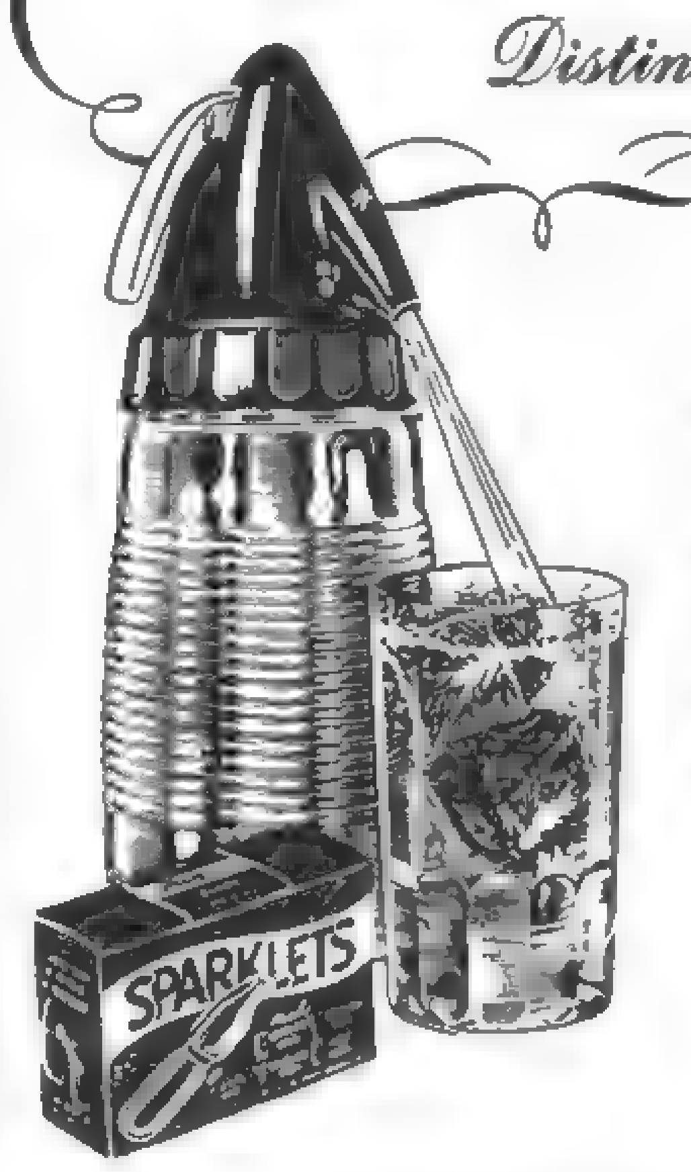

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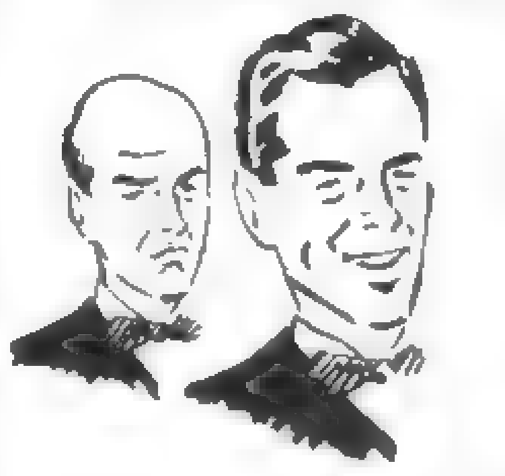

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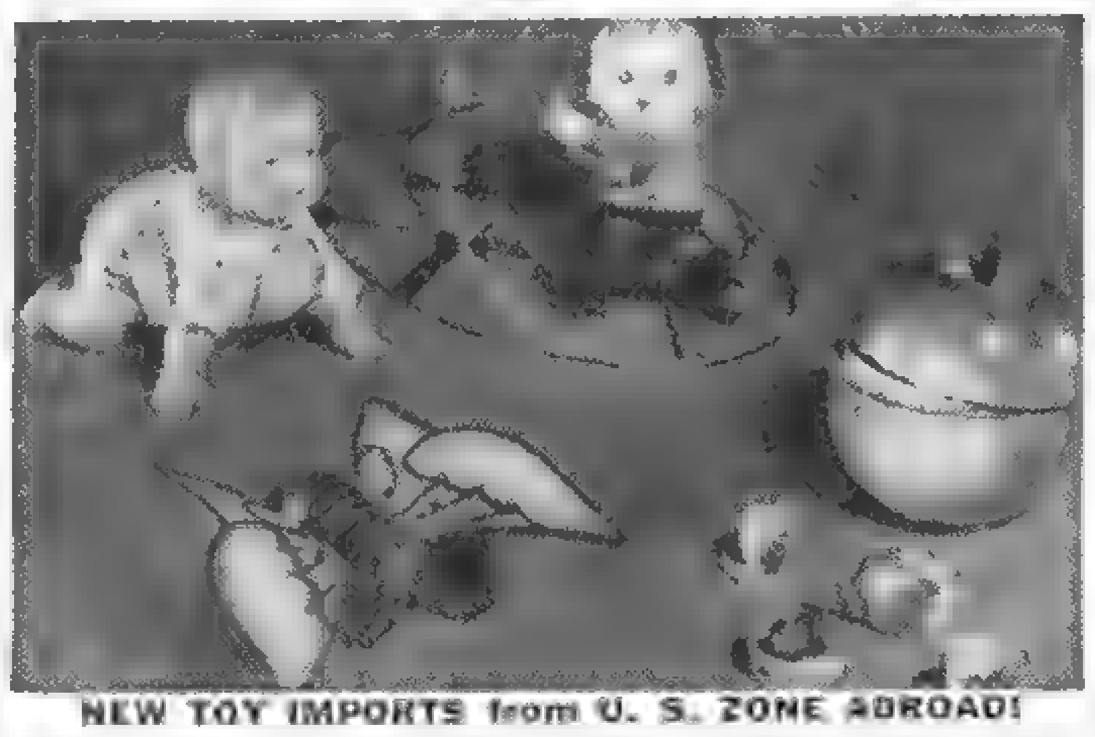

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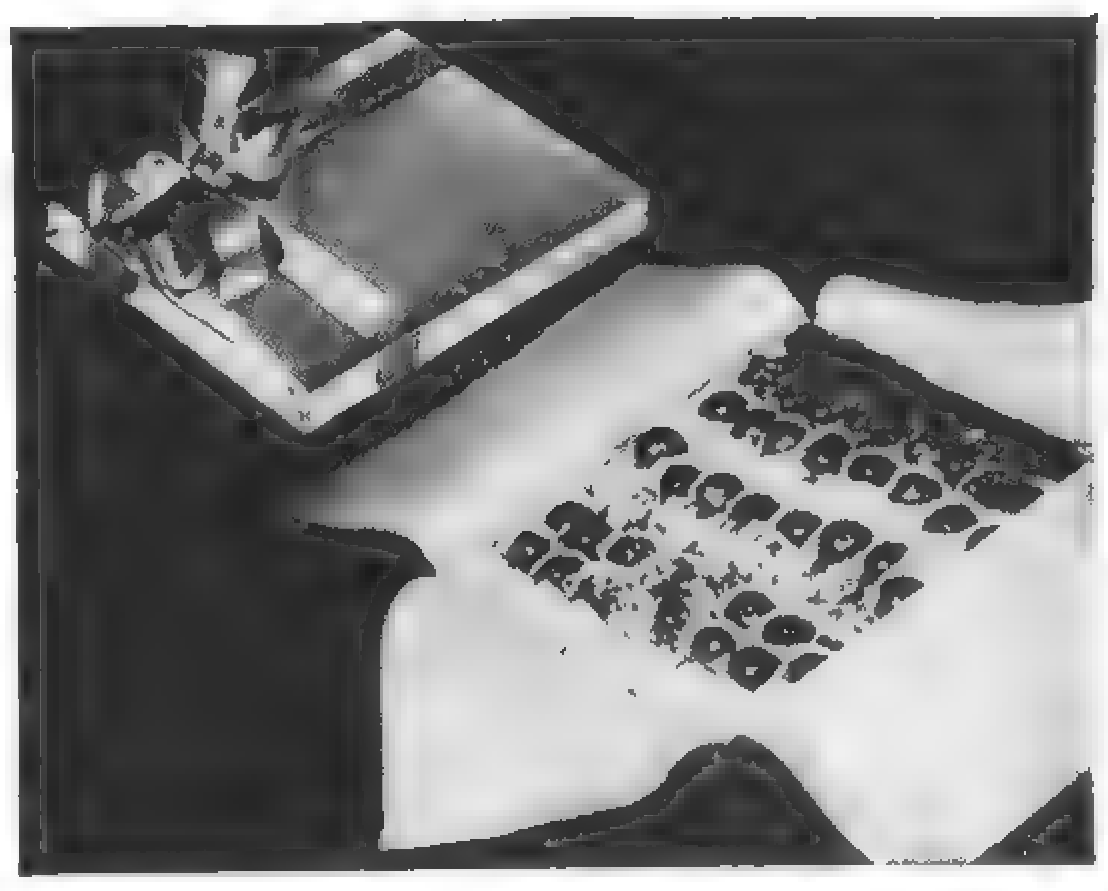
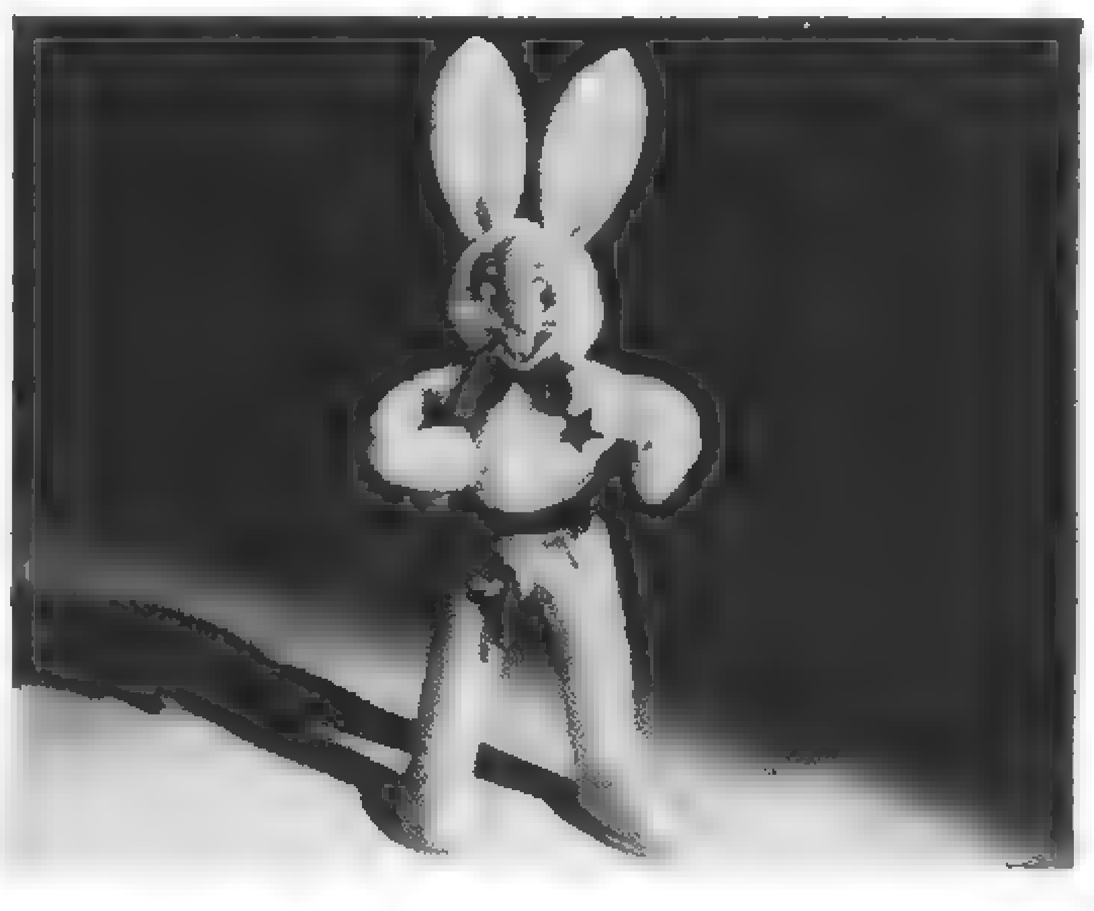
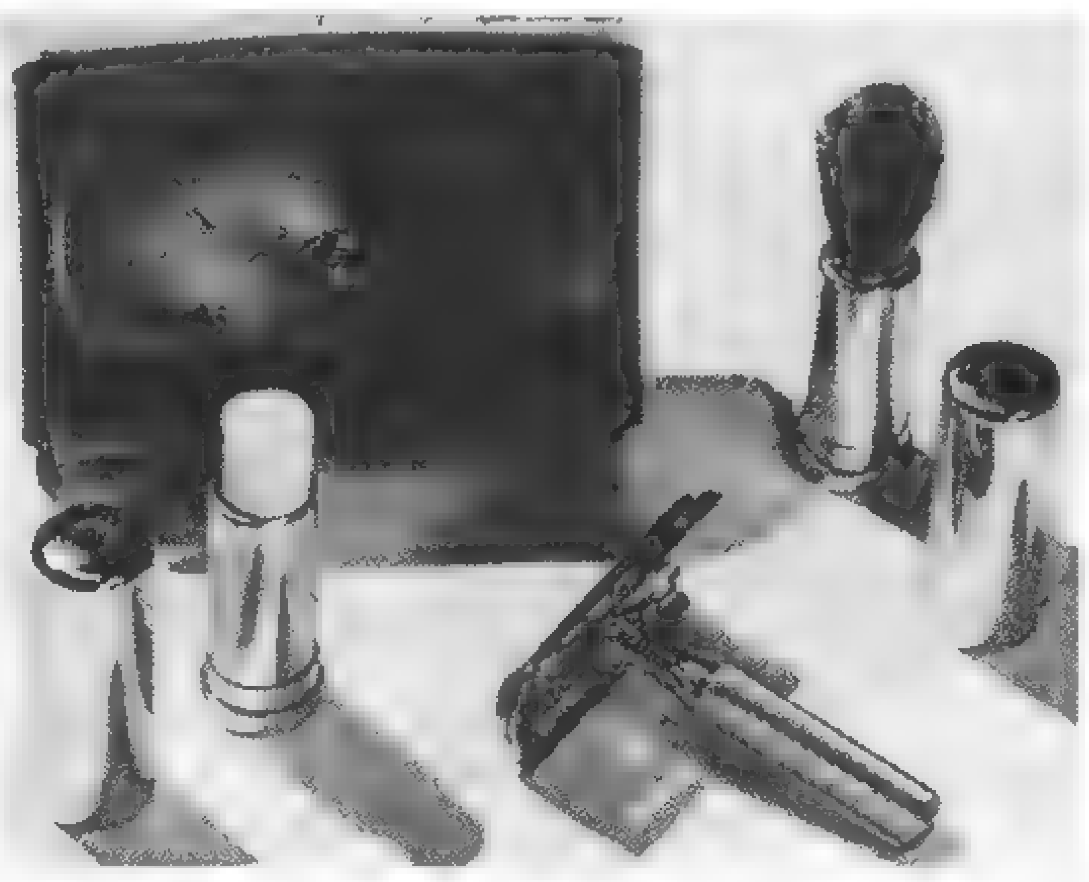


TWO CAN TRAVEL as light as one with a weather resistant canvas suitcase. Made with hanger top, it holds two men's suits and two dresses and has ample pocket space for lingerie accessories, men's shirts and four pairs of shoes. Week-ending couples eliminate burdensome baggage with built-for-two suitcase.

TIP OF HIS TOES to top of his ears, Bugs Bunny stands 2 feet tall in yellow pants, white shirt, sheriff badge and holster and with the inevitable carrot. Something about his exuberance not to mention the cut of his trousers, rear view, makes him an entertaining character and good company, not only for children.





COMPLETE AND COMPACT a shaving kit hardly larger than a cake of face soap. Cowhide case holds a gold-plated razor, a soap stick, a Nylon or pure badger brush and even extra blades. Takes little room in his pocket or briefcase when he travels; handy too at the office for last minute grooming.

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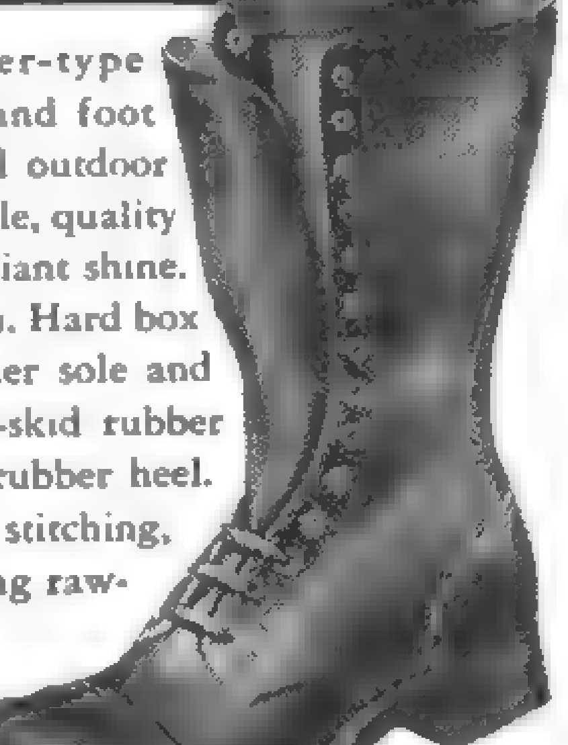

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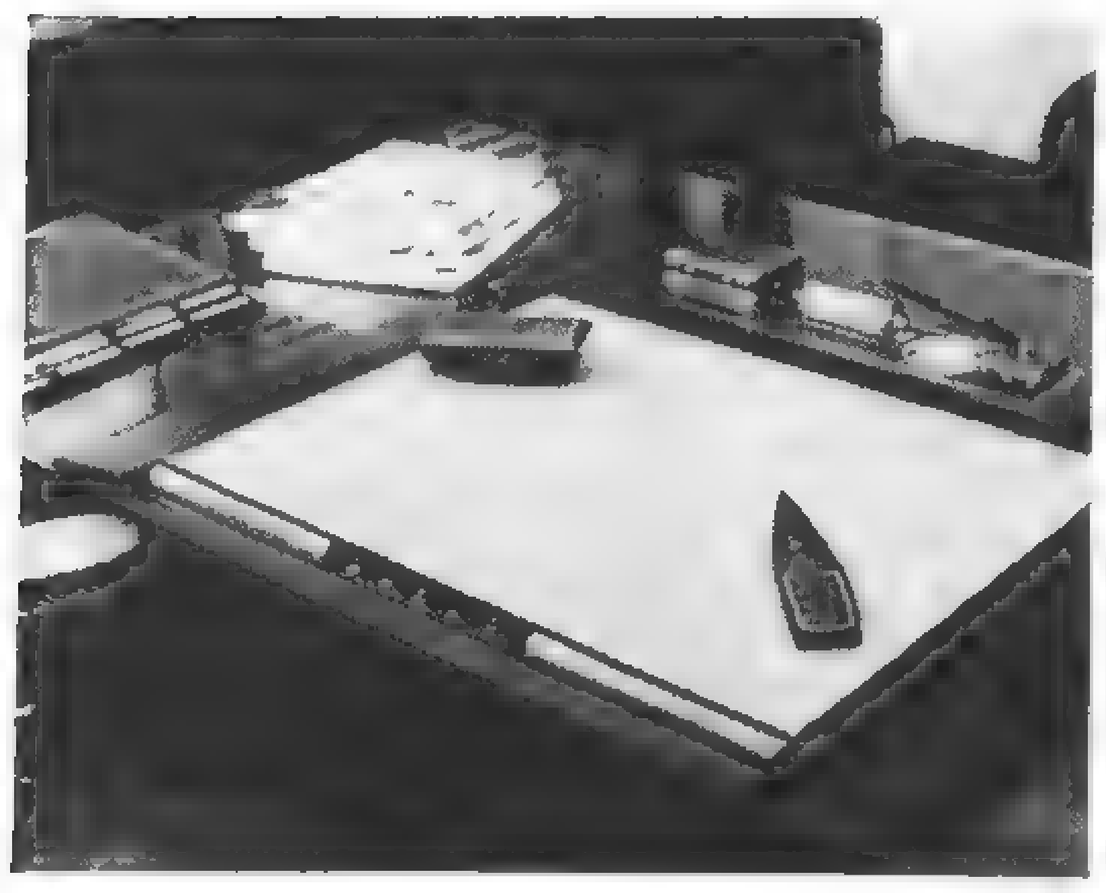
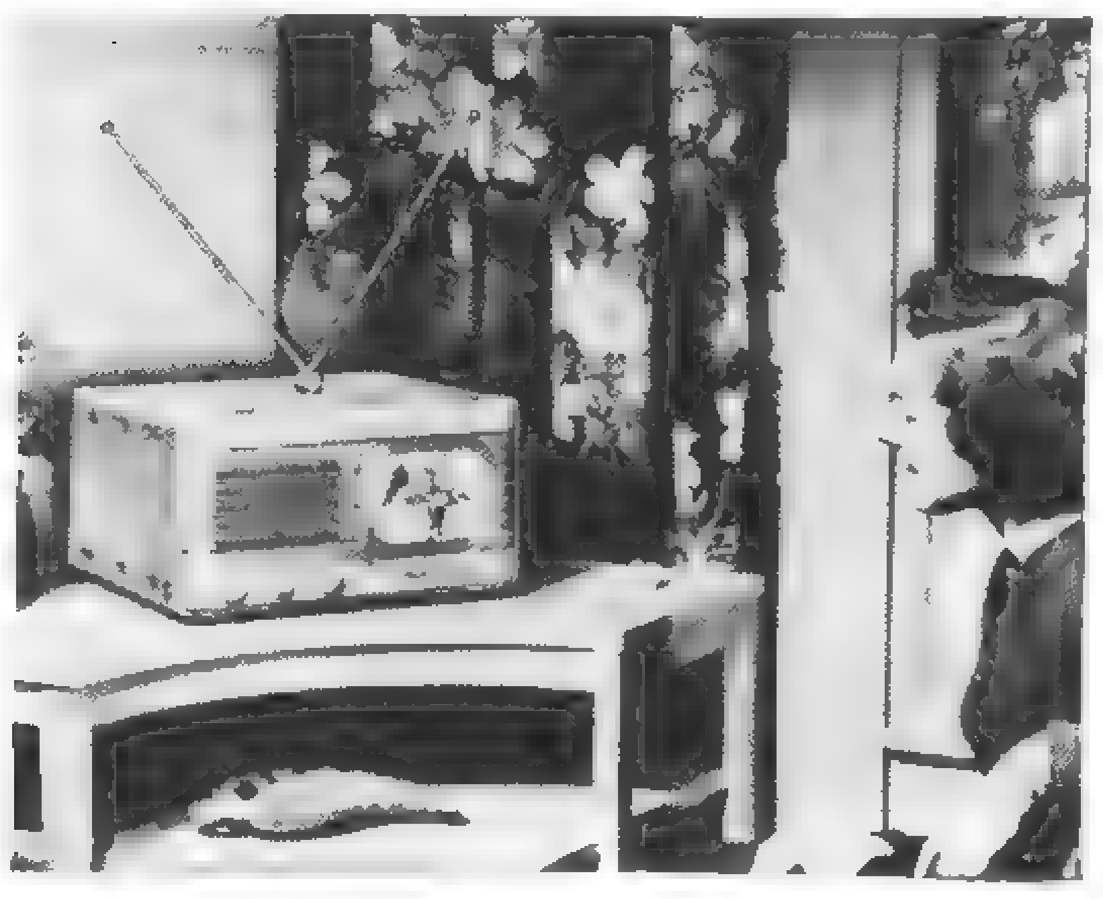


IN THE GUISE OF a desk pad less than an inch thick, an electronic inter-office communication system connects you with any four others. Conversation with each one is private. Receiver and speaker look like a metal strip along the edge of the pad. Operates on dry batteries or lighting circuit power.

ALMOST HIDDEN in the base of this lamp is a handy little radio. The combination offers a good light to read or work by and a superheterodyne AC-DC radio with full, clear tones. The base is metal, in green, red or eggshell with shade to match. To make a pair, there is a matching lamp without the radio.



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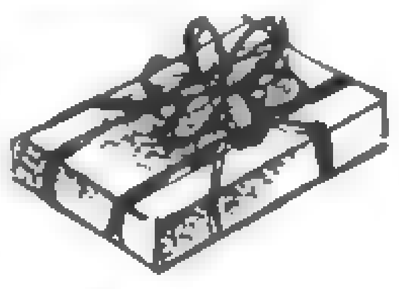

She'll be stuck ON THESE NEW PIN POINT by SULLOWAY

SUPER SHEER SEAM FREE nylons 15 DENIER

1.35 pr.

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GIFT HINT FOR A GIRL ON THE RUN . . . in stockings we mean. Irresistibly different in looks and wear. Fit to pin point perfection! In 3 new shades to complement her Spring wear: Ambergleam, Neutral beige, Ginger brown. Sizes 8½ to 10½. Appropriate Gift wrapping — just mention the occasion! Special $15.50 per doz.

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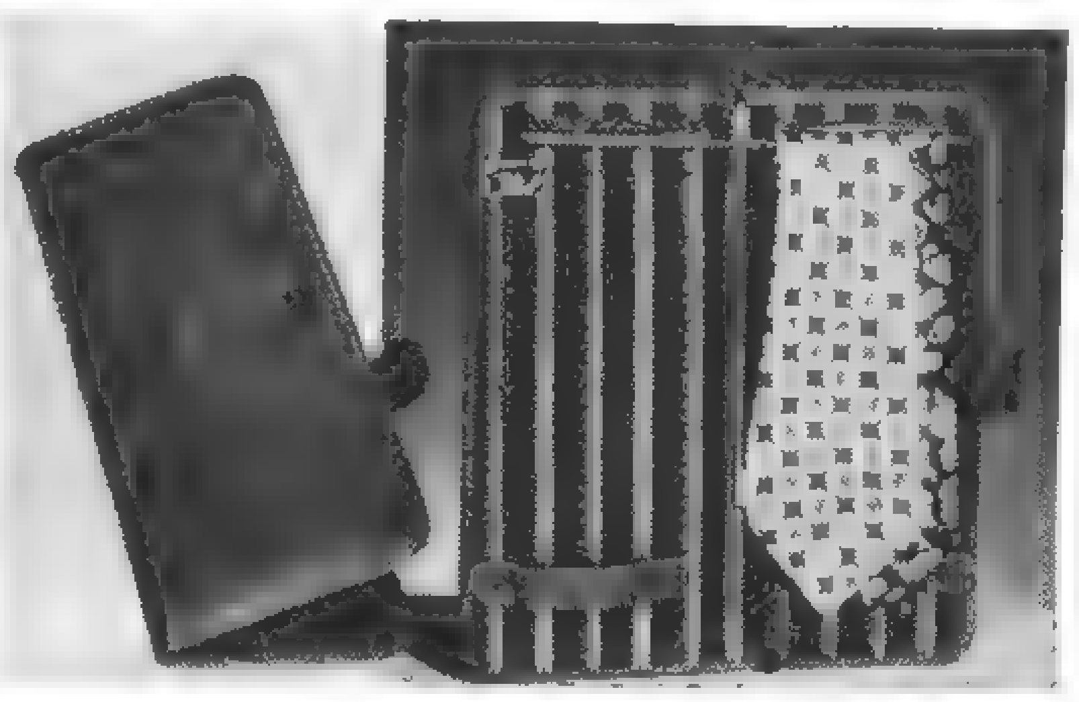

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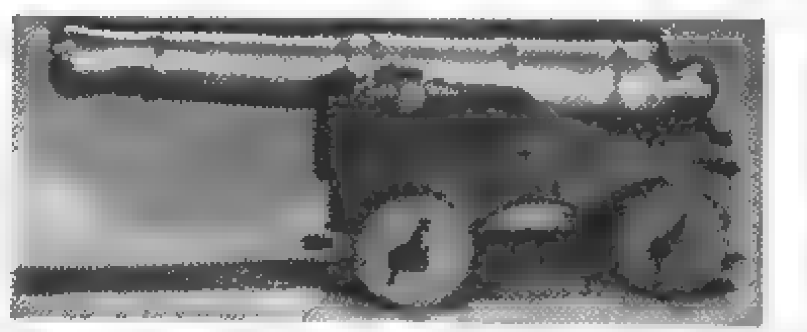

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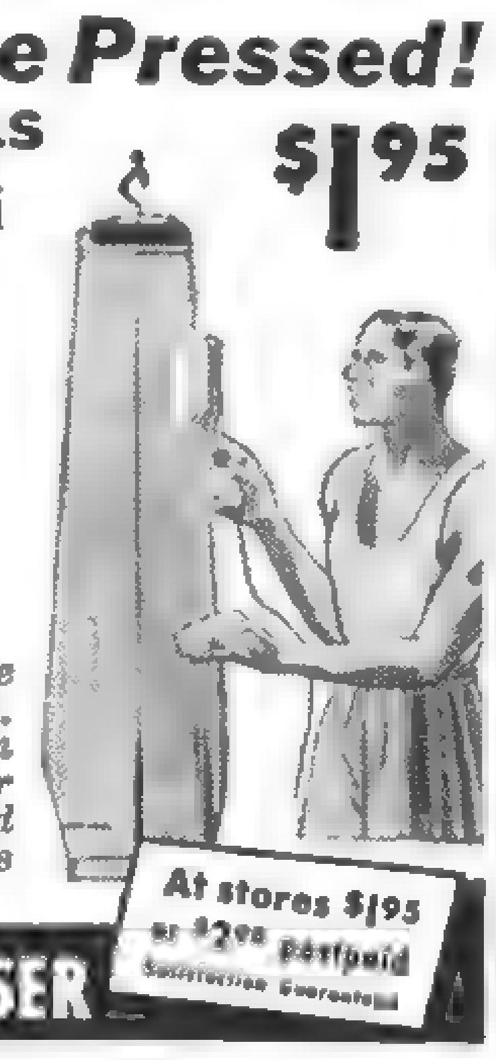

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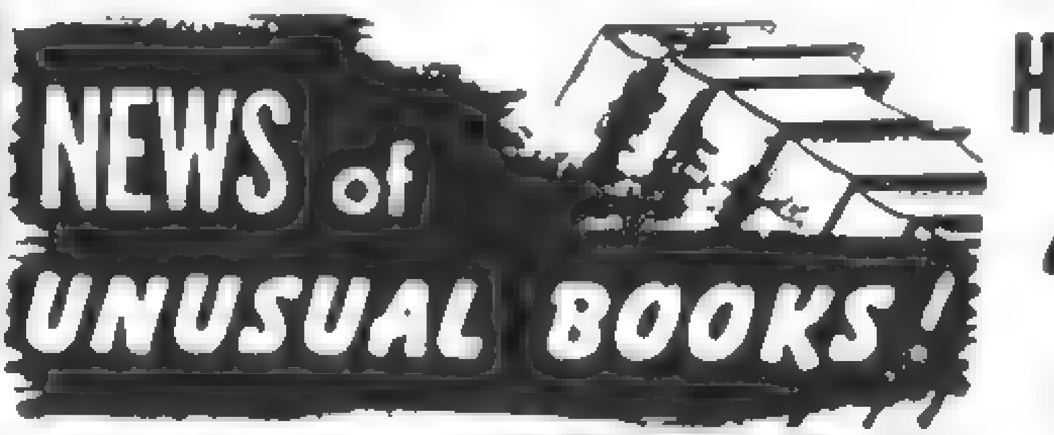

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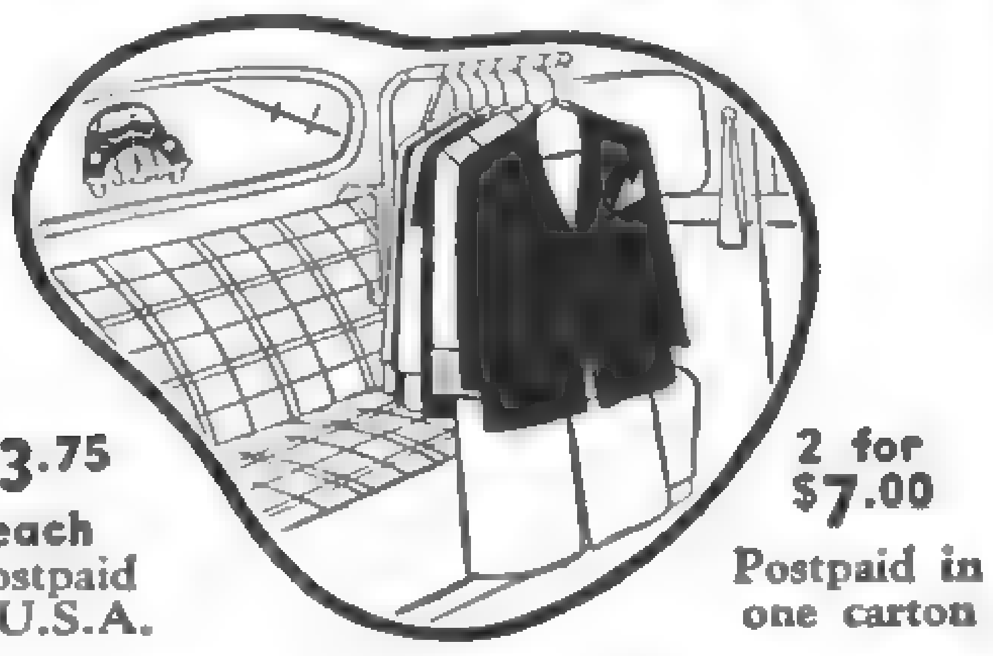

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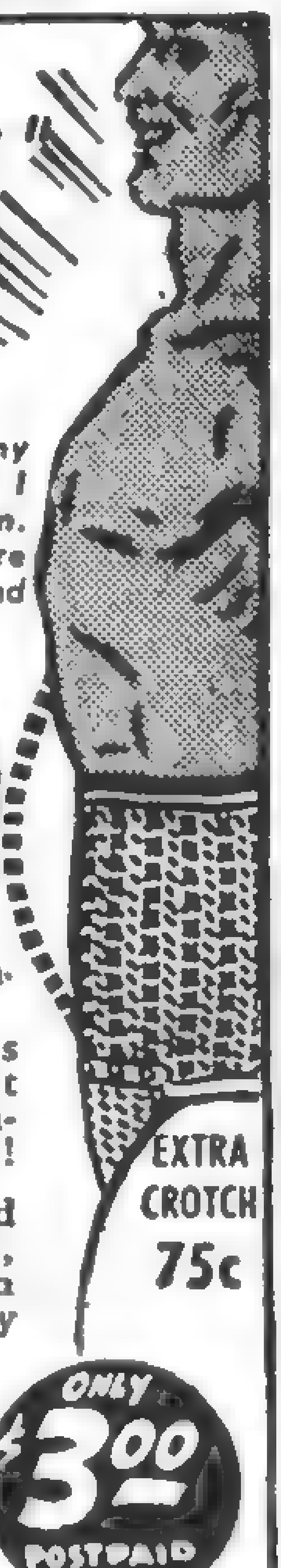

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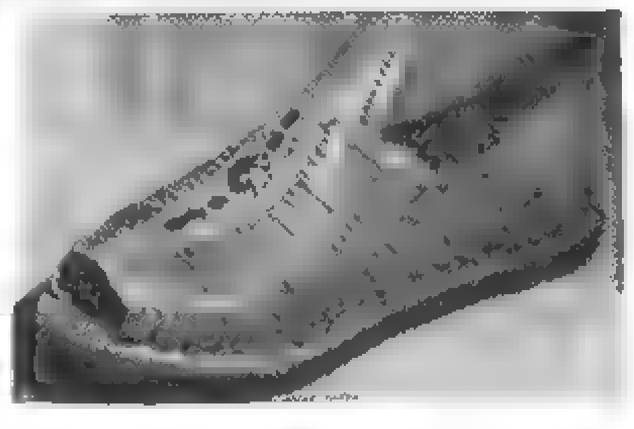

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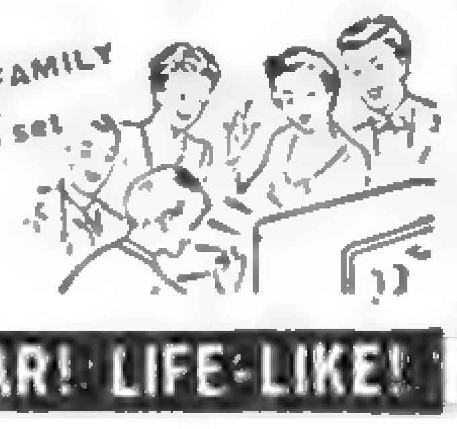
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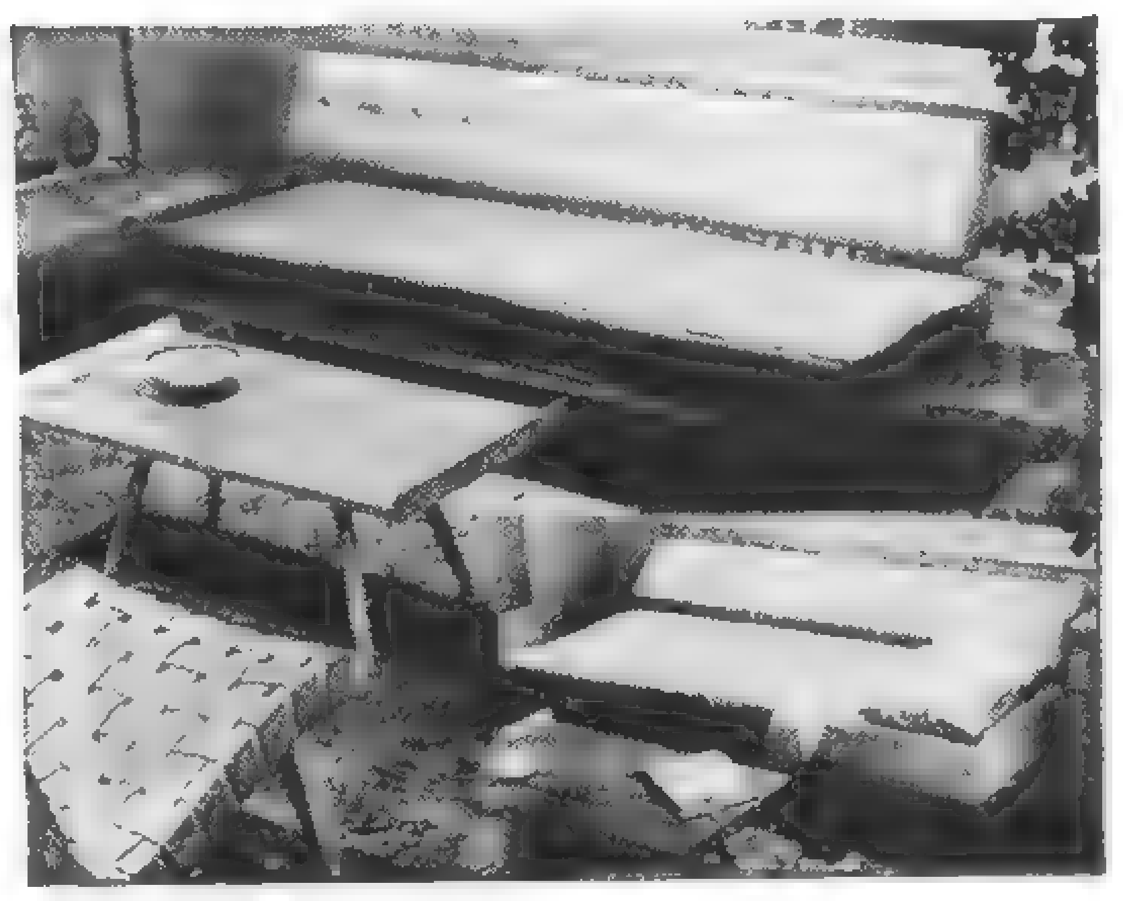

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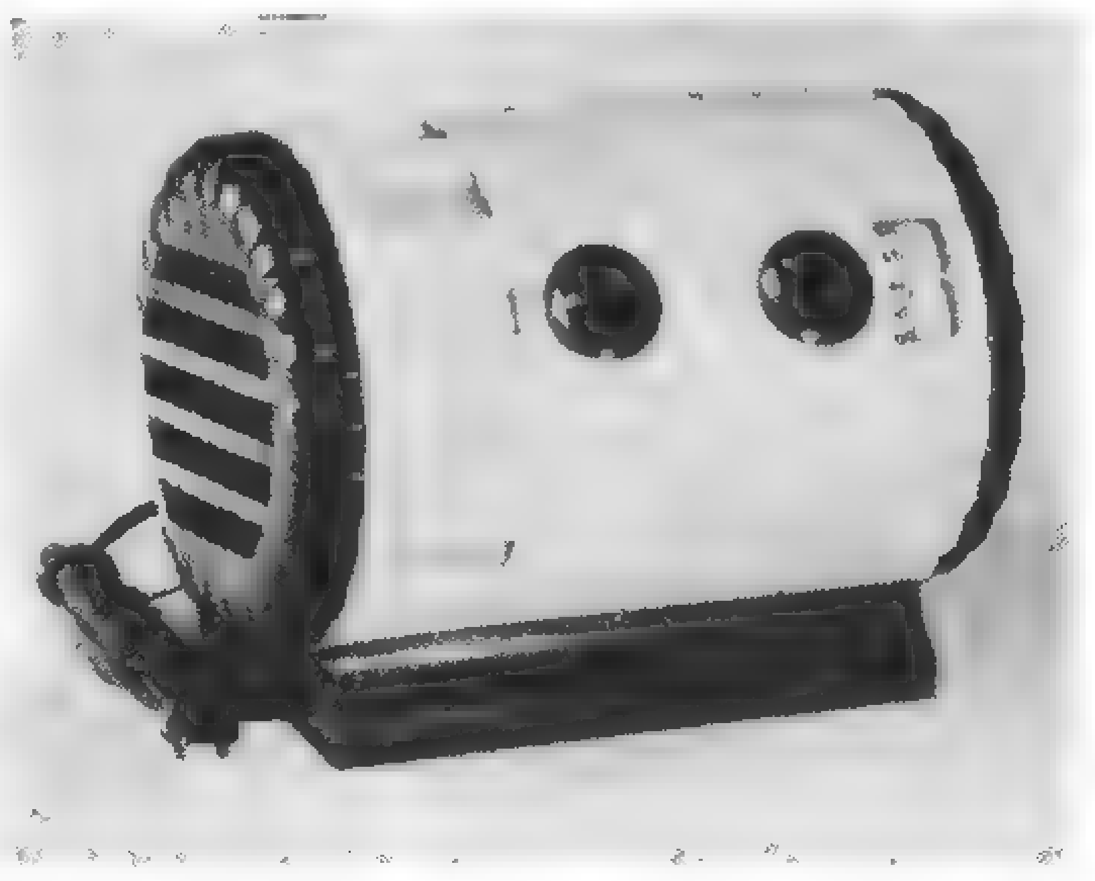

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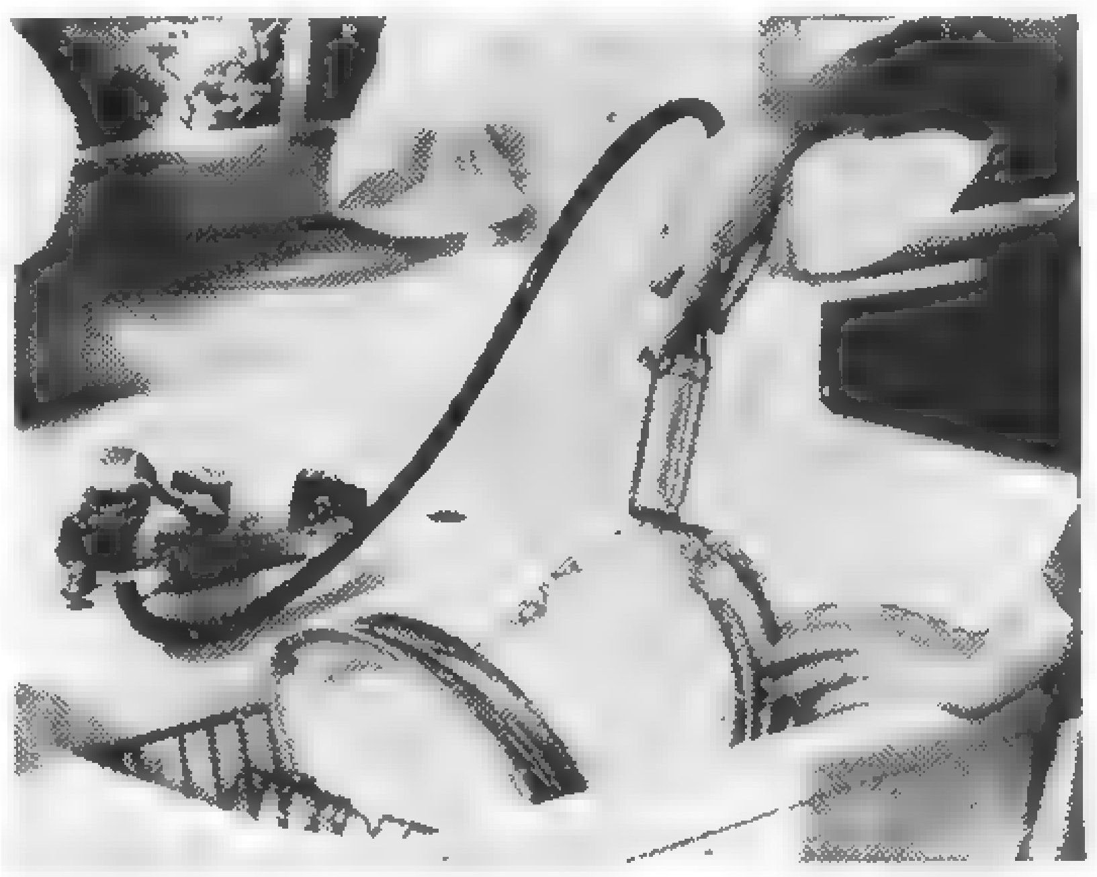

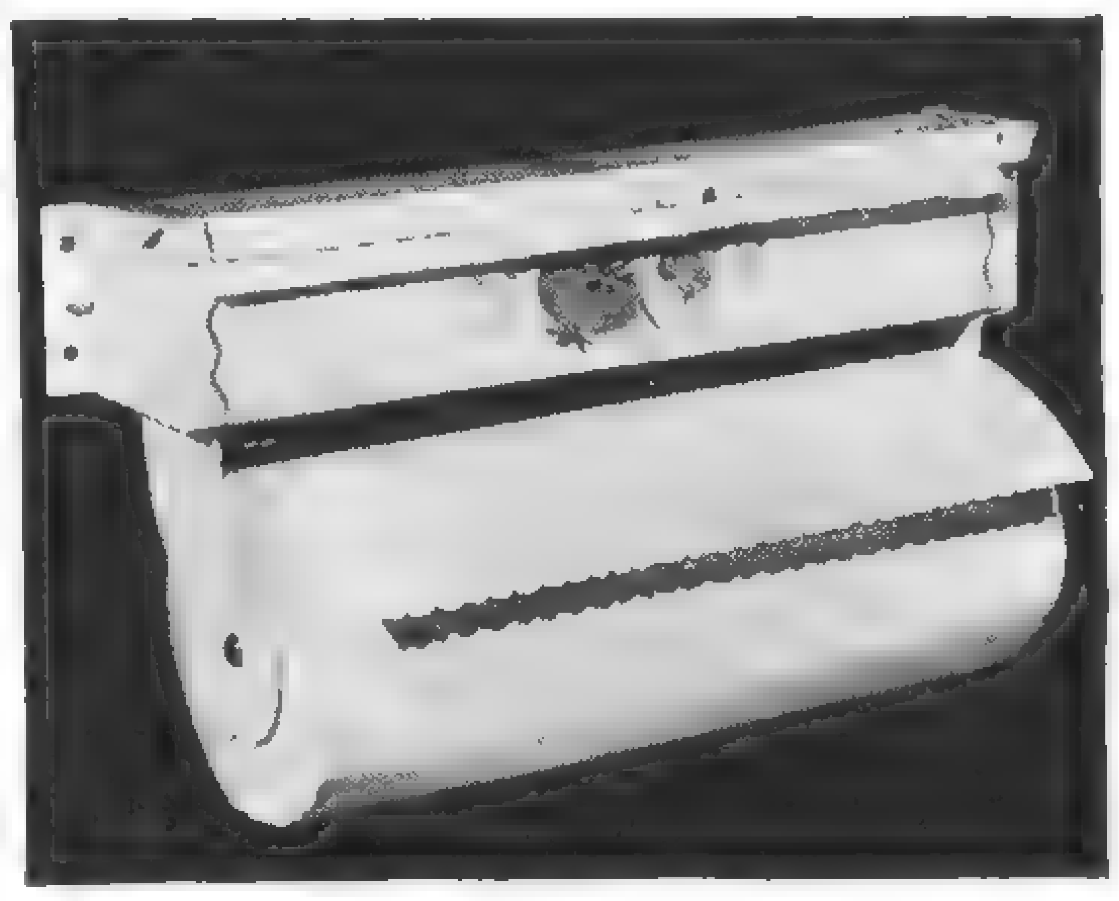

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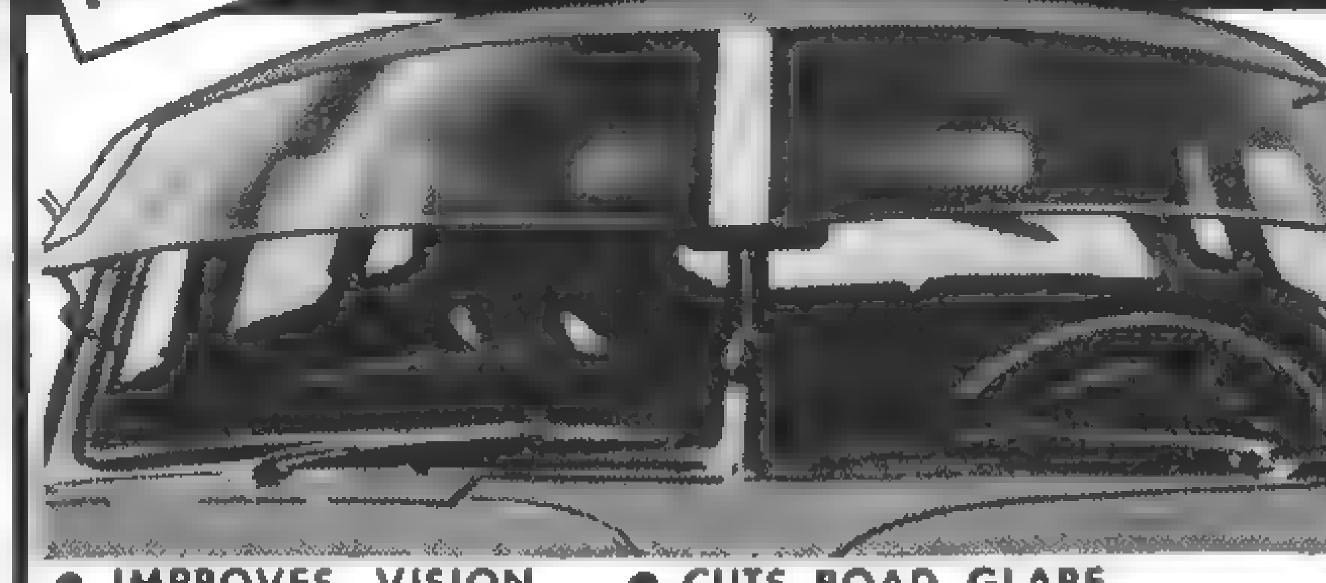

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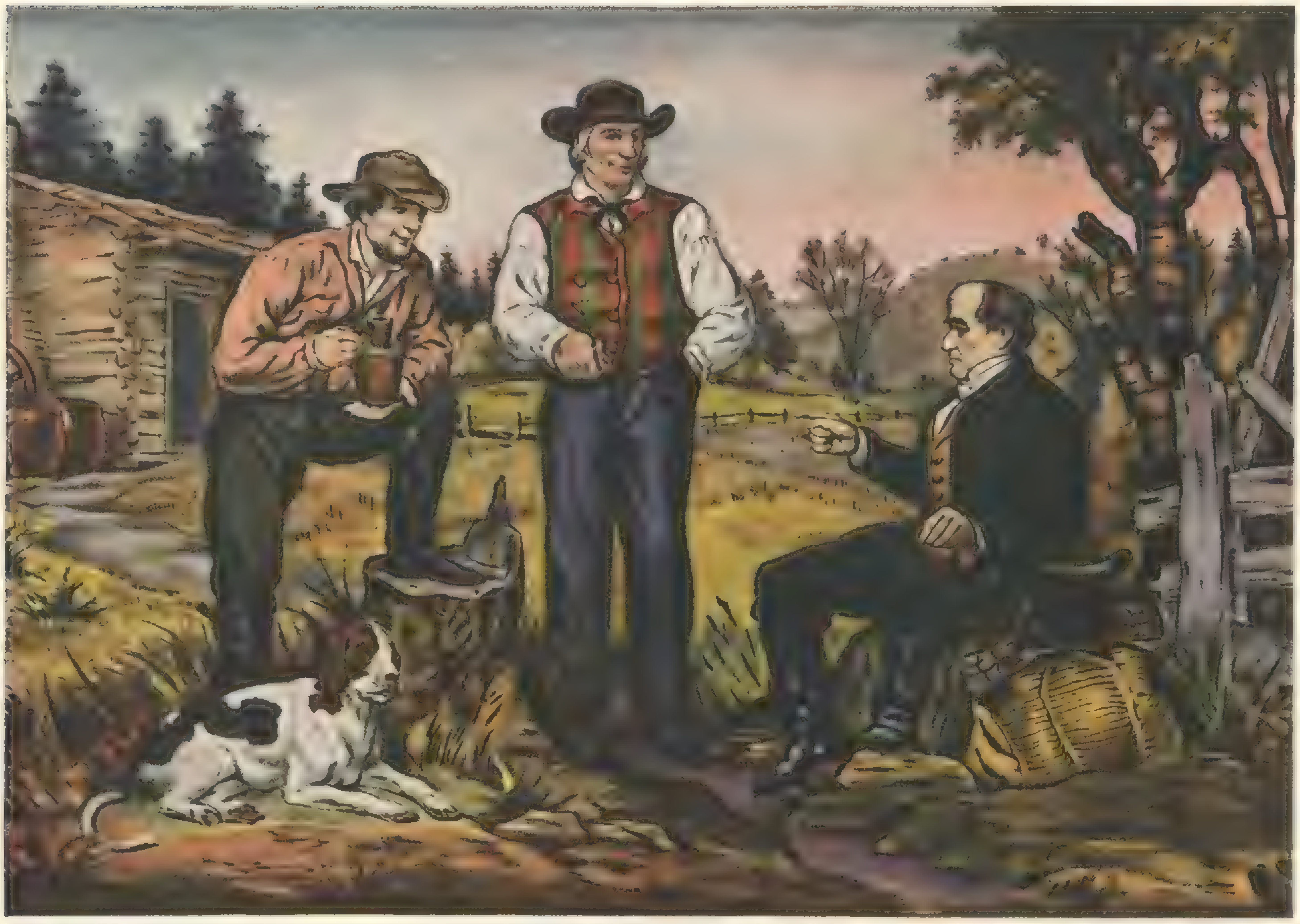

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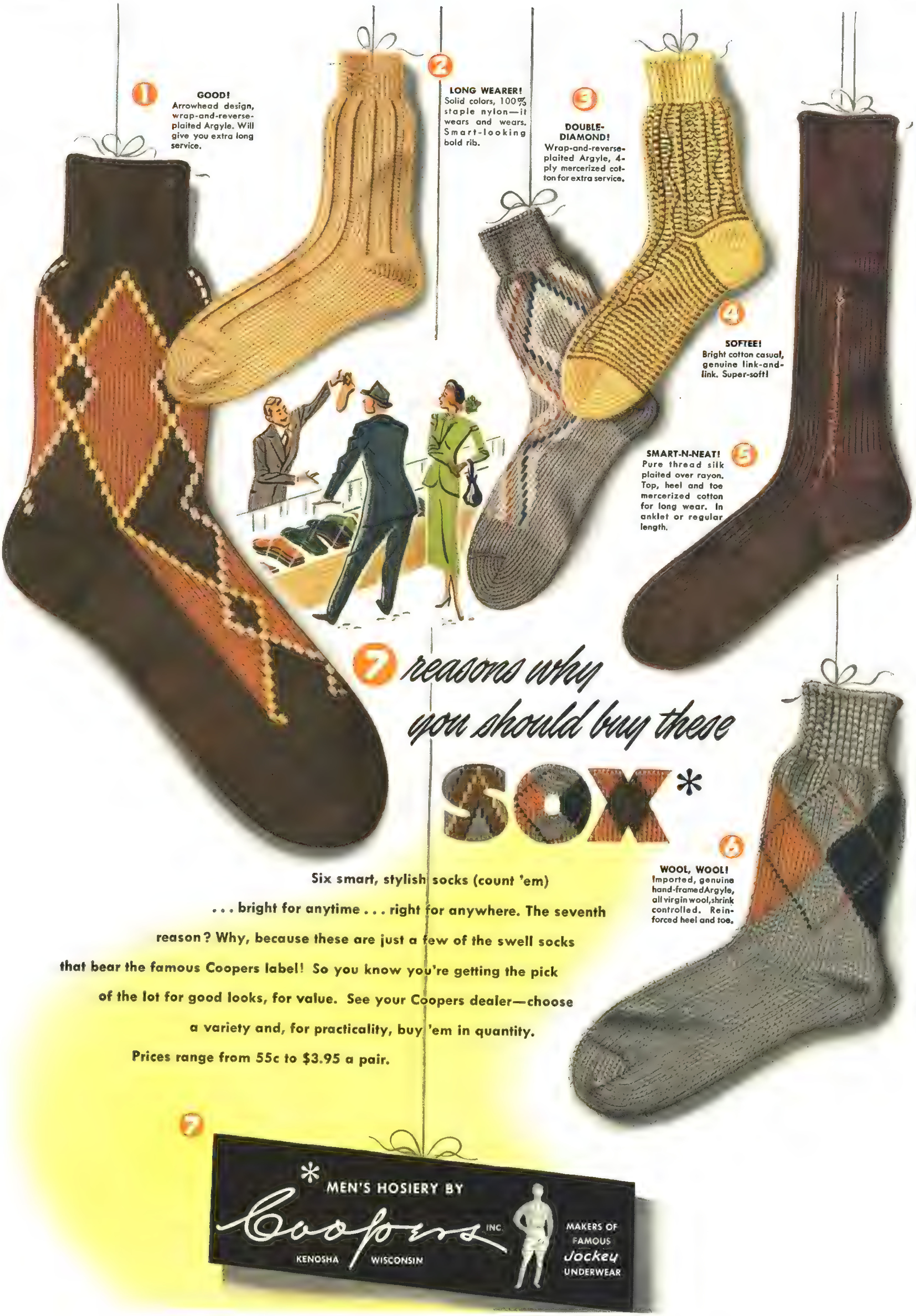
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

The Unwilling Virgins

Millions of U. S. women will be condemned to live alone — and they'll hate it. A doctor looks at the situation from a biological viewpoint and comes up with a plan

An Article by

J. B. RICE, M. D.

There are hundreds of thousands of zanies in New York whose sole emotional response to an unusual stimulus is to rush over to Broadway and blow a horn. The day the Japanese surrendered, our beloved Rue des Imbéciles reached a new high in dementia. You had only to walk along far enough in that giddy crowd to meet examples of almost any kind of aberration in the book. I hadn't gone half a block before I met a polygamist—a stark, raving sane polygamist.

It was like this. I was walking down the middle of the street, beaming dignified approval—as befits a man of my years—and blowing a little whistle, when some gorilla dealt me a near-fatal blow on the back.

Noisily disgorging the whistle from the depths of my gullet, I recognized my assailant as Bill ——, an old friend whom I hadn't seen in, perhaps, ten years. The conversation that followed has always been closely linked in my mind with the delirium and unreality of V-J Day.

"Well, if it isn't Bill ——! Say, how are you anyway? And where have you been hiding from your draft board?"

Bill shouted over the din, "The Army took one look at my grey temples and told me to keep on making safety pins. What the hell they did with sixty million gross of safety pins I don't know; but they got 'em."

We stood there in midstreet, grinning at each other, while I searched for another conversational lead. "And how's the wife?"

"Which one?" he asked.

This time I threw the whistle away. Those things can be dangerous. "How's that again?"

"I said, 'Which one?' I've got two, you know."

Maybe he had been hit on the head with a telephone directory that somebody had neglected to tear up; but he *seemed* all right. "Look, Bill," I said, "let's just forget the whole thing for the moment. Let's shove our way into that bar and have a couple of double Scotches. Then when we're both feeling better, I'll say 'How's the wife?' and we can start all over."

But the story I got the second time was just the same. Bill wasn't a bigamist, but he was a common-law polygamist. When his first wife had discovered that he was dividing his time between their Westchester house and a little apartment in the East Sixties, she suggested that he bring the other woman home. When Bill demurred, Wife No. 1 went to work on "Wife No. 2," and the first thing poor Bill knew, there they were, all together in Westchester, as absurd and as happy as three platypuses.

"Damn if I understand it," said Bill, "but they seem to like it—get along fine."

"But what about you?"

"Me? Guess I got no kick coming as long as people keep on buying safety pins."

Without knowing it, Bill and his two wives were doing their part in trying to solve a knotty problem in vital statistics. For the rapidly growing excess of women in the population of the United States is beginning to prove the truth of the old adage that it is possible to have too much of a good thing.

Numerical equality between the sexes is an illusion. Actually, there is no such thing. Examination of very young human embryos, according to some authorities' top estimates, shows that from thirty-five to fifty per cent more boys are conceived than girls. But the inherent physical weakness of males shows up even before birth; their death toll is so great in intra-uterine life that only five per cent more boys than girls survive long enough to be born alive.

The greater vitality of females continues throughout life. At about the time of maturity, the male lead is wiped out entirely. Thereafter, the greater stamina of women progressively loads the scales in their favor, so that the excess of females continues to grow until, in old age, there are twenty per cent more sweet old ladies than there are sweet old gentlemen.

This tendency of females to get out of hand numerically is world wide; but in the United States an artificial factor—immigration—prevented them, for a time, from overrunning the place. Until 1930, far more European men than women took tender leave of the family pig and set out boldly for the Promised Land. Of course, when the young German, Irish, or Swedish emigrant waved good-by from a steerage porthole to his homespun girl friend on the dock, he had every intention of sending for her as soon as he got a job in America. But he often failed to reckon on the consuming power of American women, impatiently licking their chops behind the Statue of Liberty. No sooner had he got the peat out of his hair and learned a few words of English than some bright-eyed American girl was likely to put a permanent crimp in his starry-eyed plan of sending for Gretchen!

The great preponderance of males in the immigration flood helped to preserve the sex balance in America for a long time. In fact, an excess of nearly 1½ million susceptible males made the United States unique as a happy hunting ground for females as late as 1930. But immigration restrictions and the higher male death rate have wiped out this surplus in the last eighteen years and thrown the whole chorus off-key by loading the soprano section with an excess of nearly half a million. The disturbing feature is that this disproportion between the sexes is rapidly increasing.

All our ideas on marriage, family life, and doing right by Nell are based on the assumption that the numbers of marriageable men and women in our society are about equal. If, during the last million years, the human race had been composed of ten times as many females as males (God forbid!) the family unit—if indeed any such thing had evolved—would probably have been composed of one man and ten wives (God forbid). It's doubtful whether anyone would have thought of trying (*Continued on page 126*)

"Give up?"

The Dare

She had courage that laughed at danger, but the laugh was false and the danger sweet

A Story by **BUDD SCHULBERG**

PAUL HOLLISTON was staring out across the light green sea, watching a small white outboard plow up the water some hundred yards off the end of the pier. Skimming along behind in a golden blur was a water skier.

It was one of those things, Paul was thinking, for which you remember a vacation day when you're back in the city grind—the color of the sea sparkling green as champagne; the busy sound of the little outboard motor, and its foamy white wake; and, behind, the lithe human figure, balanced gracefully on water skis, that seemed to be flying over the surface of the sea.

Paul rose and leaned on the railing of the pier to watch the sport. Only then did the yellow-brown halter above the deep-tan midriff inform him of the sex of the skier. Suddenly the outboard skidded to a daring turn and seemed to head directly toward him. It raced forward until he was sure it could never manage to turn away. Then, in a last-moment swing of the stick, the small boat veered to safety by inches. But the girl behind, flying toward the pier—could she possibly veer in time? It didn't seem real that anything so free, so perfect, could come to such a brutal ending, but in his mind's panic he was already diving in to grope under water for the shattered body. Then, close enough to Paul for him to see the smile on her face—more than a smile, it was a look of exhilaration—she calmly leaned out from her skis, in the opposite direction from what Paul would have thought logical, and shot away from the pier, streaking around the boat in a sweeping arc before coming back into position behind it.

Twice more, the boat and the skier made passes at the pier that seemed to make collision inevitable. Paul was not to be taken in again, though, and he watched in fascination instead of panic as boat and girl seemed to dare themselves to see how close to the pier they could come without crashing into it.

A little hard nut of a Cuban, who looked as if he had been put in to bake and left too long, came up and stood beside Paul. "Who's that girl, General?" Paul said. The General took care of renting boats and beach equipment; he had won his rank in a now forgotten South American war.

"Oh, that's Jere McBride. She's crazy." He said it as if everybody already knew it.

"What kind of crazy?" Paul asked, as he always did about words that had lost their original cutting edge.

"Real crazy," the General said. "Bats-in-the-belfry crazy. Always doing crazy things. Like last year, she tried to sail a dinghy to Cuba all by herself. The Coast Guard had to fish her out of the drink about thirty miles out. That crazy enough for you?"

Paul liked the story. Not being an adventurer himself, he always felt drawn to those who were. "Who is she? Where'd she come from?" he asked.

"Oh, Jere's been around Key West for years." The General's grin was an amiable slit in the burnt crust of his face. "Calls herself a fugitive from Palm Beach. Her folks have a big home up there. Real rich people—own a perfume business or something. About ten years ago, they had her all set for one of those ritzy Palm Beach weddings. Supposed to marry a Prince Somebody or Other. He's still around there, married to an automobile heiress. But anyway, the afternoon of the wedding, Jere showed up down here. Came into this bar where I was working at the time. It's gone now. Just about all the old places are gone. I can still remember what she said. 'Let him marry one of my sisters. They go in for that stuff. And he doesn't care which one it is as long as it comes equipped with a checkbook . . .'

"Well, the old checkbook wasn't much good to Jere after she landed here. Old man cut her off without a cent. But it didn't seem to bother Jere none. She just went on having one hell of a good time."

"But what'd she do? How'd she get by?" Paul was interested in things like this. In the dark hours he always wondered how he'd manage if he suddenly lost his knack for commercial illustrating.

The General considered a moment. "Jere did—well, she just sort of did things nobody else could get away with. For a while she was a mate on a charter boat. I know that's a hell of a job for a girl, but somehow Jere talked Red Merritt into it. Then she got on this WPA Artists Project they had down here when things got so bad the whole town had to go on relief. She paints real good when she feels like it. Then she came into some money—a trust fund or something the old man couldn't touch. She bought herself a sloop and just sailed around the islands until the money was gone. The kind of person Jere is, you never have to worry about her and money. Last year she was a crew member in the yacht race to Havana. Her boat won and she stayed over in Havana with the millionaire and his wife who owned it. They staked her to five hundred dollars at the Casino and she came back here last fall with enough dough for the year." The General chuckled. "Even a year for Jere."

Somebody had come up to rent a rowboat and the General was climbing agilely over the side to pull one toward the landing. While Paul had been listening to the General, his eyes had been following the outboard and the tanned figure that soared in its wake. Now the boat was idling; the girl handed the skis up over the side and began swimming in toward the pier. She swam as Paul had already come to expect her to swim—a capable Australian crawl—and he was fully prepared to believe that she had been a Women's AAU free-style champion, maybe even an Olympic winner. Even before he had looked into her face, Paul was ready to accept her as one of those special people for whom the most amazing achievements are performed without breaking stride and for whom the improbable is merely routine.

He was watching her intently, at the same time trying to disguise the directness of his stare by occasionally glancing past her toward the outboard driver who was easing the boat toward shore. She scampered up the ladder to the pier, swinging herself over the edge acrobatically. As he watched her lift her arms to shake the water from her shining hair, the image struck vividly in his mind; the tall, glistening, honey-brown figure with its long, smooth muscular symmetry, and the wet, gleaming face with a surprisingly Asiatic cast to the eyes.

He studied her movements with a professional appraisal intensified by the challenge a single man must always feel when he comes unexpectedly into the presence of a woman who attracts him. But, a shy man in his manners, he would have let her go silently if she hadn't grinned at him. There was no flirtation in the grin, no hint of coyness. It was just the sudden "hello" one person flashes to another when they're on the edge of the sea, when the sun is warming them and they're both caught up in that sense of exquisite well-being of a tropical island's winter day.

"How long have you been doing that?" he heard himself saying.

"The skiing?" Her voice was pitched low, charged with excess energy, and the water was still shining on her face. "I think I was born on those things. At least I can't remember learning how to do it."

"You make it look so easy."

"It is, for some people. I've seen others try for a month and never even get up out of the water."

She gave a little laugh that Paul would remember.

The driver of the outboard was climbing up onto the pier now and Paul was wondering what he could say that would leave things open to further possibilities instead of closing them. But she solved his problem in the most casual way: "If you're on the beach around ten tomorrow, come out and try it." Now it was her turn to appraise him. "Are you good at things?"

"Well, what kind of—?"

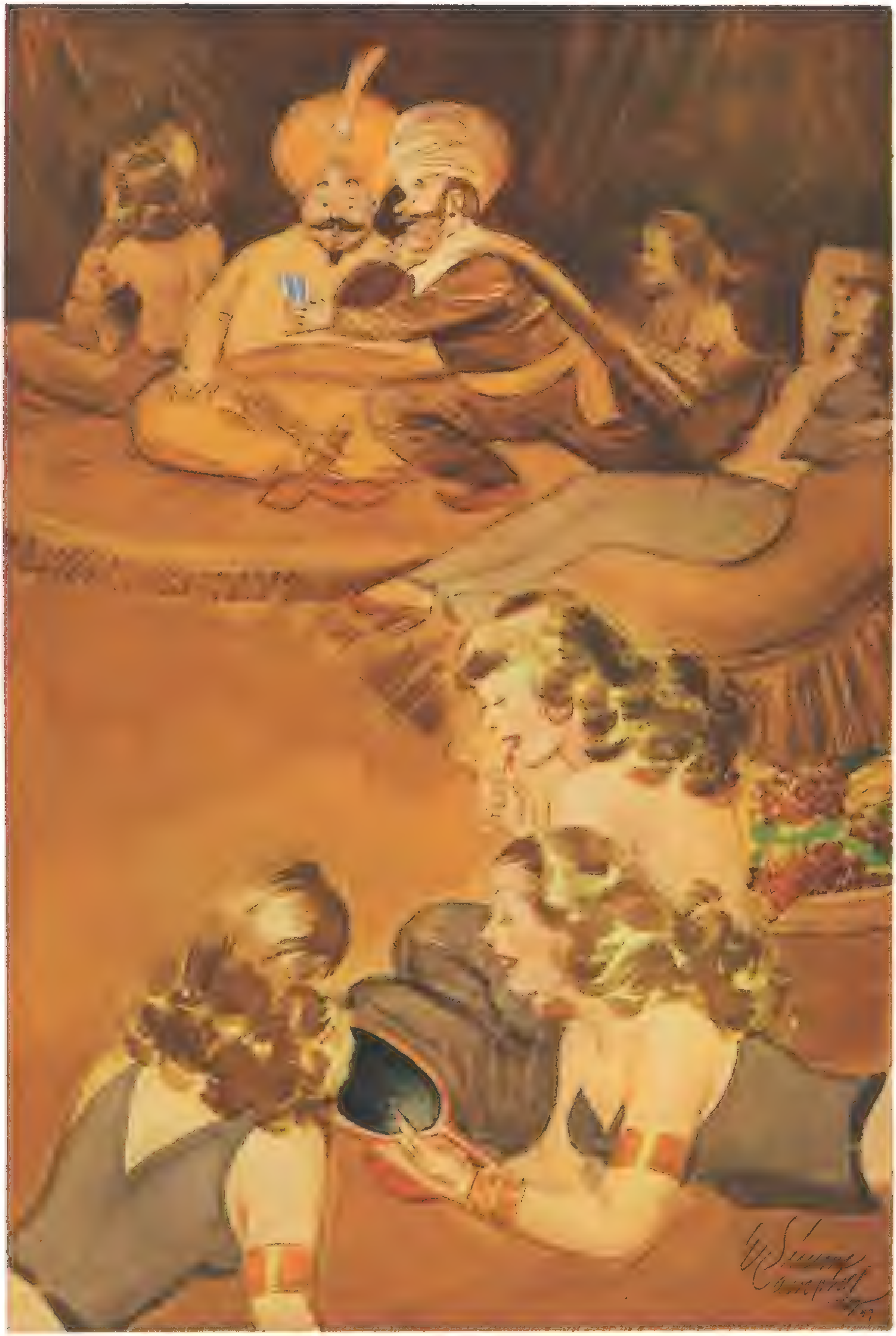
"Oh, you know. Regular skiing, skating, diving." And then she added, for fun, "Tightrope walking, high trapeze . . ."

"Oh sure," he said. "Remember that fellow who crossed Niagara Falls on a high wire?"

She laughed, and her lips, still wet with sea water, made him think of blood-red Bougainvillea after a sudden shower.

"Probably see you tomorrow then," she said. And he watched as she strode down the pier with another man. For that was the way it already seemed to him—even though an unromantic little voice of reason told him this was just one of those vacation reveries. The other man was young, tall, handsomely made, and tanned to a color that comes with years of moving in the sun rather than care- (*Continued on page 97*)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE ENGLERT



"I've a couple tickets—Little Egypt is dancing in Istanbul tonight!"

Why Be Afraid of Ulcers?

Ulcers are universal. Statesmen and scholars have them; and you, too, can have your very own. You can get one a lot more easily than you think; but—this is better—you can head it off, or, if you're too late, cure it quickly

An Article by NORTH CLAREY

How would you like to join an exclusive club with such names on its roster as Napoleon, Charles Darwin, Thomas Huxley, Thomas Carlyle, Henry Cabot Lodge the elder, and Bernard Baruch? It's easy. All you have to do to qualify is get an ulcer.

Developing an ulcer, if you're interested, is easier than you might think. One out of every ten people who read this has had one, or will have one, or may be host to one at the moment—often without knowing it. The Ulcer Fraternity is not a hard one to join—but you *can* stay out of it, if you wish.

An ulcer is a sore spot, an eroded little place on the lining of your innards; it's shaped like a crater, and it's anywhere from a quarter-inch to an inch in diameter. If the ulcer isn't a deep one, it can be healed within six weeks. If you let it go, it may "perforate"—break right through the wall of the stomach or intestines—and become exceedingly painful. Peritonitis may follow such a "perforation." Or, if a blood vessel is eroded, the wound may bleed uncontrollably. In either case, delay might mean death. Ulcer ranks Number 13 in the list of our fatal afflictions.

Most people call it "stomach ulcer"—which is the wrong name for it more than eighty per cent of the time. The immediate *causes* of ulcer are usually in the stomach, but roughly eight out of ten ulcers develop in the duodenum—the first few inches of the small intestine leading out of the stomach. The correct term is *peptic ulcer*—and that's important, because if you're going to avoid an ulcer, or cure one, the matter hinges a good bit on the "peptic" or digestive power of the gastric juice. Any food we eat, whether it's a water-cress sandwich or the Businessmen's Blue Plate, has to be broken down chemically in our digestive tract so that the body can recover from it various proteins, carbohydrates, minerals, vitamins, and suchlike. Nature has thoughtfully supplied us with stomachs, where the food gets mixed up with gastric juice as one step in its digestion. This gastric juice, which contains hydrochloric acid and pepsin, is manufactured by little cells in the stomach wall and dribbled into the stomach—slowly between meals, faster at mealtime or when otherwise stimulated. In the period between supper and breakfast, for instance, the cells put out about a pint of acid.

But the little parietal cells of many an ulcer patient are busy *all* the time, making far too much acid, and the highly corrosive fluid acts upon an ulcer about as a bath of sharp vinegar would on an open cut. No wonder ulcer patients wake up with "night pain"!

Now, how can *you* tell whether you're about to join the ranks of Darwin, Baruch, and the others?

The symptoms of ulcer and its complications vary from indigestion to deep shock in which the patient is out cold, with an imperceptible pulse. Most commonly, though, the victim of an ulcer gets a stomach-ache with spasms of pain—dull, aching, gnawing, burning, or sharp, but not the "shooting" type—about an hour after each meal. The pain *may* be felt at the same time up in the chest, or around the side and back. Sometimes it's hard to localize. Even recurrent weakness or dizziness can be a sign of ulcer. Usually, a glass of milk or a light snack will stop the pain for an hour or so, after which it returns . . . and this is especially true of the pains that wake people up in the dismal night hours.

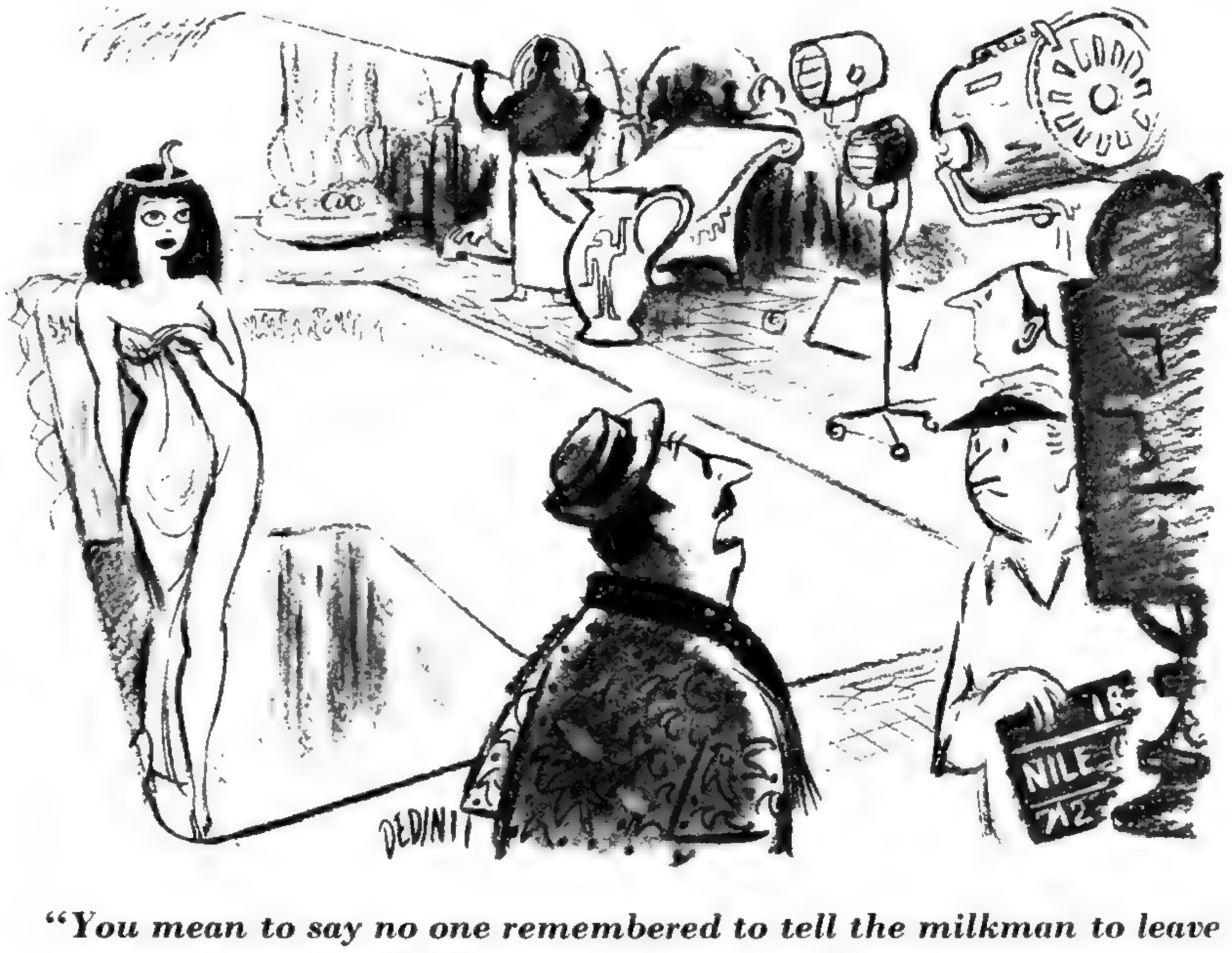
It takes training and experience to sort out these symptoms and evaluate them. *Don't try to diagnose yourself.* See a doctor and let *him* tell you. You could be as wrong as an amateur weather prophet. Or, what's worse, you could worry yourself right onto the operating table—for worry is one of the dandiest ways in the world to bring on ulcers.

Ulcer is mostly a man's disease: male sufferers outnumber women by at least four to one. Interestingly enough, though, this sex ratio has almost reversed itself in the last century; eighty to a hundred years ago, women used to be the chief victims. About four million Americans now have at least one ulcer apiece. Records of the Cleveland Clinic show that, in the eight years from 1937 to 1945 alone, the incidence of peptic ulcer increased one hundred per cent. The actual death rate in this century has climbed from forty-eight people per million, in 1921, to sixty-eight per million yearly today. There are more deaths from ulcer than there are homicides.

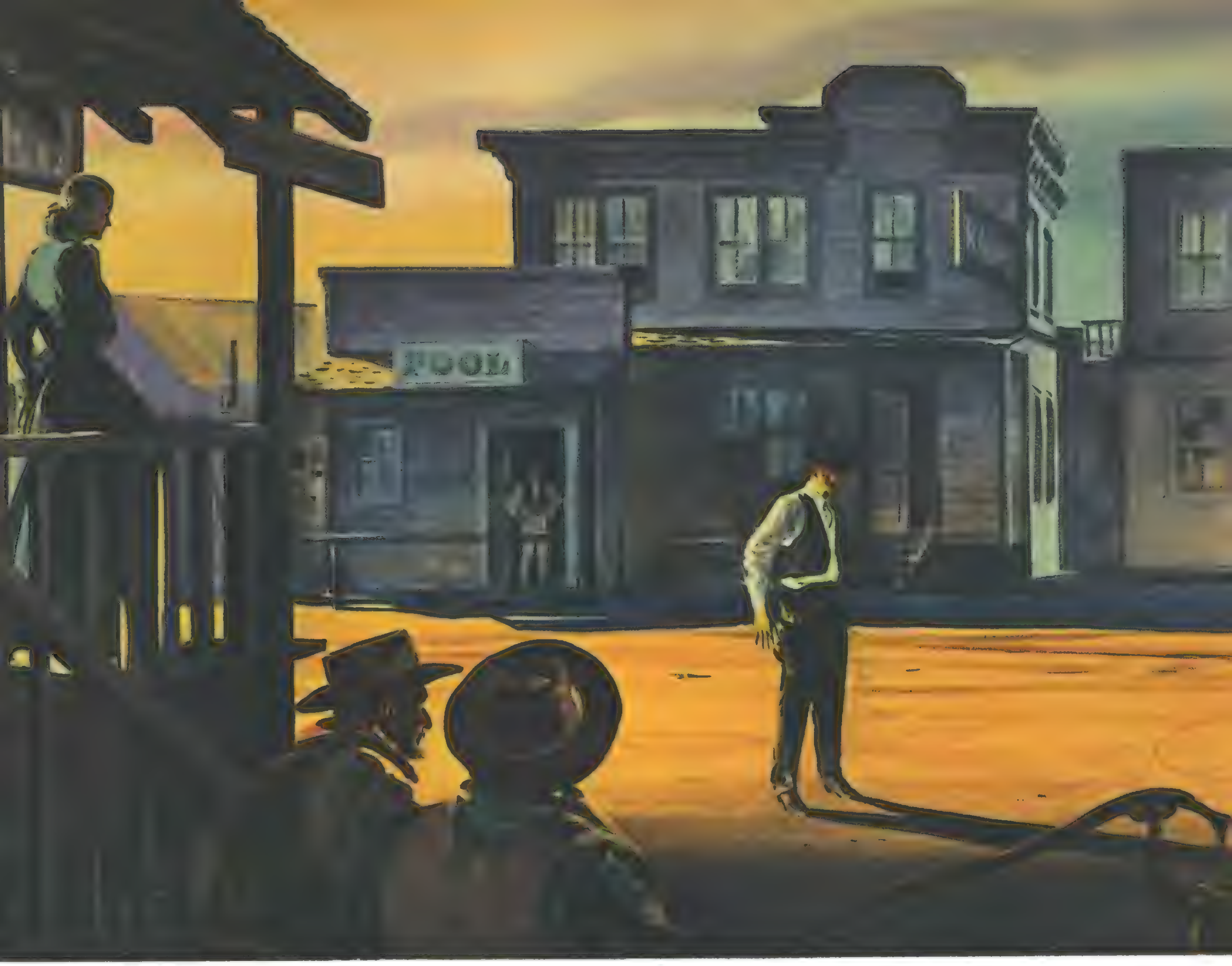
Ulcers have been found in babies only a few weeks old as well as in octogenarians, but the most susceptible age group seems to be the one from thirty to forty. Of importance to physicians—*and to us potential patients*—is the fact that ulcer flare-ups vary a lot during the course of each year, by seasons. Old ulcer cases, when they recur, show up generally in this fashion—thirty-five per cent in spring, four per cent in summer, a high tide of forty-two per cent in fall, and nineteen per cent in winter. New cases follow roughly the same pattern—nearly half in the fall, a third more in spring, a fifth in winter. (Bear this in mind; it'll help us in working out a formula for keeping out of the fraternity.)

Medical specialists have had a field day describing the sort of person they consider most susceptible to peptic ulcer. "Spare, lean build and overanxious manner," says R. S. Johnson. The "Ulcer Type" is defined by Rehfuss as an ambitious, restless, driving individual, who always works under tension and at the maximum of effort . . . Most are highly efficient organizers, of unusual mental powers. Bockus portrays him as a "closemouthed, self-sufficient" personality. Draper lays a lot to heredity: "Ulcer families produce the thin, linear type of individuals, chiefly males, who have a strong tendency to peptic ulcer." (There is one case of a family with six victims.) And Portis carries us into the field of psychosomatic medicine with his concept of an ulcer patient as the victim of a repressed infantile wish to be loved.

All the authorities *(Continued on page 118)*



"You mean to say no one remembered to tell the milkman to leave 600 quarts this morning?"



The Last Shot

Revenge is sweet, but it had to be exactly measured to suit John Brandon's taste

by **FRANK O'ROURKE**

JOHN BRANDON stopped that night in a stand of pines on the last, long slope above the Shovel valley, eating two sandwiches and drinking cold, flat coffee from his canteen. Darkness had settled when he spread one blanket under the pines and lay back, with the soft, grass-sweetened wind stirring the treetops above him, shaking the first dead leaves over his bed. His horse cropped grass with tired dignity about the perimeter of its stake rope. John Brandon thought of his younger brother and replaced this sad memory with the face of another man—the man he hoped to find in the town up this valley; and then, forcing body and mind into rest, he slept deeply through the early fall night.

He rode late the next morning, picking up a dusty wagon trail that brought him into the town of Bend during the noon hour. He stabled and cared for his horse in the livery barn on the north end of Bend's single business block, and followed the stableman into the dingy, unswept office. The stableman—an old, weathered man with the bright, inquisitive eyes of the small-town gossip spreader—carried a floating aroma of nitrogen and stale barn smells in his clothing. Brandon had to start somewhere and the stableman was nearest at hand. Brandon sat in the bigger of two wire-tied kitchen chairs and started to roll a cigarette.

"Quiet little town," Brandon said.

"She is and she ain't."

Brandon said, "Been here long?"

"Ten years this winter."

Brandon said, "Then you know everybody, I reckon?"

"All the living and most of the dead," the stableman said. "You looking for somebody?"

"Why, yes," Brandon said mildly. "A pretty big fellow with curly black hair and a mustache. Nice-looking and wears good clothes with fine boots. Does that place him for you?"

"Sure," the stableman said. "That's Charley Cannady. Been here about six months, buying and selling stock and some land. A real nice fellow, Charley." The stableman stared innocently at Brandon. "Got business with him?"

"Yes," Brandon said.

The stableman frowned. "Hope Charley ain't in no trouble?"

"No trouble," Brandon said. "Where does he hang out?"

"Up to the hotel."

"Thanks," Brandon said. "You care if I sit around awhile? My legs are tired."

"Make yourself to home," the stableman said. "I got to see a fella. Anybody comes in, tell 'em I'll be right back."

"Take your time," Brandon told him.

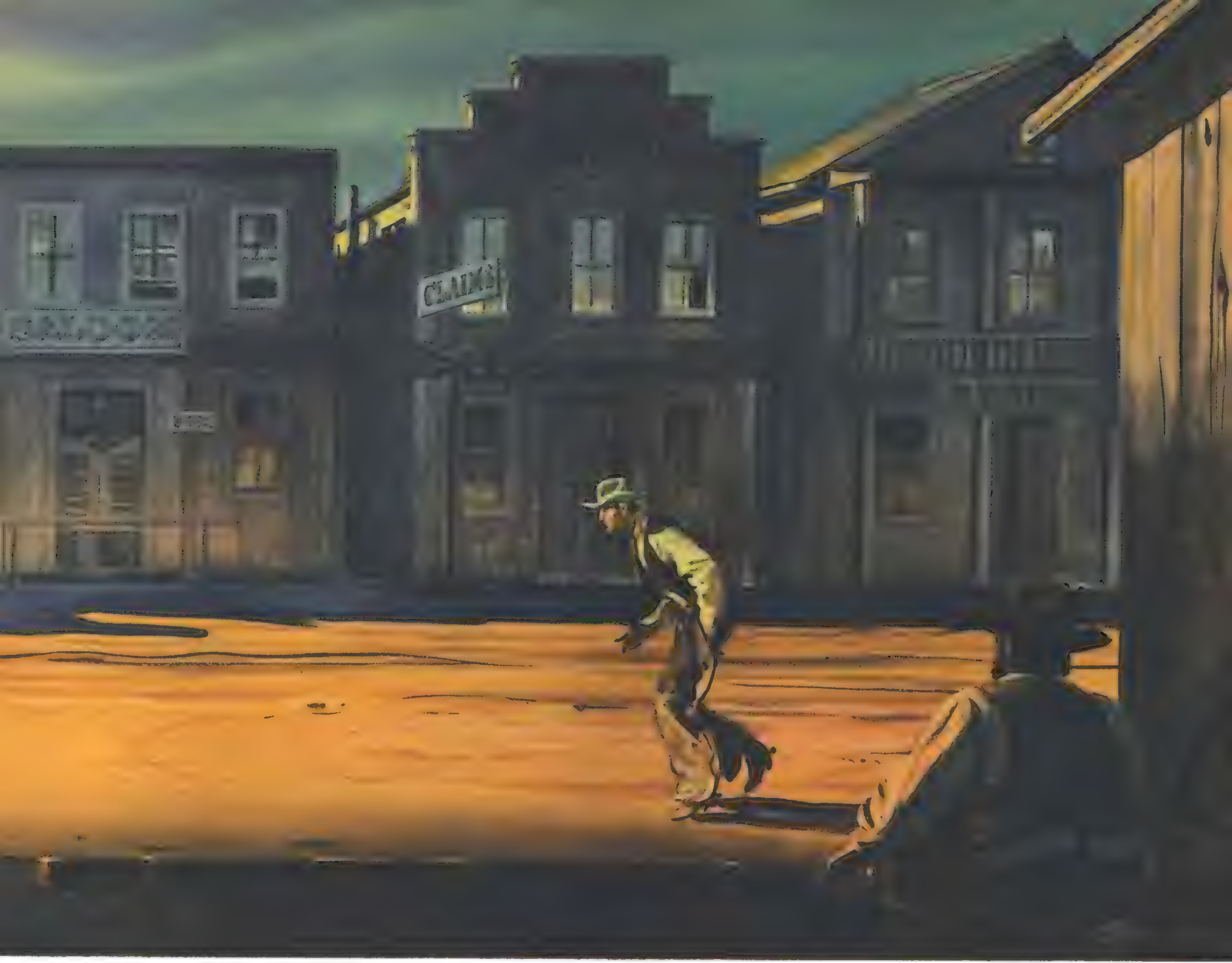


ILLUSTRATION BY JACK COWAN

"I'll hold the place down until you get back."

He saw the avid curiosity rising in the stableman's eyes, that small lurking fear of any stranger riding into town and inquiring about a citizen in good standing; and with this fear lay the hope that something might happen to relieve the monotony. Brandon watched him step outside and walk from view. Alone in the musty office with horses moving lazily against stall boards behind the thin office wall, Brandon thought of the ten months he had spent in trailing one man, the work and time and grief compressed into those months. And now his man was no more than one block distant. Now he could take his time.

He heard boots on the board sidewalk; and then a man middle-aged and plump filled the street door of the office with his short, wide bulk. His eyes found Brandon and stared without interest as he said, "Howdy."

"Stableman's out," Brandon said. "Be back soon."

"I'm Meagher," the man said. "Town marshal."

Brandon saw the star then, half concealed by an open, sagging vest, and knew where the stableman had gone—directly to the marshal's office with information. Brandon wondered incuriously how many times this same tableau had been repeated in past years. He said quietly, "My name is Brandon, Marshal. What's the trouble?"

"No trouble, Mr. Brandon."

"He told you fast enough," Brandon said.

Meagher reddened faintly and stepped into the office. He said, "What's your business with Cannady?"

"My own," Brandon said. "But seeing you're the law, I'll make it plain. I plan on shooting him."

Meagher did not show surprise. He said, "Why?"

"He shot my brother," Brandon said. "I've been trailing him quite a spell."

"How long?"

"Ten months," Brandon said. "Maybe you figure I'm foolish to tell you, Marshal. Here's my papers from down home. I'm deputized legally and got a warrant to bring him back. You can wire the sheriff there if you want proof."

Meagher examined the faded, sharply creased papers and returned them. He said, "You want him legal, I take it."

"You read the warrant," Brandon said.

"Dead or alive?"

Brandon said, "You read the warrant."

Meagher breathed gustily and took another step into the office. "You got a warrant, but you don't figure on taking him back, do you? You want to shoot him right here?"

"I described my man," Brandon said gently. "Your errand boy verified it, and now you agree. He's here. I'll be seeing him."

"All right," Meagher said. "He's been here six months and doing fine. Getting married next week, matter of fact."

"Home-town girl?"

"Yes. He built a new house. All furnished and ready to live in. This will hurt the girl. She's a good girl."

"Better now than later," Brandon said. "Will you tell him I'm in town?"

"Can't we do this legal?" Meagher asked heavily. "Take him back to stand trial. If that was the only thing he done wrong, it might not be too late for him to square the debt."

"I didn't need to ride in and tell you," Brandon said. "I could get him on my own. I just want to make it clear. My brother had no gun that night. Understand?"

"No gun? But—"

"I know," Brandon said tonelessly. "You know this Cannady. He's good with a gun. No use arguing, Marshal."

"You won't change your mind?"

"No," Brandon said. "And I'll warn him. At six tonight, clear your street and send him out. I'll be here. I'll meet him."

Meagher glanced at the gun on Brandon's right leg. "You any good with that?"

"You been study-

(Continued on page 109)

The Tragedy of Comedy

Though there's plenty of talent to deliver the lines, today's Broadway comedy is nothing to belly-laugh at. The chuckles of yesteryear have melted with its snows

An Article by

DONALD M. BERWICK

When I was a kid, I used to roll in the aisles at the antics of Harold Lloyd, Bebe Daniels, Mabel Normand, Charlie Chaplin, and—it seems now—a dozen others. Later on, when I got old enough to be allowed to breathe the less purified air of the theatre, I was knocked for a loop by what I recall, at this long distance in time, to have been some very funny comedians and comedies. Remember Eddie Cantor in *Whoopee*? Remember W. C. Fields? Remember that chilling-killing mystery farce, *The Gorilla*? Remember *The Front Page* and *Reunion in Vienna* and—but how can you forget it?—*You Can't Take It With You*?

What's happened to comedy, anyhow? I seldom go to the movies, but my spies tell me that the current crop are, if anything, laughable, not funny. As for Broadway—my own, my native land—it's been virtually impossible to find a good belly laugh there so far this year. Not, at any rate, a *happy* belly laugh, if you except last year's *Mister Roberts*, which promises to run on forever. And, as I write this, the season is more than half over.

At the moment, the closest approximation to hearty laughter in the New York theatre is to be found in a couple of musical hits—*Where's Charley?* with Ray Bolger, and *As the Girls Go*, with Bobby Clark. Mr. Bolger and, especially, Mr. Clark are masters at the art of squeezing laughter out of the weariest chestnut. It's lucky that they are; neither of them has any real material to work with, and it's a tribute to their genius that they are captivating tremendous audiences these days, since the books of both *Where's Charley?* and *As the Girls Go* have all the freshness and charm of a treatise on economics.

We've got plenty of great comedians; what we seem to lack is a storehouse of bright talent to write for them. I have a hankering for the sort of comedy that's based on good-humored ribbing of human frailties—the kind, I mean, that shows people like you and me getting all mixed up and making fools of themselves without bitterness. Take *You Can't Take It With You*, for instance: almost every character in the play was screwy, but the audience came away convinced that it had been having a wonderful time with a lot of delightful people. The only general complaint was a stomach-ache from too much laughing. Since both Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, who collaborated on *You Can't Take It With You*, have been represented on Broadway this season, it might be interesting to glance at the evolution of their respective senses of humor.

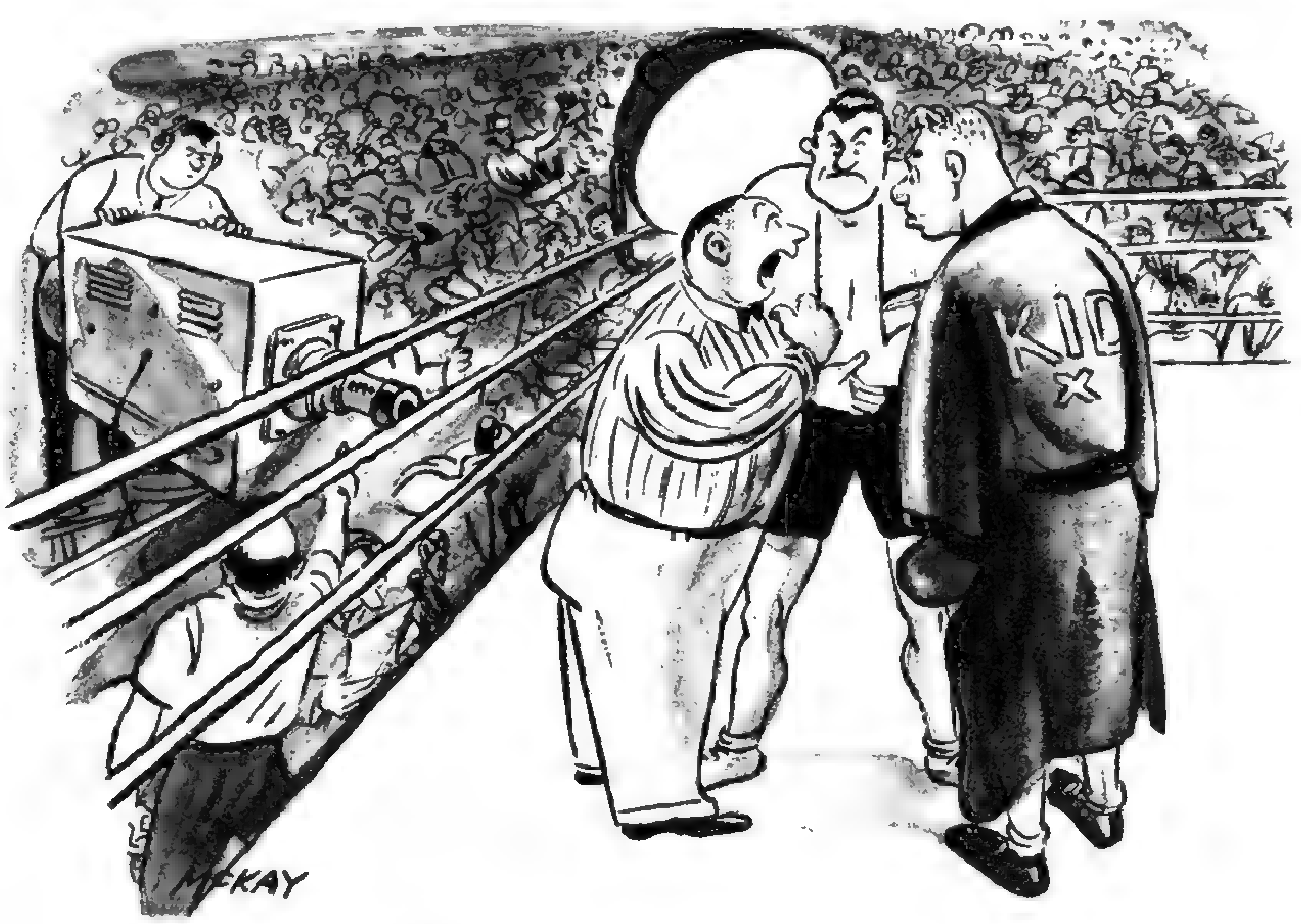
Mr. Kaufman did not write last September's resounding flop, *Town House*, but he directed it. Its humor consisted of a series of embarrassing episodes in which people of "good" breeding and people of "bad" breeding clashed—to the extreme discredit of all of them. Almost without exception, they were caricatures, two-legged clichés without individuality or dimension. The author, Miss Gertrude Tonkonogy, seemed to have neither sympathy nor understanding for her characters (she had found them, by the way, in much more believable form, in a pleasant series of magazine pieces by John Cheever), and they would have walked about woodenly except for Mr. Kaufman's direction. The pace of the thing was furious; everybody talked at once, and as many as three different scenes were made to take place on the stage simultaneously. There were gags, gags, gags—like, for example, a short-circuited radio that played a tune (or something) on an electric razor in another part of the house. Funny? Excruciating. . .

The author was obviously to blame for the endless inadequacies of her play, but no one compelled Mr. Kaufman to direct it. Did he, then, think it a good comedy? It would seem that he must have; and there was a relentless, deadly-earnest tone to the direction, as though he was determined to make the rest of us laugh even though his own heart was breaking.

In *Bravo*, a play he wrote with Edna Ferber, Mr. Kaufman's heart does, indeed, seem to be breaking. There are comic bits throughout, but they all give the impression of being pretty contrived. After all, it's not easy to find comedy in the situation of a handful of impoverished expatriates in America—not these days, anyhow. *Bravo* was a critical and financial failure, and deservedly so, since it had none of the wit and sparkle that we've come to expect from the Ferber-Kaufman combination. It had only a trace of the warm humanity, too; and I think there can be no true comedy without warmth and affection. I used to love Harold Lloyd while laughing at him. Falstaff is a scamp and a rascal and a buffoon, but he is also a fat old man with a heart, whom Shakespeare adored.

Some years ago, Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman wrote a play about a family of actors. *The Royal Family* was redolent of the theatre, but it didn't, somehow, seem overspecialized. Wiseacres whispered that these fabulous creatures on the stage were really the Barrymores without make-up, but I knew nothing of the gossip of inner theatrical circles at the time and still I was crazy about *The Royal Family*. Their antics marked them as an endearing lot, and their story was a fas-

(*Continued on page 128*)



"Let's make this a clean fight—no mugging the television camera"

Burning Bright →

The privilege of looking a tiger straight in the eye belongs to few living men. To catch something of that terrible thrill, look closely at the next tomcat you meet. Look into his cold eye, and see the hatred there for two-legged beasts who cannot climb trees or drop from a height, uninjured and unfrightened. Watch the soft, steel muscles that never tense until the moment of the kill is near. Finger (if you dare) the pawful of knives even the tabby carries with him, fourfold. That is our little domesticated friend, the cat—a few pounds of unpredictable fury or furry friendliness. Then come back to this picture, to these opal eyes, to this fearful symmetry of destruction. Better in a picture any day, lads, than face to face.

KODACHROME BY ZEHRT

The Milkman's Darling

In which Pierre Dubois discovers the teeth in the old saw that time waits for no man or his lady, not even when all that the man wants is one little hour

A Story by

LEE ROGOW

PIERRE DUBOIS, that talented writer, fencer, wooer, and mixer of salad dressings, regards the habit of early rising with the same polite horror as he does, let us say, tepid champagne. "Listen well," the Frenchman once said to me. "The sun of the morning has the effect most harmful upon the eyes, for the rays are not filtered away by the dust of the day's traffic. Whatever you may hear to the opposite in poetry or cheap music is the propaganda of the makers of eyeglasses. Me, I make the habit to pass the morning hours with my head safely under a pillow. It is for this reason that I have the eyesight of a cat."

"To say nothing of the mating habits," I remarked.

"We have much to learn from the beasts," Pierre replied imperturbably.

Knowing my friend's distaste for the hours immediately preceding noon, I was astounded to see him on Fifth Avenue one day this spring at eight o'clock in the morning. He was hatted, suited, and umbrellaed like a career diplomat. "Pierre Dubois!" I hailed him. "Out in the morning sun? In the rays which destroy the retina?"

"What would you?" he said, with a continental shrug. "I am going to a wedding."

"Yours?"

"The eyes may be attacked, but not the brain," said Pierre. "And you, my cabbage. What brings you out at this hour? Some serious illness, I trust?"

"Going downtown to renew my driver's license."

"Excellent. Let us ride together while I recount to you an unhappy history. Figure you this: a little love story is spoiled by Benjamin Franklin."

"*The* Franklin, the kite-flying chap?"

"The same." Pierre hailed a cab and beamed as the taxi driver charged down the wrong side of the Avenue past three busses, flicked by an enraged policeman, and screeched to a stop at a red light. "Bravo!" said Pierre. "A few trees along the streets, and one might think himself in Paris."

"Sure, Jack," said the driver.

"Now what about Franklin?" I asked.

"I hate him," said Pierre. "But to commence at the commencement. Her name is Melanie. Melanie Folger. Such a voice! You know the aria from *Samson and Delilah, Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta Voix*—my heart at thy sweet voice opens wide? Nothing but this expresses the effect upon me of her soft, intimate tones."

"Wait a second," I said. "What line of business is this sweet-talker in?"

"She is—how do you say it?—a disk-jerker."

"Disk-jerker? Oh, you mean a disk-jockey. Now I know why the name sounds so familiar. Melanie Folger, the Milkman's Darling. She has that all-night record program on a local station. Is she pretty?"

"For such a face as this the Greeks did not obliterate Troy," said Pierre. "But here—and also here—she is endowed like the Rockefeller Foundation. It is not these charms, however, which made the fires in my heart. No, it is her voice. Believe me, it kisses the ears. I heard her over the radio one morning at four, when I had wearied of reading yet another psychological novel. I recall to myself she was telling of a certain preparation for curing the aching heads. Her very words are like soft fingers stroking the temples. This very night I send to her the first of a series of telegrams. 'Play for Pierre Dubois the Benny Goodman sextet recording of *Don't Be That Way.* I pinch your ears.' The second night I send to her another telegram. 'As you with your microphone are sending vibrations through space to me, I with my heart am sending them across space to you. Please to play Spike Jones record of *My Old Flame.*' And so, each night from three to seven, I am listening to the radio, and sending the delicate sentiments by wire. At first the Milkman's Darling is cold as the Eskimo's pie. No recognition of my messages is given. But one night at my request she plays the Erskine Hawkins record of *Fugitive from a Harem,* and I know she is beginning to be touched. *Alors,* it is now time for the next step."

"You bought a television set," I said.

"Because I am civilized I will pretend you did not speak," said Pierre. "The next step is the meeting. I proceed with utmost finesse. Knowing the Milkman's Darling must have hunger in the long watches of the night, I send to her baskets filled with all good things. *Foie gras.* Olives stuffed with anchovies. A light wine *rosé,* gay, yet not too audacious. Later I discover the lady is careful of her diet, and these good things are eaten by the engineer in the control room of the radio station, but the sentiment is appreciated nevertheless. After sending several of these baskets, I bring them in person, myself. Then I arrange my visit for the time when Melanie is coming off the air, at seven in the morning. I attend her outside the studio. She emerges. With her is the engineer. I hear her speak to him and know she is the one. I regard, and decide she is worthy of Dubois. I approach, and introduce myself. I offer to buy her some coffee. The engineer is surly, and he attempts to pull her away. But Melanie sees at one stroke of the eye that I am not—how to say it?—the *vin ordinaire.* She accepts the invitation. My friend, can you believe it, her voice is more appealing over the breakfast table than over the radio! What she said I do not recall. I believe she spent the hour of our breakfast making insults against her agent. But no matter, Pierre, my old, I said to myself, here is a woman who can recite the directions off a can of shoe polish and make them sound like words of love. What then, what then would the words of love sound like from her lips?"

"Like shoe polish directions?"

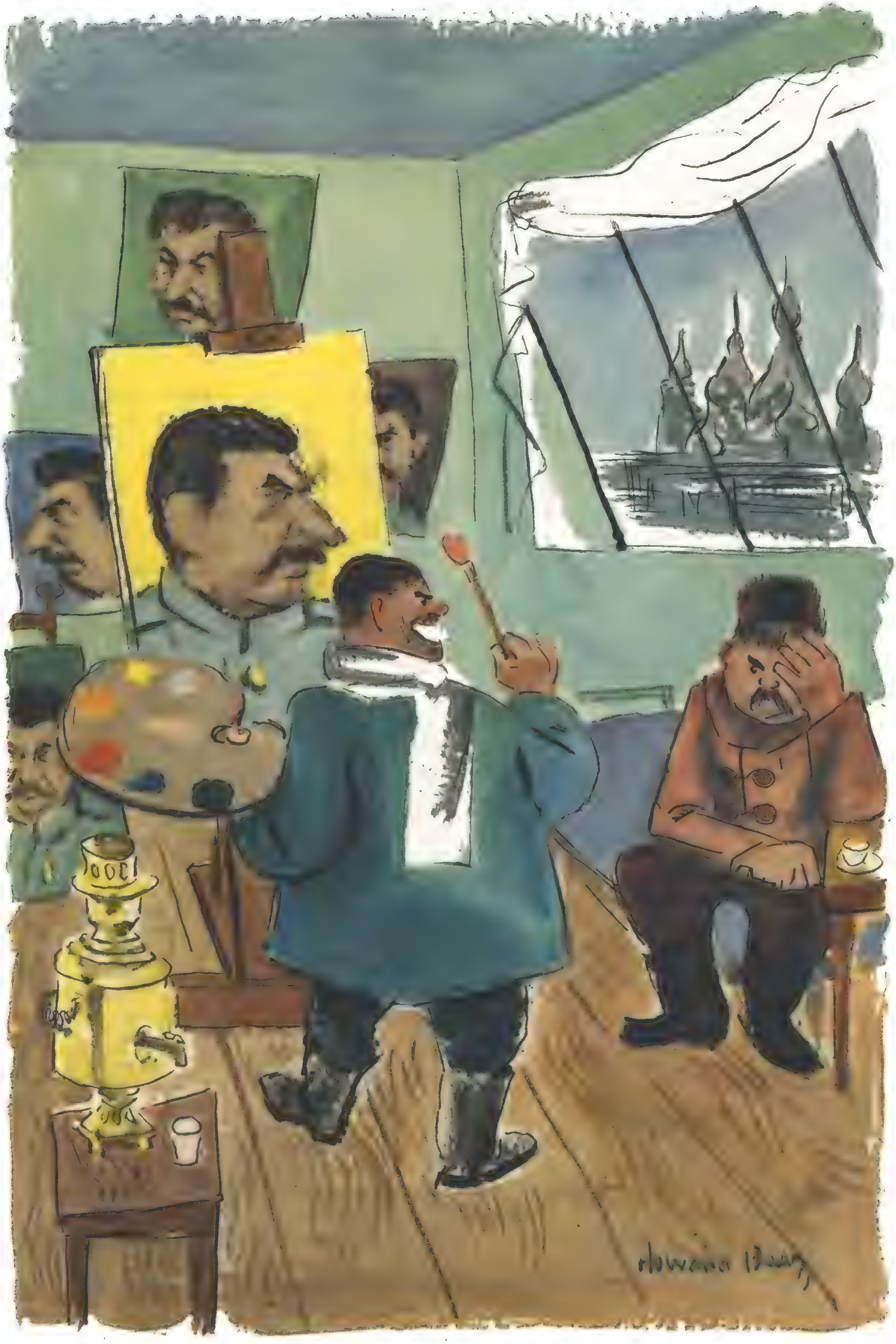
"This, I suppose, passes for wit in this country of soda-pop drinkers," said the Frenchman. "*Alors,* I make the resolve I will not rest until Melanie Folger whispers to me the time-worn yet ever-fresh phrases of *amour.* But wait. I discover there is a difficulty."

"A husband? Surely, Dubois, a minor detail like that—"

"Alas," said Pierre, "it was nothing so simple. It involved itself with time. Figure you this. She goes to her apartment, which she shares with a friend, and sleeps, dreaming whatever

(*Continued on page 116*)

"Please, Miss Fenwick, let's not take my efficiency expert's advice too seriously!"


Howard Baer

"Why kick, Boris, we have artistic freedom—four glorious views of our Marshal"

THERE WAS A MAN:

ETHAN ALLEN

One of the most terrific fighters in American history was the giant backwoodsman from Vermont who took Fort Ticonderoga from the British

THAT was in 1775. Ethan Allen and a handful of Green Mountain hotheads decided to teach His Majesty's troops at Fort Ticonderoga a lesson. And on the opposite page you will see how Colonel Allen administered it. The history books say that the rebels "took" the fort. That is putting it too gently for any action that Ethan Allen served in.

Allen stood a head higher than a sixty-nine-inch fowling piece. He could grasp a hundred-pound sack of corn in his teeth and fling it over his back by tossing his head. Once he had picked up two men—one in each huge paw—and cracked their heads together. He could run down a deer in the open woods. They said he had strangled a catamount that leaped on his back, merely by reaching back, grabbing the animal in his hands, and killing it as he strode along—without losing a stride.

That was the fearsome gentleman a sleepy British officer awoke to find at his door that epic night in the prized British stronghold. Stewart Holbrook, in his fine book on the Vermont hero*, tells the tale of the "Classic Moment":

"Ethan Allen held an opinion that officers should lead their men into action. Without a halt or word he clambered over the breech, drew his long sword and rushed head on at the sentry, who was dozing. That surprised soldier did what he could. Raising his musket, he aimed at the tall ghost and pulled the trigger. His gun flashed in the pan, misfired. Then he turned and ran like hell through the archway that led to the parade ground, shouting bloody murder. Ethan was close at his heels, and close behind Ethan were his men, coming on the run.

"When they entered the fort these men were at best pseudo-soldiers. Now, even though they had not tasted blood, they became as wild as the Indians some of them were accustomed to fighting. Howling, 'No quarter!' and imitating the war cries of Mohawks, they tore through the parade ground to batter at the many doors of the barracks. Bedlam had come to Ticonderoga.

"One brave but careless redcoat came out of the guardroom to lunge at an invader with his fixed bayonet. Ethan saw the move and fetched the redcoat a terrific swipe over the head with the flat of his sword, felling him to the ground. A heavy comb in the man's hair saved his skull. 'Quarter, quarter!' he begged. Ethan poised his sword as if to run the man through, then thought better of it. 'Take me to your commander,' he bellowed. The fallen man jumped to his feet to lead the way to the foot of a short stairway to the upper portion of the west barracks. 'The officers' quarters are there,' he said.

"With a leap like a catamount, Ethan started up the stairs. 'Come out of there, you sons of British bitches,' he called in a right clear voice. As he spoke the door opened, revealing an officer wearing coat and waistcoat and a pair of drawers. He carried his breeches over one arm."

It was after that lusty interruption, that Colonel Allen voiced his famous phrase that the history books have chastely preferred to his earlier cry. It was then he claimed the fort "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

There is no end to what one can write about such a man. His mouth-filling and often poetic oaths are classics of vigor and feeling. His life was tumultuous and filled with great deeds, large and small. But perhaps the last tale of them all tells as much about the rugged individuality of Allen as any other. Author Holbrook again tells it best:

"The parson, knowing something of the General's opinions on his ghostly office, approached the death bed with caution; but he was safe: the old warhorse was paralyzed almost from head to foot. But the eagle eye was open, sharp, clear, and terrible to look upon. 'General Allen,' said the parson soothingly, 'General Allen, the angels are waiting for you.'

"The eyes in the great shaggy head seemed to shoot a beam of fire at the parson. The lined, wind-tanned face twitched, and General Allen spoke his last words. 'Waiting, are they?' he rumbled like thunder on the other side of the mountain. 'Waiting are they? Well, God damn 'em, let 'em wait.'

"Then he turned his face to the unpapered wall and died very comfortably, at approximately a quarter to six o'clock in the evening."

Yes, Ethan Allen was a man. #

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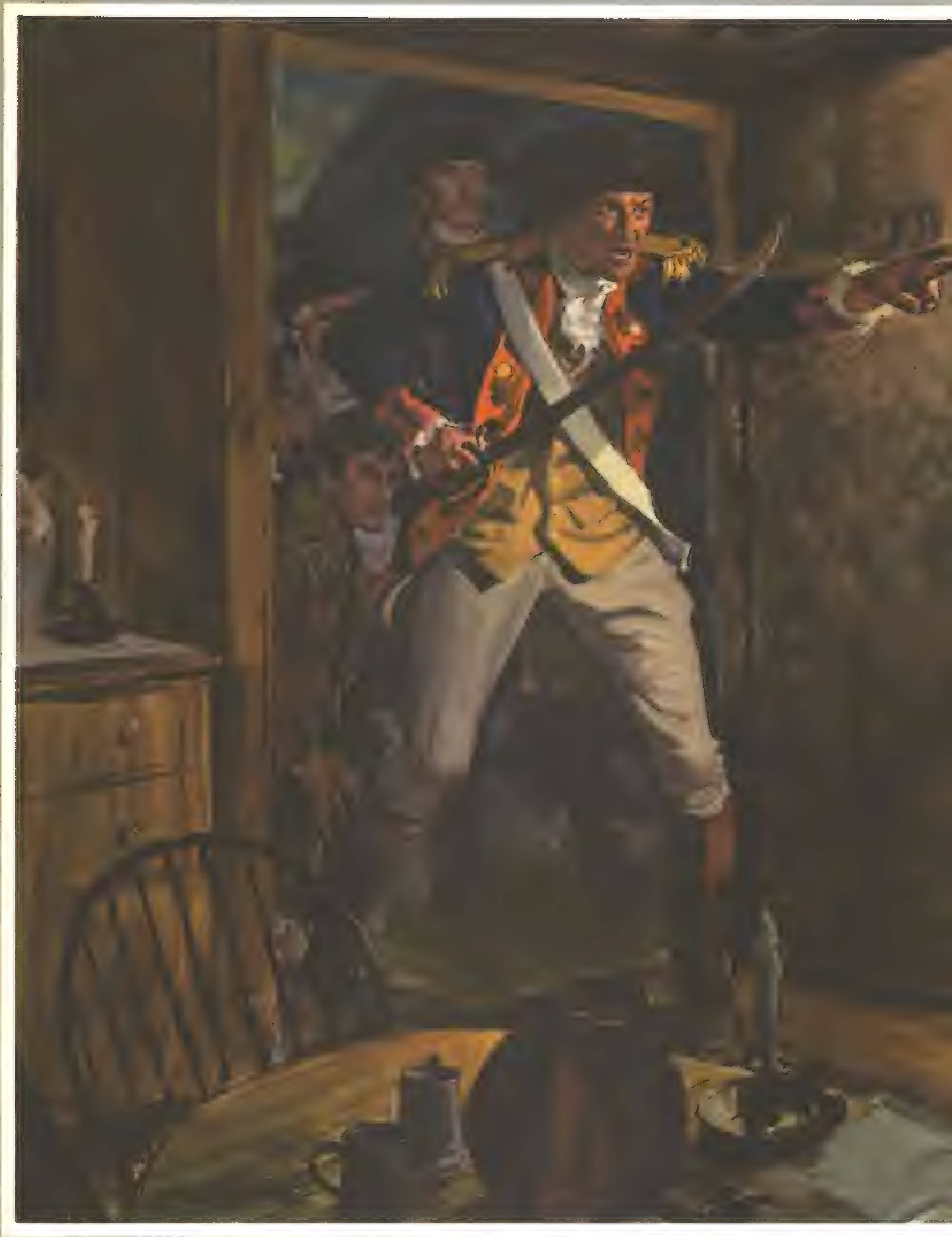
*From *Ethan Allen*, by Stewart H. Holbrook. © 1940, by The Macmillan Co. and used with their permission



THERE WAS A MAN: ETHAN ALLEN A

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

AT FORT TICONDEROGA

CLOSE TACK COMING INTO PORT

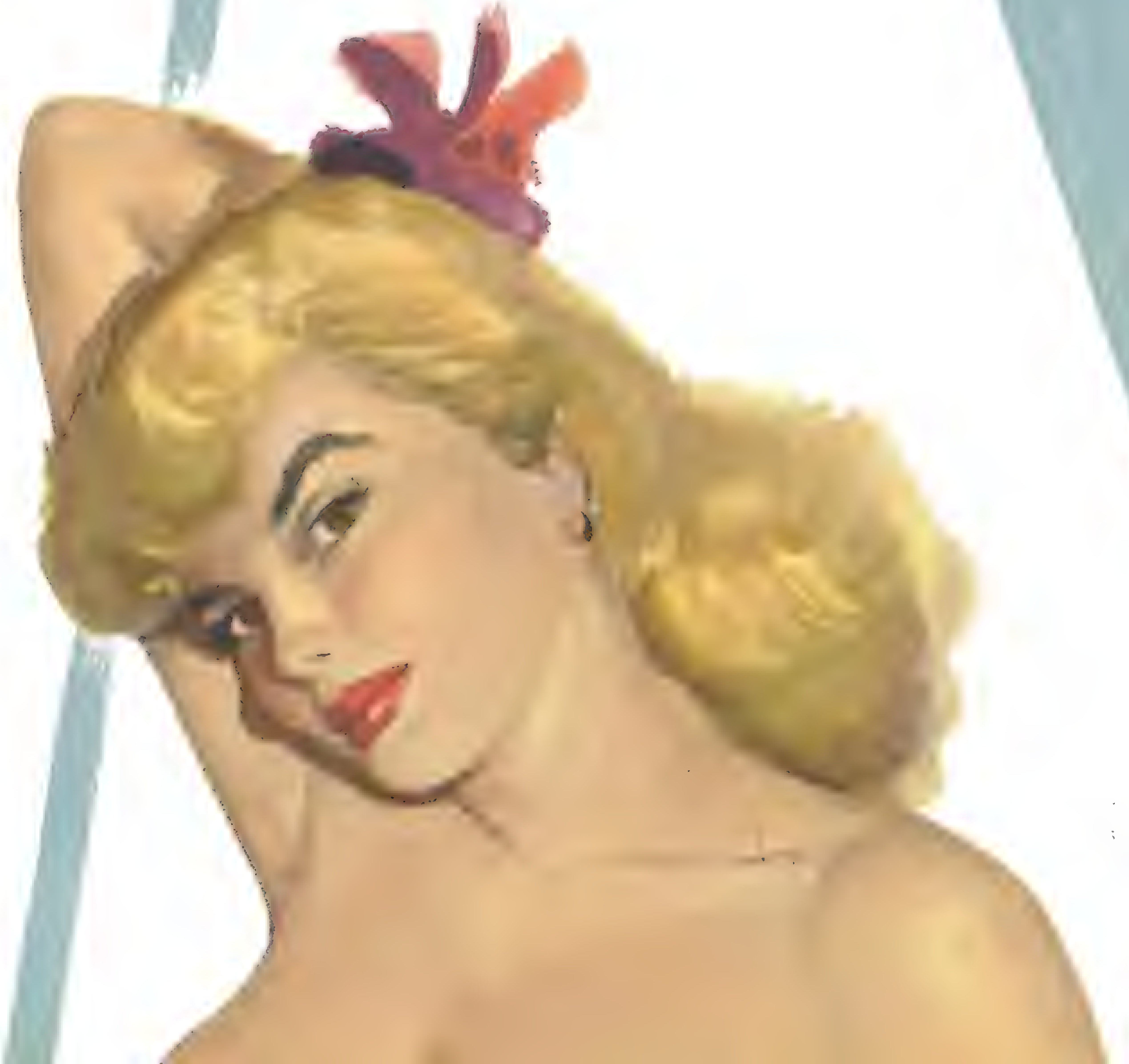
“If I’m going to marry you, sweetheart,” said Terry squinting at his palette, “I want to know all about the other men in your life.” It was late afternoon and Martha was lying on deck absorbing the last rays of sun and watching the other boats come in.

She sat up and began to count on her fingers. “Well, to begin with, there was Jim, the flagpole sitter. I threw him over because he wouldn’t sit at half-mast when third cousin Edith died. Then there was Henry, the midget auto racer, who said he couldn’t keep up with me. After that came Arthur, the pearl diver, who had such low tastes, and the three Swedish ski-jumpers who —”

Terry groaned. “Perhaps you better mention only the important ones.”

“Well, in that case, I’ll skip over Michael, who invited me to see Niagara Falls with him — from a barrel, and the six acrobats who wanted me to join their act, and come to William, the lion-tamer, who put me in the cage and took the lion out to dinner because he said it was cheaper and safer. Which brings me up to the present — and you, Terry darling.”

“My gosh,” said Terry. “What a collection of daredevils! Perhaps I’m not the guy for you. I sail sometimes. Mostly, I’m just an artist. I can’t think of a single thing I can do that’s dangerous and exciting.”



Martha looked at him roguishly and said, "Oh darling, I *can!* You can stop painting!"

THE ESQUIRE GIRL
PAINTING BY AL MOORE

Ringmaster's Master

Meet John Murray Anderson, the genial taskmaster and "genius of the gargantuan," who makes elephants dance in circus ballets and show girls dance in indignation

An Article by

WARREN P. MUNSELL, Jr. & BRUCE BLIVEN, Jr.

THE brass band blares forth a fanfare. The big south doors of Madison Square Garden's huge arena swing open, and out sweeps the Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus' grand parade—the dazzling "spectacle" number of "the greatest show on earth." Multicolored spotlights flood the pink and gold sawdust of the hippodrome track. A gaudy procession of four hundred lavishly costumed performers and animals circles the arena: lumbering elephants and striding midgets, clowns and show girls, and floats glistening with diamond dust and fairy princesses.

But 13,999 of the Garden's 14,000 seats are empty. It is the night before the annual April opening in New York, and this phantasmagoria of color and sound is merely a dress rehearsal for the exclusive benefit of a portly gentleman with a benevolent, ruddy face and silver-grey hair, who is seated halfway up the tiers of vacant seats. He has a portable microphone in his hand. His humpty-dumpty figure is dressed in slacks and a shirt with the sleeves rolled up. Bright silk suspenders and a pearl stickpin in a dark, flowing tie set the tone of his attire; despite his informality, he carries an air of extravagance. Smiling, he nods his head in time to the music and hums tunelessly to himself as the sumptuous spectacle unfolds.

Suddenly he leaps to his feet. "Stop!" he screams into the mike. The loud-speakers blast his command to the ends of the Garden. The music halts. The whole procession freezes in its tracks.

"There's something missing," says the loud-speaker in an injured voice. "Where the hell is the white horse?" Explanations are made. One white horse is indeed missing; his rider has unexpectedly been taken ill. It won't happen again.

"Well, all right." The man nods. "But I knew there should be a white horse in there somewhere."

This is John Murray Anderson, the man who stages the world's biggest circus. Each spring he molds an integrated, precision-timed show out of John Ringling North's extraordinary assemblage of talent. From the time rehearsals begin at winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida, through the New York and Boston openings, to the first performance under the "big top" in Philadelphia, Anderson is boss. He is the ringmaster's master.

Yet Anderson cannot be called a "circus man"; trying to pigeon-hole him is like trying to squeeze an elephant into a matchbox. In his sixty-two years, Anderson has waltzed through careers enough for two or three ordinary mortals. Although best known as a director of theatrical extravaganzas, he has also been a ballroom dancer, an antique dealer, and a playwright. He is a master of theatrical lighting who studied to be an opera singer, a public accountant who has written lyrics for more than fifty popular songs. He is a pioneer in the use of stage techniques, a teacher, a gossip, a movie director, a raconteur, and the unofficial Chairman of the Society for the Prevention of Show Girls.

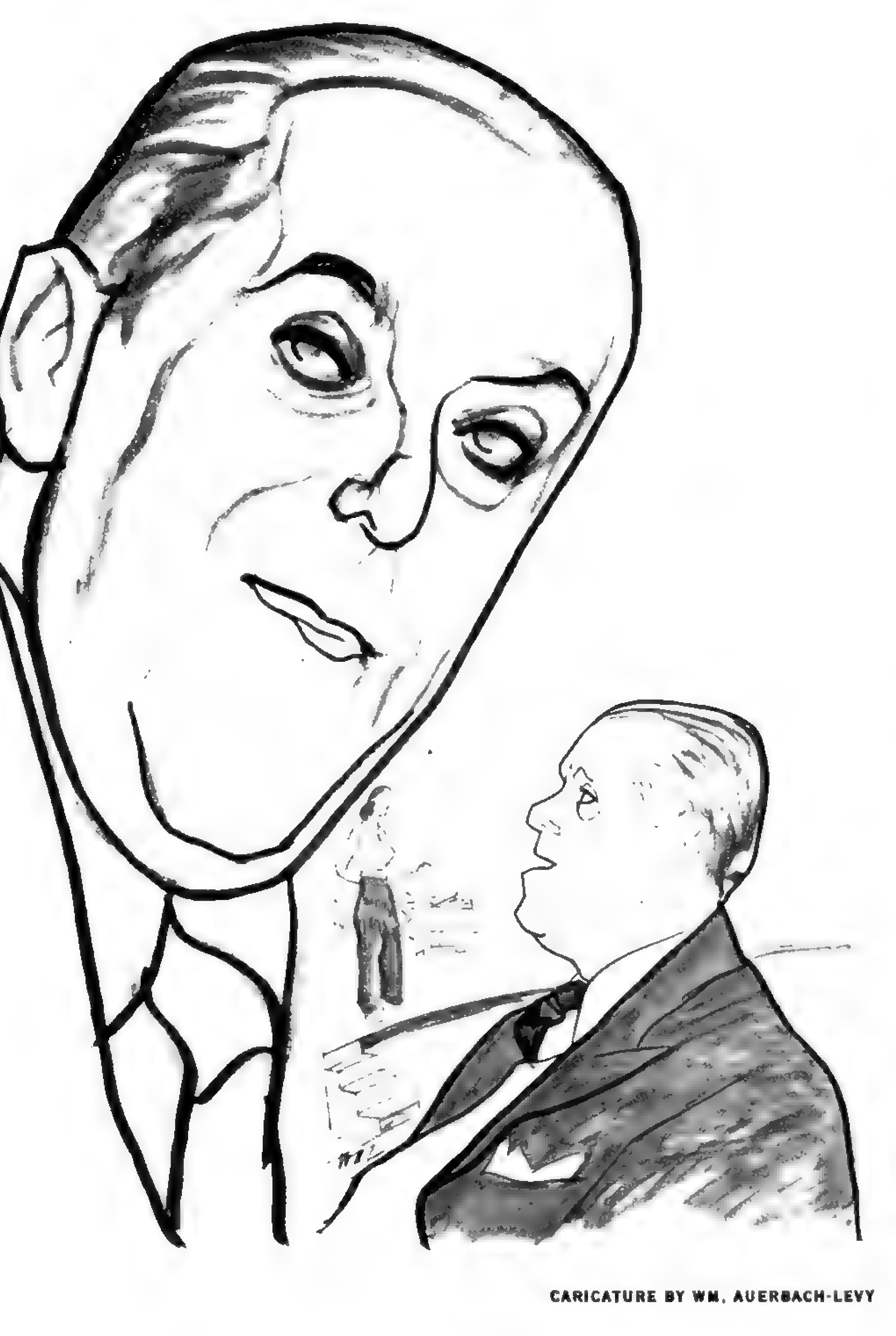
The white-horse incident—an actual occurrence at a dress rehearsal a year or so ago—reveals the secret of Anderson's success: he is the one man who would notice a missing detail in so vast a pageant. For even while he deals with the big, the fabulous, and the dazzling, Anderson is a perfectionist who always pays infinite attention to the tiniest particular and never loses sight of the midgets for the elephants.

The Anderson-directed floor show at Billy Rose's night club, the Diamond Horseshoe, currently employs more violins than many a symphony orchestra; his three editions of the *Ziegfeld Follies* outspangled and -feathered the late master; the floating triple-revolve stage he built at the Fort Worth Centennial was the biggest ever seen in the United States. Even Anderson's cat, Caledonia, is twice as large and self-confident as a puss should be. Nevertheless, this genius of the gargantuan recently flew into a rage at Nicky Blair's Carnival because a single baby spotlight was improperly focused. He has thrown out a whole set of costumes because the girls' skirts flared two inches less than specified. During a rehearsal for the Ray Bolger musical, *Three To Make Ready*, the final curtain came down a split second late, and Anderson made the curtain man practice ten times while musicians, actors, and stagehands stood idle, at a cost of about two hundred dollars an hour. To Anderson, slight imperfections are not pretty; only exactitude in every detail can create a smoothly blended whole.

Like all perfectionists, Anderson often drives assistants and performers crazy with impossible demands—just as he can scare the wits out of producers by seeming to confuse their dough with circus sawdust. But the net result of an Anderson production is giddy gaiety, eye-filling fantasy that has somehow been pulled together at the last moment into a performance as smooth as a trained seal's back. Anderson rehearsals—and, as a matter of fact, Anderson's whole life—have the rollicking unpredictability of a champagne supper.

At work, he is a combination of genial host and slave driver. Under nervous stress he is apt to pour forth a stream of invective and sarcasm; but because everyone who has worked with him knows him for the kindliest of men, his most scurrilous remarks on actors' ancestries leave no lasting sting.

And he never forgets that Anderson himself is his most intriguing production. He works tirelessly at a number of fancies that compose the "magnificent Anderson" legend. For example, he gives everyone a nickname on the transparent pretext that he can't remember legal ones. He calls Billy Rose "The Mad Hatter." There are also "Four Star" (Milton Berle), "The Beast of the Ballet" (dancer Harold Lang), and "Birdseed" (composer Hugh Martin). Frank Thompson (costume-designer *(Continued on page 113)*



CARICATURE BY WM. AUERBACH-LEVY

FOURTH IN A SERIES OF VACATIONS "PLANNED FOR THE MAN" BY ESQUIRE

May's the month...

Now is the time to pack your tackle and angle yourself a trip to Canada where the fish are waiting for you—openmouthed

A Travel Article by

RICHARD JOSEPH

Every man who has fished in Canada—or has thought enough about it to write up for folders and literature—knows that they bite practically every hour up North.

But by a very happy coincidence they'll happen to be biting particularly hungrily in most Canadian waters just about the time you rescue your tackle from the back of the closet, check your flies and plugs, and get that vague look around the eyes which is characteristic of sports fishermen in spring.

This is the season when relations between the married angler and his wife undergo a distinct deterioration. Things generally reach what the little woman describes as a pretty pass just after you have made approximately four practice casts, hooking her lovely flowered drapes three out of the four shots.

If you're single, however, the girls in your black book will notice a definite slacking-off in their social season. You'll probably decide that the whole list was getting pretty thin, anyway, and throw it into a bureau drawer, for possible revision in the fall. What's on your mind right now is fishing.

To the American fisherman, Canada is just about what a private fishing preserve was to a British lord, prewar model. It is the third largest country in the world; its 3,847,597 square miles (including Newfoundland and Labrador) are mostly magnificent wilderness, and it is the greatest sports area on earth. Practically every airport and landing strip in all ten provinces and the Northwest Territories are within twelve flying hours of the main gateway cities north of the border—which are, in turn, just a short hop away from most of

You can tangle with trout almost anywhere along the 185-mile highway from Banff to Jasper

Kodachrome by Hamilton Wright

they bite up north

the cities of the northern United States.

With more than two million lakes and an uncounted number of rivers and small streams, Canada has the largest fresh-water area of any country in the world. And there's fine salt-water fishing off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. There's fish in almost every foot of these waters (Fisherman's exaggeration, excusable. Ed.), from the salmon of Newfoundland to gamy steelhead trout which run in the rivers of Vancouver Island on the West Coast from January to May.

Sports fishermen planning a Canadian vacation generally fall into two classifications: those who choose fishing areas for their convenience, and the real angling addicts who find a finny favorite, then hunt him in all his haunts. Thus American fishermen from the East—from (*Continued on page 149*)

Just cast in Vancouver's Capilano Canyon, sit back, and wait

Kodachrome at lower right by Canadian Pacific Railway. Others on this page by Canadian National Film Board

Nova Scotia's fishing villages have many camera angles, too

Fish jump just a cast away from Banff Springs Hotel

Quebec has doré and salmon, trout and bass, pike and *patois*

Billingsley Brought the Stork

Slip behind the glittering façade of the Stork Club for the story of the Oklahoma boy who teaches New Yorkers sophistication

***An Article by* GEORGE FRAZIER**

The face of John Sherman Billingsley: Keeper of the Stork; New Yorker by way of the town of Enid, Oklahoma; Santa Claus to debutantes and their escorts; popularizer of the champagne cocktail; shrewd businessman; *and* good listener

Top: Billingsley starts the nightly rounds of his preserves with a short briefing from top G-man J. Edgar Hoover and Editor Harry Brundidge

Bottom: Addenda to the perennial Jolson Story from the man and wife who know it the best. You'll notice the ash trays of El—oops, the Stork

JOHN SHERMAN BILLINGSLEY, the proprietor of the gilded playground at 3 East Fifty-third Street in New York City known as the Stork Club, can lay claim to a number of distinctions. Among the more engrossing of these are such disparate achievements as the popularization—if not, indeed, the actual invention—of the posh stimulant called a champagne cocktail; the expenditure of more than a quarter-of-a-million dollars a year on gifts for Stork Club patrons; and the creation of an elaborate system of hand signals which appear, on the whole, to be a good deal more communicative than the digital language employed by such major-league baseball teams as the Chicago White Sox. Of somewhat slighter significance, but in its own fashion no less engaging, is the fact that he never wears the same necktie—no matter how expensive—more than once.

Yet all these distinctions seem comparatively inconsequential when measured beside his chief claim to recognition, which is his shaping of the Stork Club—or, as its acolytes prefer to call it, the Stork—into the most celebrated, remunerative, and presumably enduring pleasure dome in the annals of all such hedonistic enterprises. He has done so by exercising such abundant native endowments as shrewdness, urbanity, assiduousness, taste, inventiveness, generosity, enthusiasm, fearlessness, and, above all, an unshakable conviction that his own baby—which is the Stork—is the prettiest, brightest, politest, and most ingratiating baby anywhere on the face of the earth. In the process, he himself, like the glittering eight-story premises he operates just east of Fifth Avenue, has come to represent the quintessence of Manhattan glamour and sophistication.

In view of this, it is hardly surprising that he grew up in the sagebrush of Enid, Oklahoma, and still retains more than the suspicion of a twang in his speech. Manhattan, after all, has a curious habit of being symbolized by men who spent their childhood amid the alien corn. William O'Dwyer, the mayor of the city, was born in Ireland; Irving Berlin, the embodiment of Tin-Pan

Table-hopping along Cub Room Route No. 1: **From bearded Monty Woolley, who really only came to dinner, past Jack Dempsey and the lovely Miss Paulette Goddard to Jinx Falkenburg and Mary Martin, two very delightful touches of Venus**

Alley, in Russia; and Joe Di Maggio, a young man who is practically indistinguishable from the Yankee Stadium, in California. Billingsley, whose establishment received its first notable impetus when Walter Winchell called it "The New Yorkiest place in town," is generally looked upon as "New Yorkier" than any of these men. He is likely, however, to prove an utter disappointment to those who visit the Stork expecting him to fulfill the widely held conception of a New Yorker as a noisy, assertive slicker.

Billingsley is noticeably lacking in any such qualities. When he strolls through the Stork, as he does countless times during the course of a business day, he appears to be an individual of surpassing timidity. A slender, sandy-haired man who looks a good deal younger than his forty-nine years and who bears a faint resemblance to Charles A. Lindbergh, he seems somewhat bewildered, although pleasantly so, by all the pomp and circumstance that surround him. When he pauses at a table to greet one of his steady customers, he smiles diffidently, almost as if he were apologizing for his own unworthy presence in a shrine sanctified by the visitations of the rich, the mighty, the talented, and the decorative. As he ambles noiselessly through the four rooms that comprise the first floor of the Stork, he does not seem the sort of man who could have built this plushy play pen in which Brenda Frazier Kelly and so many other porcelainlike beauties have worn out the dancing pumps of their debutante nights. He seems, instead —as, indeed, he is—the sort of man whose sister might bake the Stork's superlative pies—which, indeed, she does. Nor does he appear to be a man who gave away a million dollars' worth of perfume—which he did—before finally deciding to take a ninety-nine-year franchise (jointly with his old friends Morton Downey and Steve Hannagan) on the Le Galion products. He appears, instead, to be a man who might be running a drugstore—which, as a matter of fact, he at one time did. Nor does he look like the sort of man who could face swift and violent death un- (*Continued on page 121*)

With publicity man Ted Saucier, Billingsley soaks up sun at the Atlantic Beach Club. You, too, can lead a life like his: all you need is Billingsley's shrewdness, urbanity, assiduousness, taste, inventiveness, enthusiasm, adventurousness—and, of course, the Stork

"WELL?" Lieutenant Harris asked, as the doctor looked up from the body slumped across the desk.

"It could be just what it looks like," he said. "Been dead from three to five hours; one bullet through the right temple. I suppose he was right-handed?"

"Yeah," Harris said absent-mindedly. He was looking over the room again. It was a den furnished in modern, blond-wood furniture—a sofa, two easy chairs, a radio cabinet, a bar cabinet, a desk, and a swivel chair that held the body. Beside the desk there was a typewriter table and a standard-size typewriter. The machine held a blank piece of yellow paper. Across the desk top there were several more of the yellow sheets, but these were filled with typewritten script.

Harris looked at them without touching them.

"I'm through with it," the doctor said as he turned away from the desk. "I'll tell the boys to take it away if you're finished."

"We've got all we need," Harris told him. "Maybe more than we need, if it's suicide."

"At three in the morning," the doctor said, "I'd buy that theory. Go home and get some sleep and maybe you'll—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of a large plain-clothesman. The detective greeted the doctor and then turned to Lieutenant Harris. "I got the widow and the guy in the living room waiting for you, Lieutenant," he said. "What's the verdict on this?"

"Doc's trying to sell me suicide, Dom," Harris said.

"I'm not trying to sell anything," the doctor protested. "I recommend sleep. Good night."

When the door had closed behind the doctor, Harris sighed. "He's right, Dom. We could write it off just the way it looks."

"But we won't?" It was a question.

Harris gestured toward the body. "The guy was a writer. That stuff on the desk—those typewritten sheets—is a story."

"So?" Dom asked, when Harris hesitated.

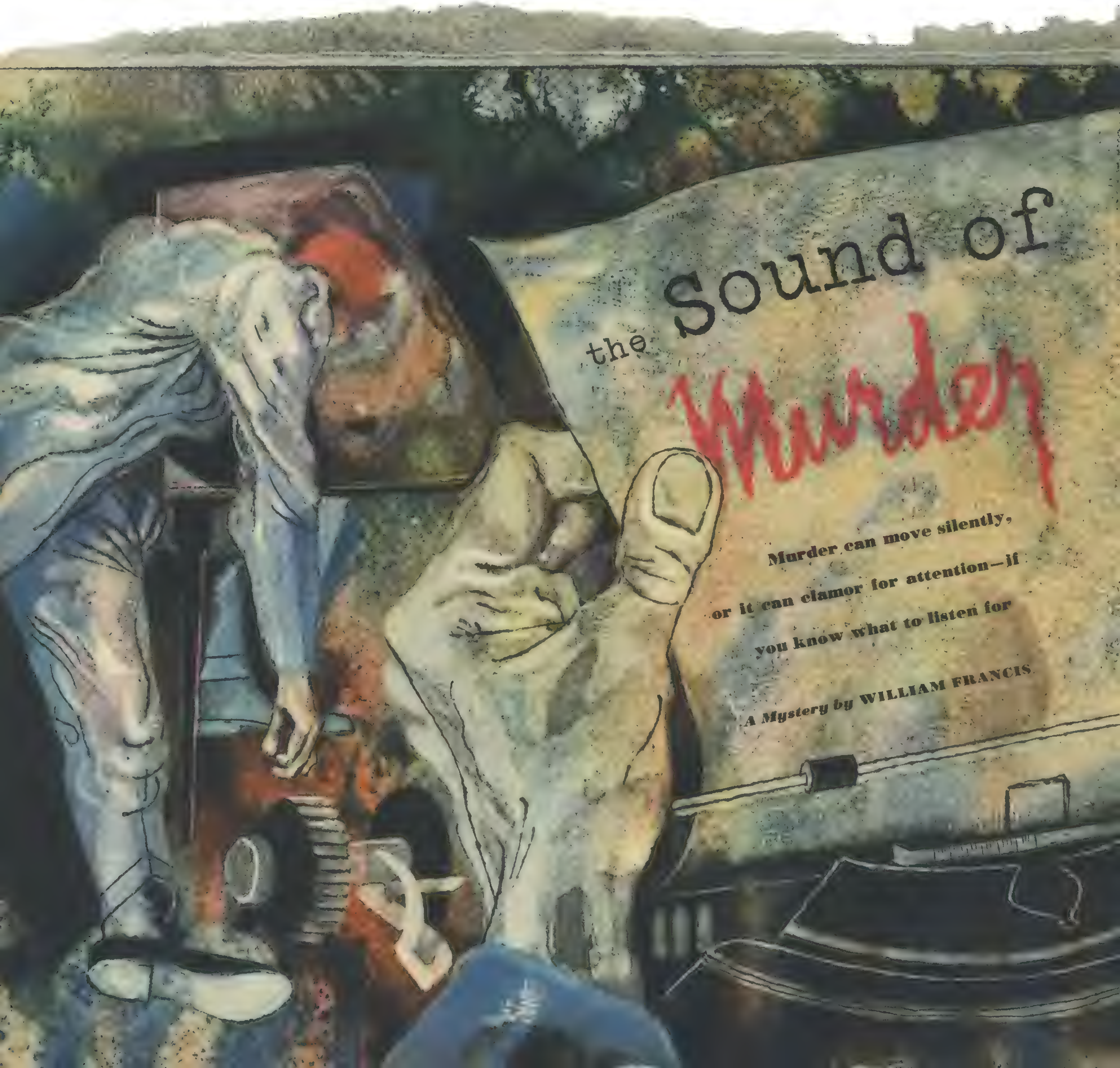
Harris sighed again. "It isn't finished, Dom." He paused. "And," he said, "there's no note . . ."

"Hell, Lieutenant—" Dom started.

"I know." Harris stopped him. "Lots of times there aren't notes. But the story isn't finished. Let's go talk to the widow."

On their way to the living room they passed the men from the morgue. In the living room, the widow looked up as they entered. Harris spoke to her. "I'm sorry I have to bother you; it's late and you're tired, but if you'll just tell me what you know, we can finish quickly."

She was a tall, cool-looking woman in her middle thirties. Not beautiful, but striking; her figure, uncorseted, was slim, nicely curved, and well displayed under the tight, strapless evening dress. There was no sign of tears, but there was a controlled tenseness about her. Before she spoke, she glanced at the man who had been in the room with her.



the Sound of Murder

Murder can move silently, or it can clamor for attention—if you know what to listen for

A Mystery by **WILLIAM FRANCIS**

He was younger, taller, with dark curly hair and a handsome, if rather weak, face. He leaned against the mantel, nervously smoking, and his eyes darted from the woman to Harris as she talked.

She gestured toward the man. "Carl and I were at the country club this afternoon. We got back here at four-thirty and Carl came in for a drink. Lewis, my husband, was working. I didn't disturb him. Carl and I—"

"Did you see your husband?" Harris asked.

"I heard him typing. I never bothered him while he was working. I knew he'd heard us come into the house; and if he wanted to join us for a drink, he would. Carl stayed for about an hour. He left to get dressed for dinner, and I went upstairs to get ready. My husband was still working when I came down. I called a cab . . ."

"Then you weren't going out to dinner with your husband?" Harris interrupted.

"No. Carl was taking me to dinner. Lewis previously had refused the invitation."

"Go on," Harris said.

"I took a cab in order to save Carl a trip out here. I met him at the Inn on First Street and we had dinner together. After dinner I called the house here to ask Lewis if he'd finished working and wanted to join us for the evening. There was no answer and I assumed he'd gone out. We got home at one-thirty, and Carl came in for a nightcap. I noticed the light under the study door so I knocked, and when I received no reply, I went in and . . . Carl called the police."

Harris looked at the man. "That the way you remember it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"We're trying to pin down the time of death," Harris explained. "You both heard him working when you got home this afternoon?" They nodded. "And he was still working when you left the house to keep your dinner date?" The woman nodded. "What time did the cab come for you?"

"A quarter of seven," she answered.

"And you called and got no answer when you finished dinner?"

"Yes. That was about nine."

"Well, that narrows it down some. I think that's about all for now."

In the squad car Dom yawned. "Well, what do you think, Lieutenant?"

"I think that tomorrow we'd better get some information about the three of them."

"You mean today, Lieutenant."

"Maybe I do, Dom."

It was noon when Dom reported to Harris and he was still yawning.

"Mr. Lewis Catman, the dead guy, had a lot of enemies, Lieutenant," Dom said, "but only two of them count. One is a man he didn't do right by; he's without an alibi for last night and he'd threatened to knock him off. And the other is a guy who thinks Lewis broke up his home by writing a story about him and his secre-

(*Continued on page 125*)

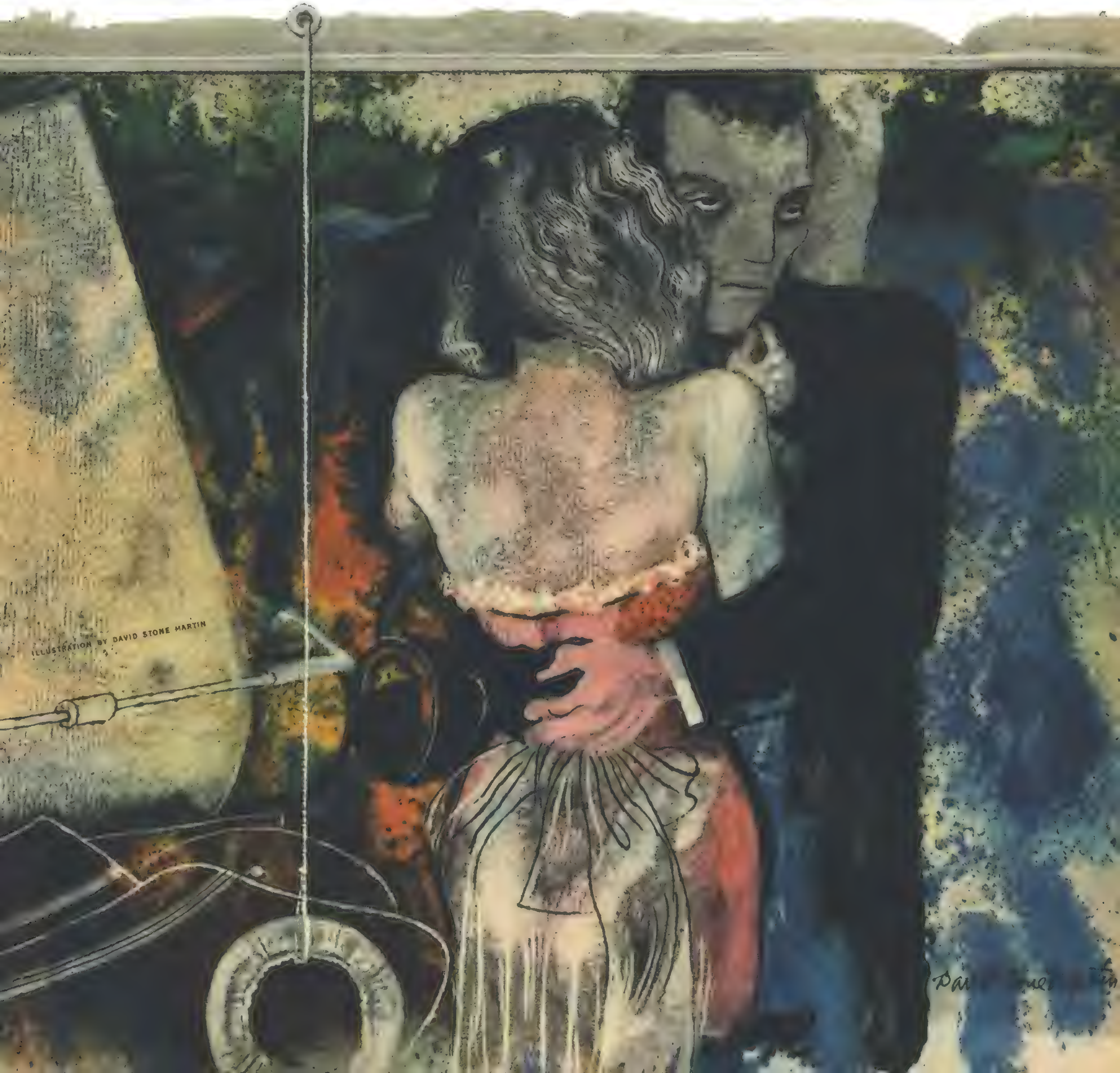


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

A LOT OF THINGS:

"Only Chumps Have Friends"

On bookies' charity (meager), Feller's income (large), the abilities of Boudreau and Henrich, and Stengel's strategy

An Article by **JIMMY CANNON**

I HAVE found bookmakers to be the lowest species of the human race. They are ferociously stingy and dirty with lies and if they can get out of a bet they will welsh. Big-city detectives will tell you they are their most reliable stool pigeons and this is part of the graft bookmakers pay to municipal authorities everywhere. They tip off the cops when a new player appears with a suspiciously large bank roll but they seldom turn him up until they have tapped him out and clipped him raw.

I have a love story concerning a bookmaker, a factual account of a bookmaker's death, pieced together from the hatred of his customers and the memory of his widow. They are all unspeakably greedy and cursouled, but the worst of them all was a doorway horse banker called Drop Dead. He hustled up and down the side streets of Broadway and his clients were those damaged by ill luck. There was no bet too small for him to book and none too large if the price was right and slanted toward him. But one thing was certain. No man had ever been granted a nickel's worth of credit and only one woman ever was allowed to bet on the sleeve. There is no act of charity to his credit and he was the most despised man on Broadway when he dropped dead not so long ago. The doctors said it was a heart attack. But those who played with him said this was impossible and rejected the diagnosis. He had to have a heart to get an attack in, they said; and not one of them mourned his going.

When he was dead those who bet with him wanted to give a price that he would get up and take the subway to the cemetery. If it was a nice day, they claimed, the chances are he would have walked to save the fare. They knew that no one who ever had any business with him would go to the wake house except to gloat. But some of the players showed up, just to make sure it wasn't some kind of a gag to avoid a pay-off. But dead he was; no colder than in life, but quieter and more courteous.

It must be reported that he went to the ground with a preacher praising him as a benefactor. There was a big turnout every night and a lot of weeping was done by a multitude which jammed the big funeral chapel. They sobbed and some cried out loud and let the tears roll real big and sloppy. The joint was filled with flowers from strangers to Broadway. The players were there because they were inquisitive, not sad. But it pleased them to look at the coffin and discover it to be expensive because they knew that the money he had earned with treachery would finance such a box and this would make Drop Dead miserable. Anything he couldn't put into his mouth or on his back, Drop Dead considered worthless. He was never known to buy anything he didn't eat or wear. But the people there and the clergyman doing the fine spiel, telling everyone present Drop Dead was a philanthropist, unsung and shy, disturbed the players. The clergyman spoke of the secret good Drop Dead had done, explaining he was a modest man who concealed his good heart with a cold-natured exterior.

It made them ashamed of themselves. They reviewed his life and could not associate the mourning strangers with the sorrowful praise of the minister. Poverty never touched Drop Dead when he lived, and neither did Death. Once, a horse player remembered, a stagehand bet himself into potter's field. They hustled up a collection for the widow and the two children. They asked the bookmaker to make a contribution because most of the money the stagehand had earned he had given to Drop Dead to finance parlays. Drop Dead announced he would not make a contribution, although he was the only rich man known on the block where he set his trap.

"Let her drop dead, too," he said. "She don't play with me. She was always knocking my racket. The old broad was always sicking the cops on me. She didn't want her old man to gamble. Well, he gambled, and I got his money and she didn't. Why should I give any of it back? Let her drop dead."

That was the day they gave him the name Drop Dead.

"She's starving," one of the players said. "She's got four kids to feed."

"How long was she married?" Drop Dead asked.

"Twenty years," the guy said.

"Give a horse player's wife and kids a square meal after twenty years and the shock will kill her," he said and believed this to be humor.

"Haven't you no sympathy?" the player asked, horrified.

"How could you have any sympathy for a broad who marries a horse player?" Drop Dead said. "A horse player ain't entitled to get married."

"Now," said the guy, "I know why people hate you."

"Show me a bookmaker people like and I'll show you a jerk," Drop Dead said. "Only chumps have friends."

There was never anyone who ever got credit from Drop Dead in the long years he was dealing to Broadway. A real-estate guy broke himself betting a thousand a race into Drop Dead's book. He tried to borrow two dollars from Drop Dead. He was locked out of his hotel and figured a deuce would get him a flop in a Bowery lodginghouse and breakfast in the morning.

"I lost a lot of money to you," the bum said. "I'm entitled to two bucks off of you."

"You ain't entitled to nothing," Drop Dead said. "You got a hell of a crust asking me for money when all the money you'll ever need is down there."

Drop Dead pointed to a subway kiosk.

"How could I make money in the subway?" the player asked.

"Steal a watch," Drop Dead said. "You'll never run out of money . . . just keep stealing watches. There's a million watches down there."

It was remarkable, said those who knew him, that Drop Dead didn't charge the player for this advice. Once a guy beat him for three hundred dollars and left town before he could pick up the money. When he returned, two months later, Drop Dead gave him two hundred and eighty dollars.

"I got three hundred coming," the player protested.

"You had three hundred coming," the bookmaker said. "You don't want me to hold your money for nothing, do you? I charge ten bucks a month for holding people's money."

So, with this type of reputation, the players couldn't understand the come-off at his wake. They figured Drop Dead was their foe; all players were his natural enemies. Their only connection with him was the greed of gambling and he was probably a decent guy to his true friends. They insisted this had to be so because there wasn't a Broadway guy who really was sorry he died, and the joint where they laid him out was crowded with strangers and fragrant with a forest of flowers. His wife, they pointed out, must have loved him deeply because this was a pretty good send-off she gave him and well-attended.

But Drop Dead went cold owing one of his players close to five thousand dollars, and the man went searching for the widow after the burial services had been said. He stalked to a cold-water flat in a tenement in the slums of the West Side of New York. After staking her to some consolation, the player presented his bill and asked the widow to settle up.

"I got nothing," she said.

"But he died rich," the player said.

"He left me nothing, the cheap bum," said the widow.

"What did he do with his money?" the player asked, because he instinctively believed Drop Dead's missus.

"He had it stashed in boxes under a lot of names," she said. "He never told me nothing about it. I

(*Continued on page 132*)

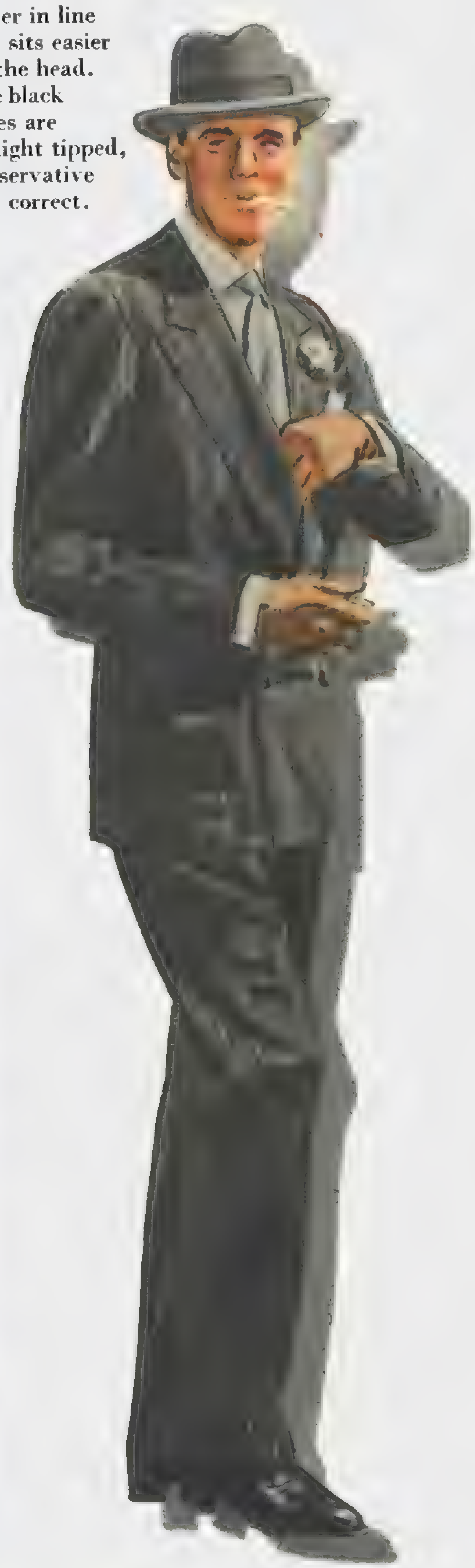
The Man Who Was a Mountain →

IF Abner Doubloday was the father of baseball, the late Kenesaw Mountain Landis was its guardian angel. After the 1919 World Series scandal, club owners sought a man who could save a sport that was dying from hardening of public confidence. Judge Landis had harsh remedies; but, like kids who realize papa knows best, the owners kept reappointing him czar of their sport and business. In this magnificent informal portrait, you can see the stern honesty, wise experience, and sharp eye of the man to whom America pays tribute every time the welcome cry goes up: "Play ball."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES N. KEEN

THE SPRING "AIR" *is*

on the avenue: Palladium, modern and masculine, sets the metallic tone for the stripes in your grey suit, for the sheen of the matching tie, and even for the finish and edging of the fine new Colony hat. The Colony, just on the relaxed side of the more formal Homburg, has the same touch of dignity, but is a little softer in line and sits easier on the head. The black shoes are straight tipped, conservative and correct.



DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

the Bold Look coordinates everything: formality, distinction, and (cheers) comfort

Spring is always another thing again, no matter how you look at it. We don't mean to stand here with a mouth full of pins and a tape-measure collar and bellow that the new fashions for men will guarantee world peace, or that your wife will stop loving you if you don't quit wearing those button-down shirts and dirty white shoes every year in the Easter Parade. But—aside from the lift a few fresh hangers-on in your wardrobe will give you—there *is* big news in the fact that at long last you can pay serious attention to the dignity and formal distinction required in your Easter outfit, and still be as comfortable as you are well-groomed. In a phrase, feel like yourself, and look better than you ever thought you could. This Bold Look, coordinated in the head-to-toe planning shown here, has completely scrapped the old Bond Street dictum that you can't be at ease and well-dressed, too, unless your English accent is as stiff as your upper lip. The Colony hat, the magnificent glints of the new metallic tone—Palladium—(a man's choice if there ever was one) in all your accessories as well as your suit, and the Bold Look touches even in your tie and collar combinations, mean that good taste, good dress, and good guys who aren't given to mincing around the Maypole have finally come to an understanding. Not merely fashion news, gentlemen; good news. We give you the "air" for Spring—the one you've always wanted.

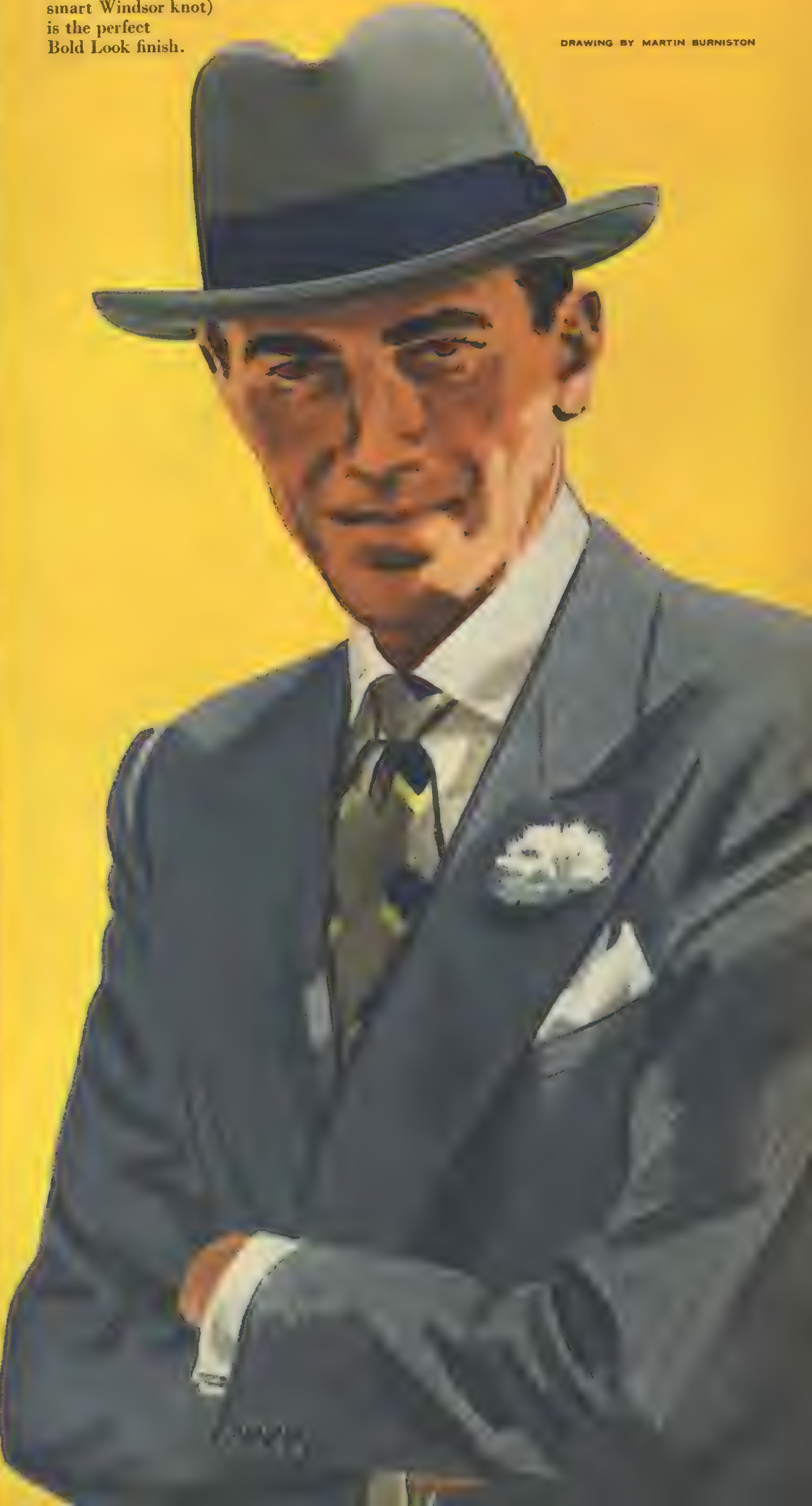
still life: Shoes with custom last, wide-flanged to keep you on a good footing. ➳ Hose with Palladium clocks. Inside dope: braces and garters in the new Doubloon design.

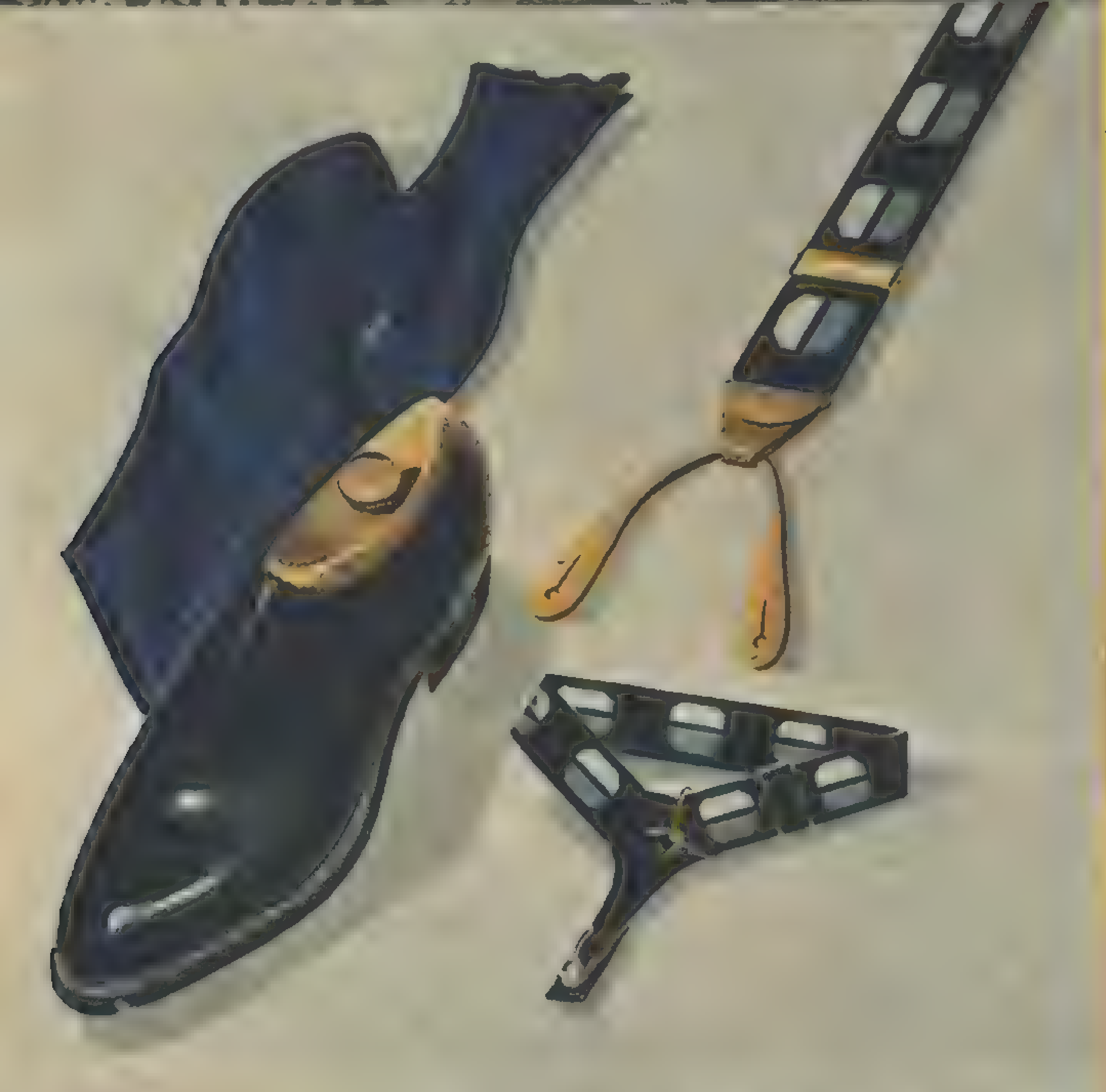
PHOTOGRAPH BY INP

All-American

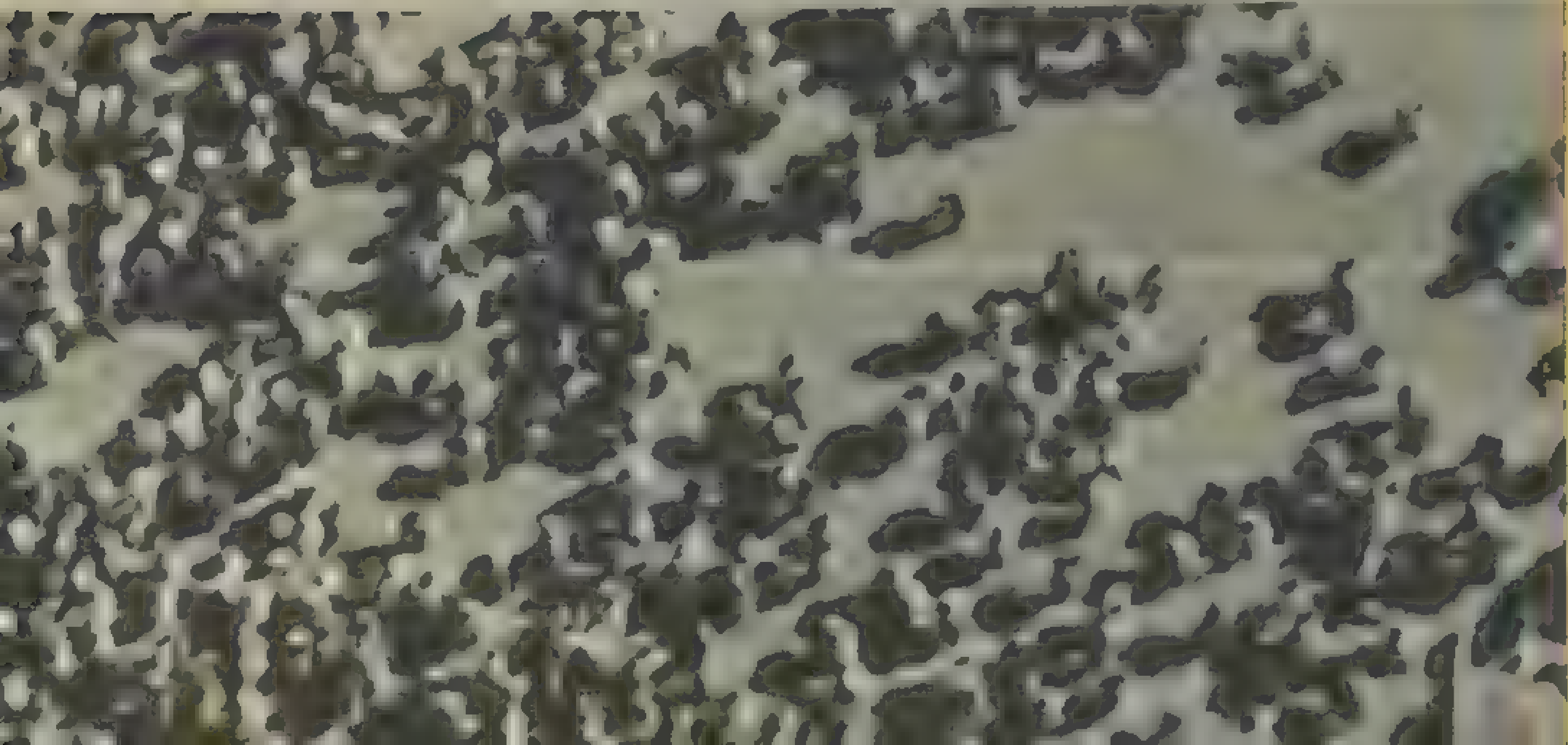
blueprint: Details for your blue Bold Look combination take in a close-up of the Colony hat, again with Palladium color binding, showing the slight roll of the brims-up sides. The rich field for the strong block designs on the necktie is again Palladium; the wide-spread Command collar (designed especially for the smart Windsor knot) is the perfect Bold Look finish.

DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON





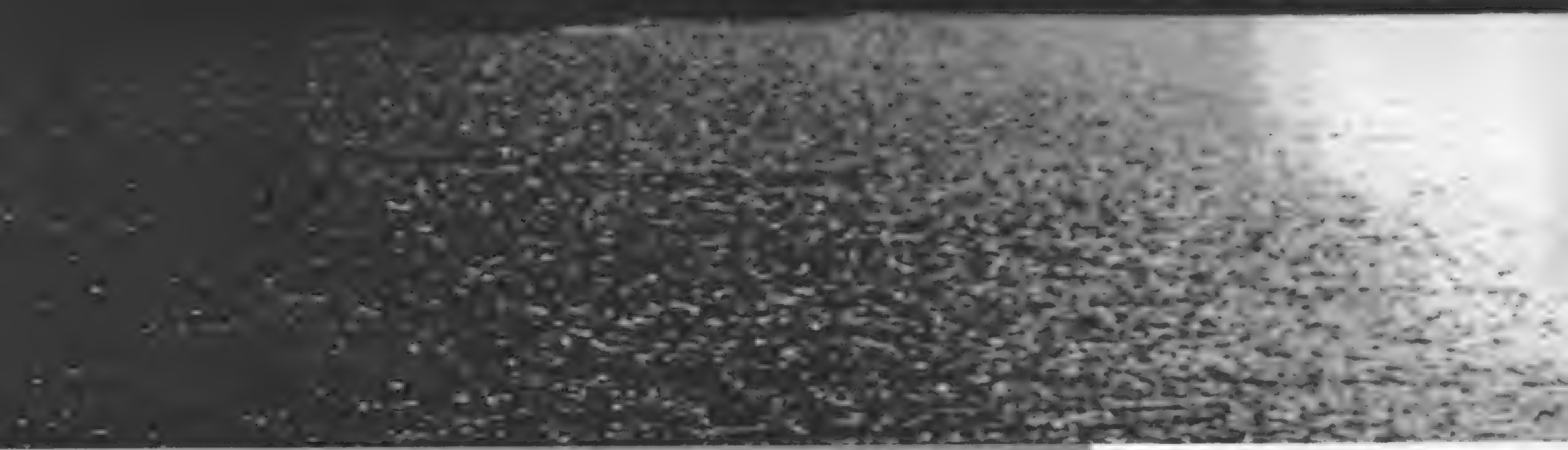
DRAWING BY BERNARD BURROUGHS

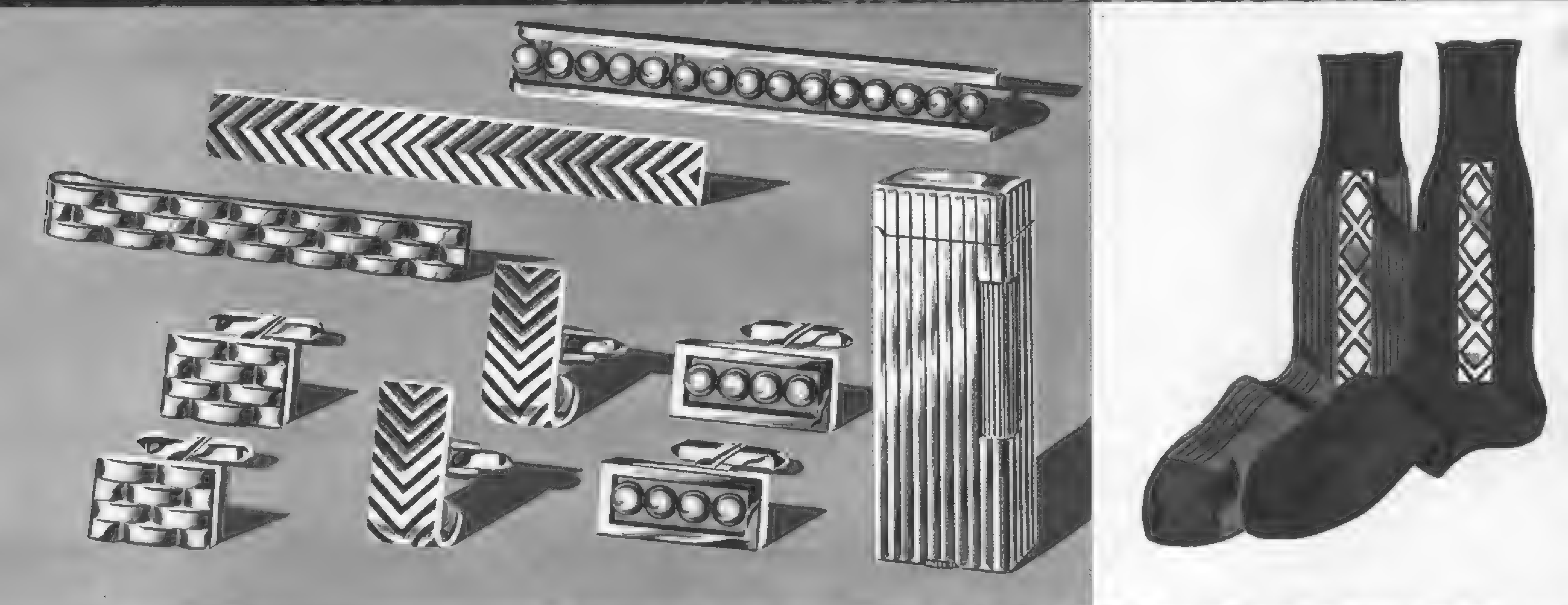


PALLADIUM . . . the new metallic color for men

It wasn't so long ago that Palladium was just a glint in the eye of aircraft designers who mixed supersonic speeds with their salad dressing in executive lunch-meetings with the Big Boss. Now, right off the wing of a 600-mile-an-hour world-beater, we've picked up that rugged metallic flash, and translated it into the masculine doings of the Bold Look for Spring. This is the first big color news for men since the war, inspired by the precious metal Palladium. You see it here, snatched from industry's high-flying drawing boards and put into action as a luxurious masculine fashion. The Bold Look jewelry below smartly exemplifies this new color. The geometric clocking on the hose is Palladium again, and a triumph in a field where the poor designer only has an inch or two to show his stuff—where Palladium not only "shows" but wins. Palladium is perfect for belts and braces, of course, and hits a new high in the variations you see here in tones for neckwear when worn with the unusual new Palladium blue, grey and green shirts.

DRAWING BY BERNARD BURROUGHS
PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH MUENCH

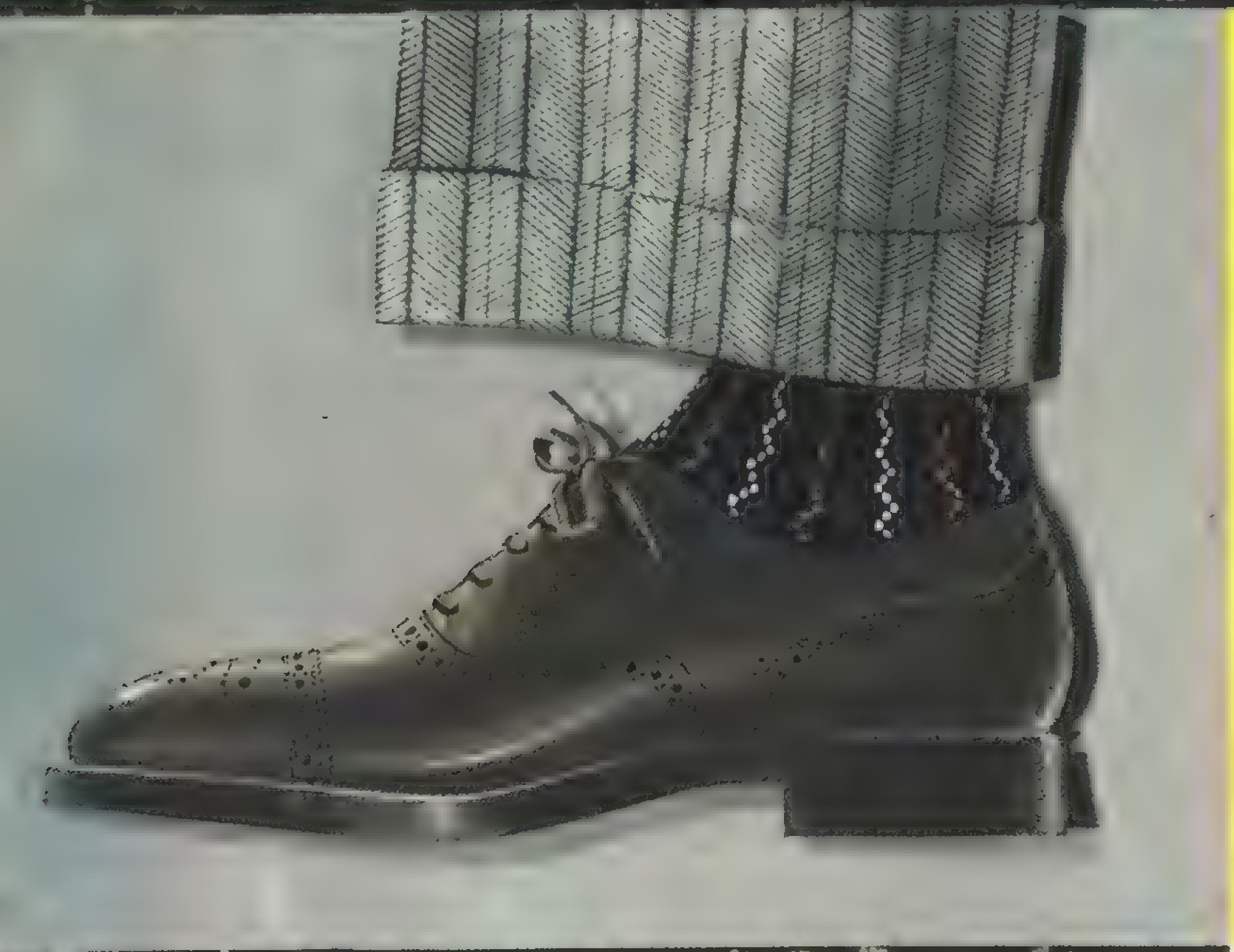


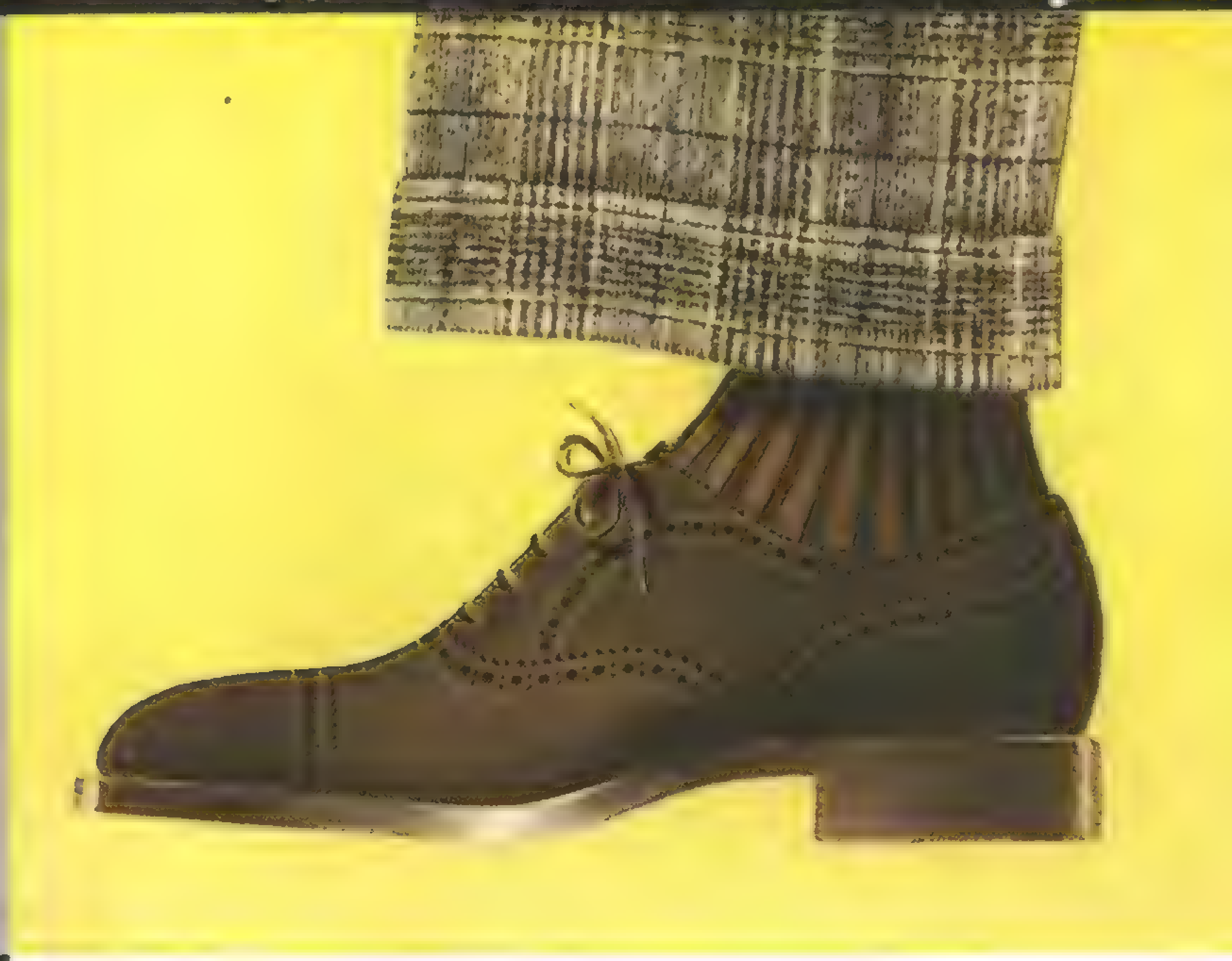


The new
Bold Look
Command Collar
shirt in
Palladium Blue.

The new
Bold Look
Command Collar
shirt in
Palladium Grey.

The new
Bold Look
Command Collar
shirt in
Palladium Green.

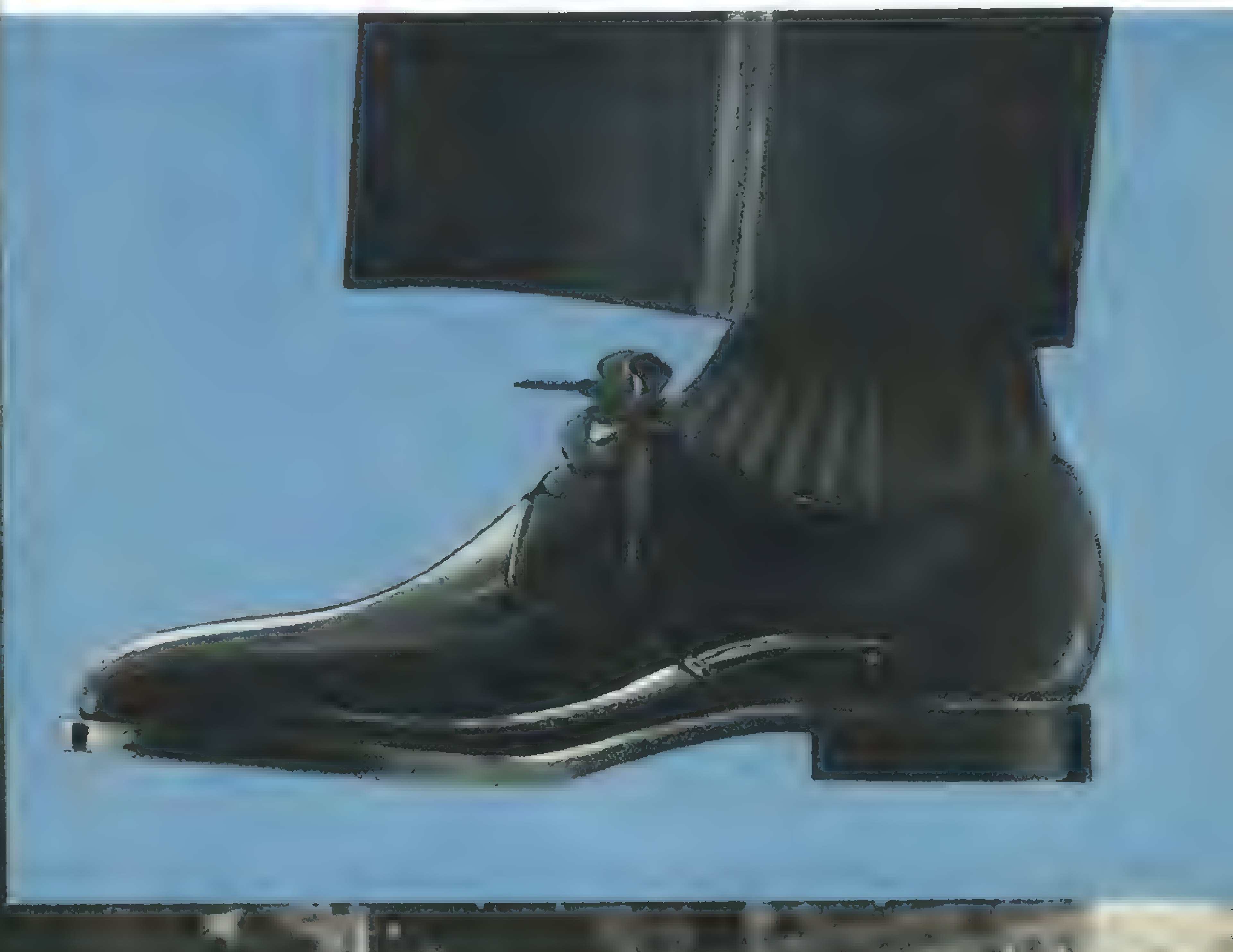


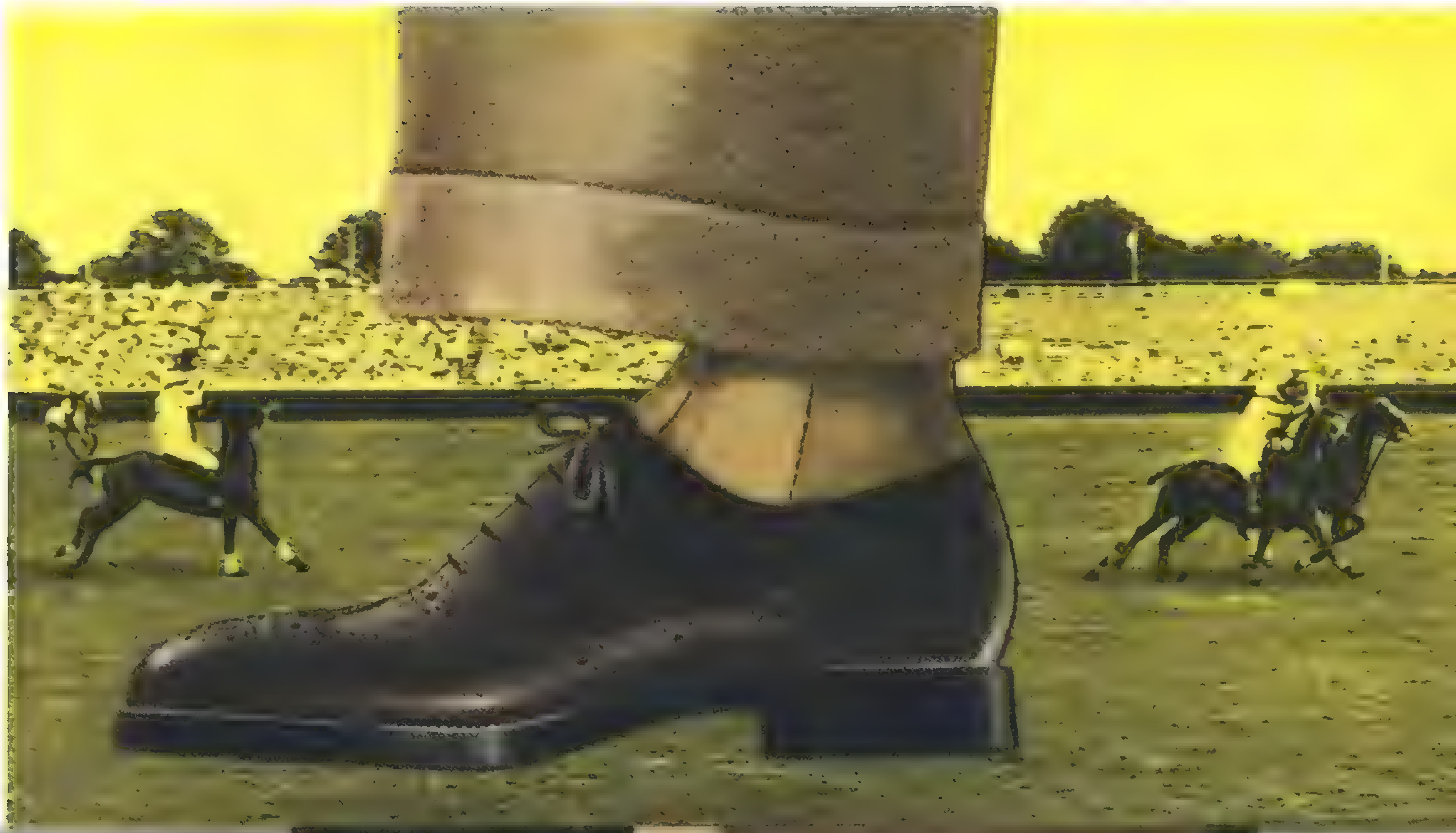


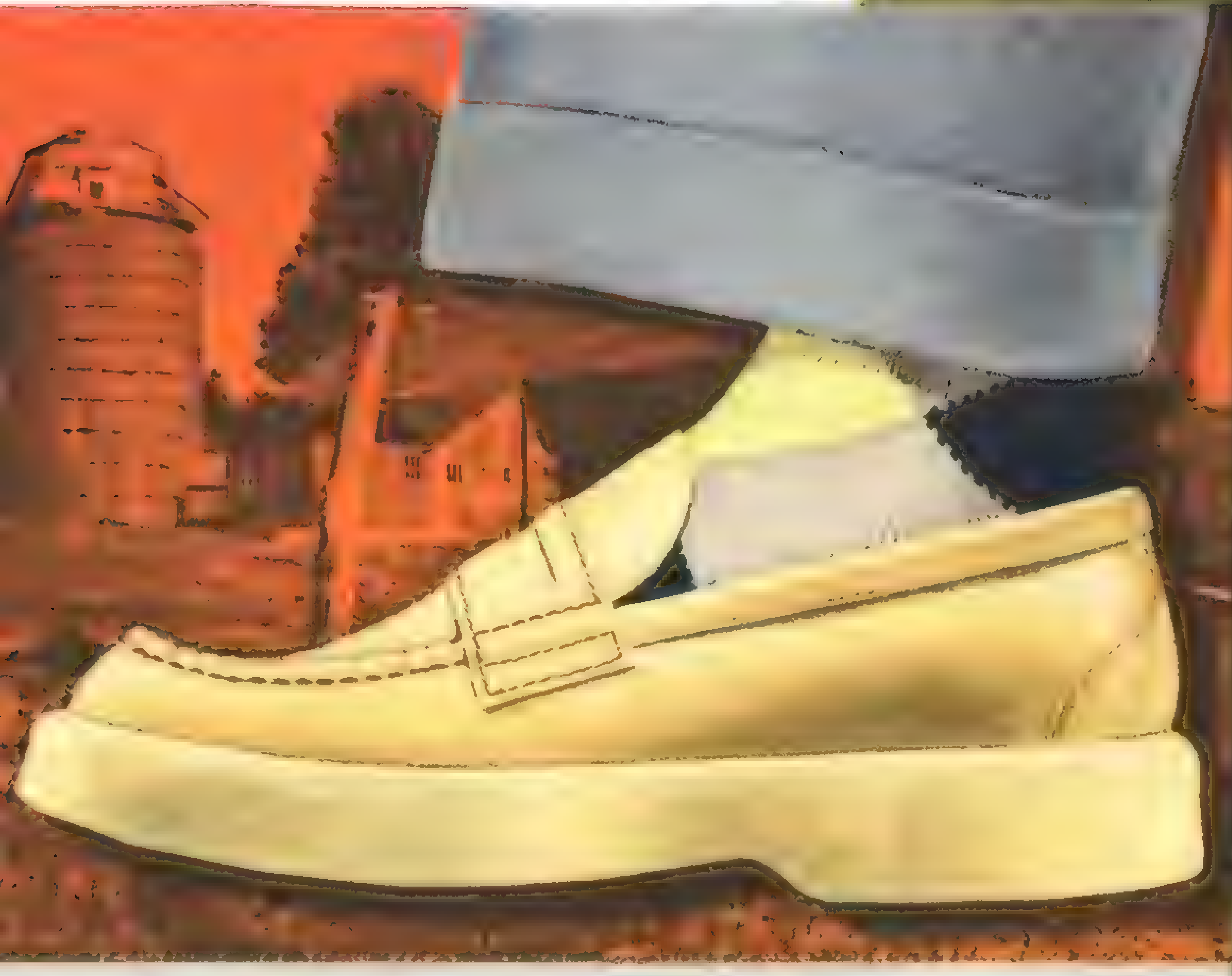
WELL WORTH YOUR UNDERSTANDING

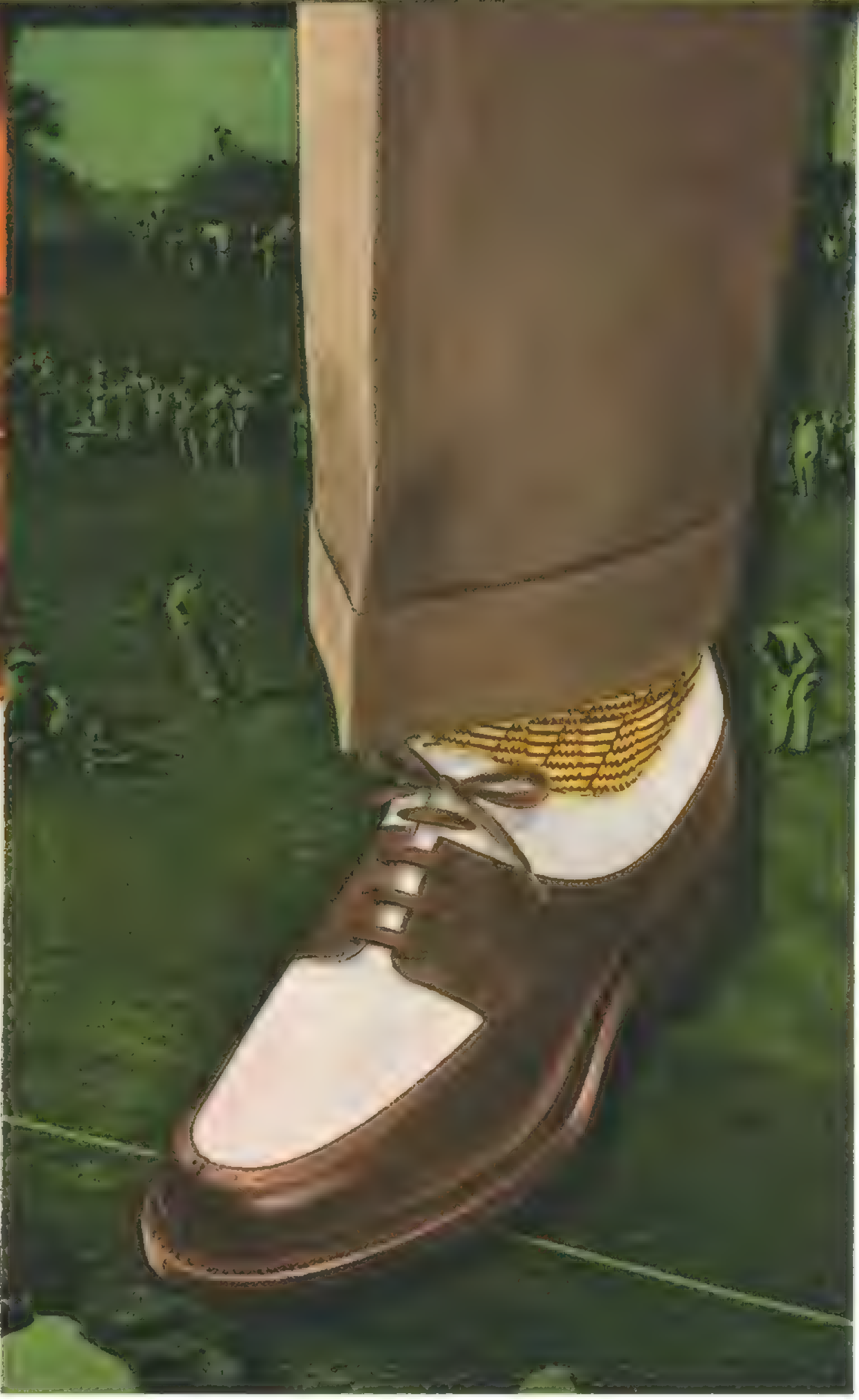
Town: We know that shoes are primarily made for walking in and for comfort, and so, if you ever find anything different in Esquire, you may write in for the gilded shoelaces kept in the Fashion Editor's top-drawer as a reward for your alertness. But, in the meantime, plus the above mentioned essentials of footwear, we give you the secrets of bringing your shoes and your suit fabrics together in coordinated harmony and for every occasion. Left: illustrating the '49 trend in dark footwear, the midnight Moroc with a grey-blue suiting and original ziz-zag panel socks. Directly above: Reverse calf shoe (it's making a decided comeback this year) in a deep brown shade, for wear with your Glen Plaid in town when you need a touch of something solid for business, but want to be in the right habit for beating it out to the country at 5 PM and looking OK when you arrive. Below: the 2-eyelet patent leather for evening, smartest thing you've ever seen on a dance floor, and comfortable and sleek as a slipper.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERIC LEWIS



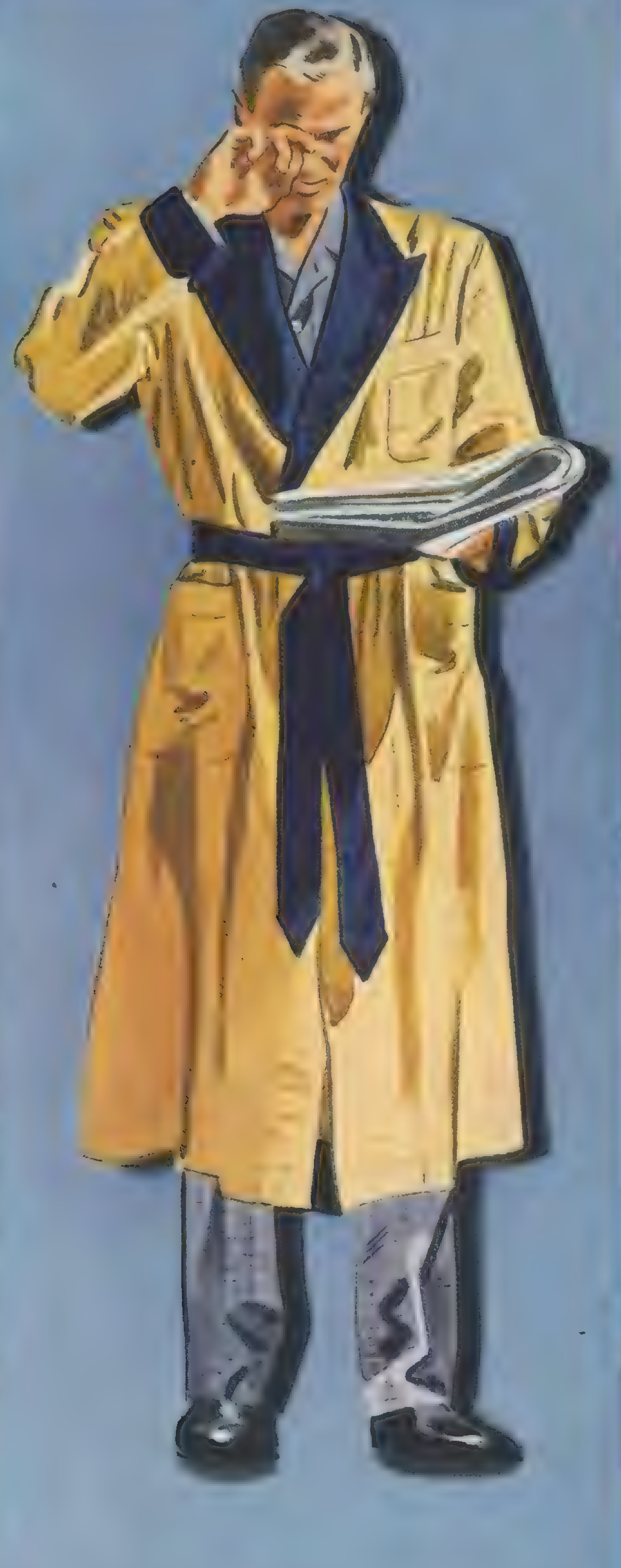






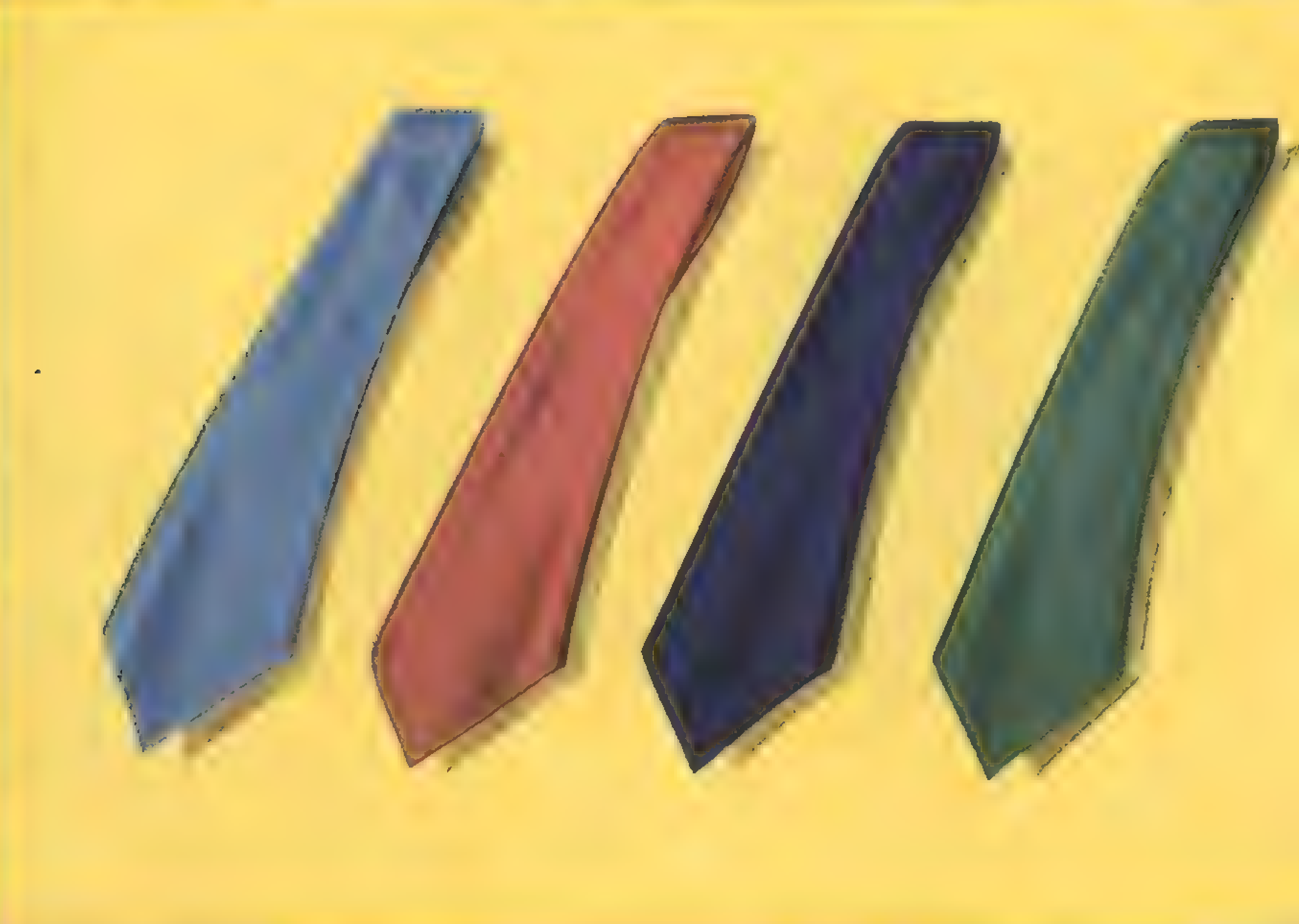
Country: Your shoes are just as important on that country weekend as for business. You can't beat through the brush in leather soles and heels, and just as surely, you can't spend an afternoon at Long Island's fastest polo game and catch the late train for a dinner date in town without some style which carries you through chukkers and champagne with equal success. So we give you (above) a rugged calfskin that will back you up at Meadowbrook or El Morocco. *Center* is definitely the birds-and-bees angle for you, a moccasin in the new outdoor color straight off the Western ranges, Palomino. The thick crepe sole is just getting back after the war, and you'll remember that it's absolutely unbeatable for comfort and secure footing. Speaking of footing (right) the golf shoe here is a par-breaker with its strong, high-walled sides for roominess and protection. And the thing about it that you can't see (but you can approve of if you've ever swung a club) is a row of small spikes on the inside flange, underfoot, to keep your footing firm even while you pivot or shift your weight, which is when your ordinary spikes let you slide a bit—into the rough.

DRAWINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNOLD GLANTZ & BERNARD GOLDBERG



The Bold Look in Shantung. This robe has peaked lapels, wide shoulders, and full chested build (it is long, too, falling three full inches below the knee, which emphasizes your height). The pajamas, too, are Shantung weave.

DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON

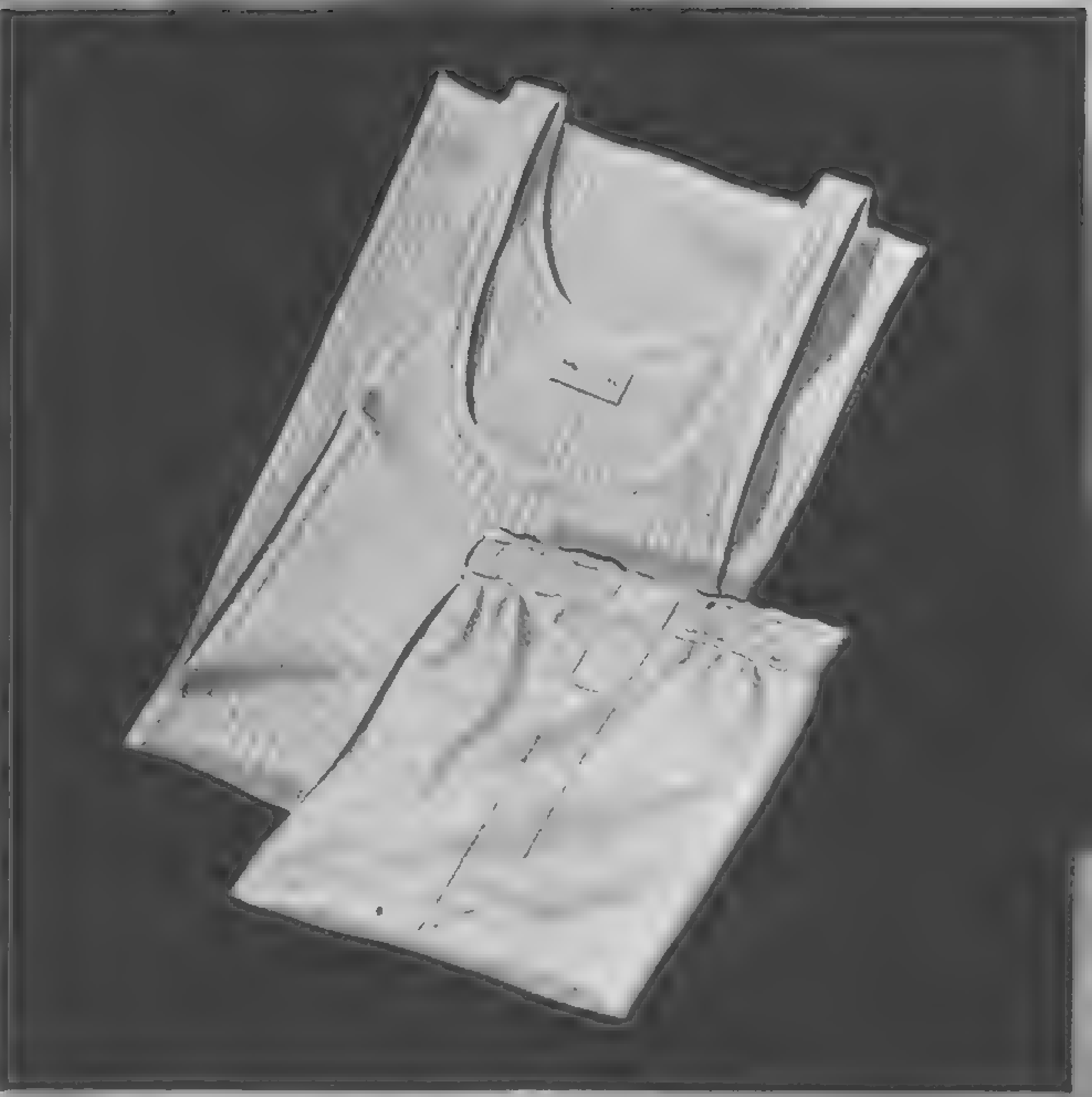


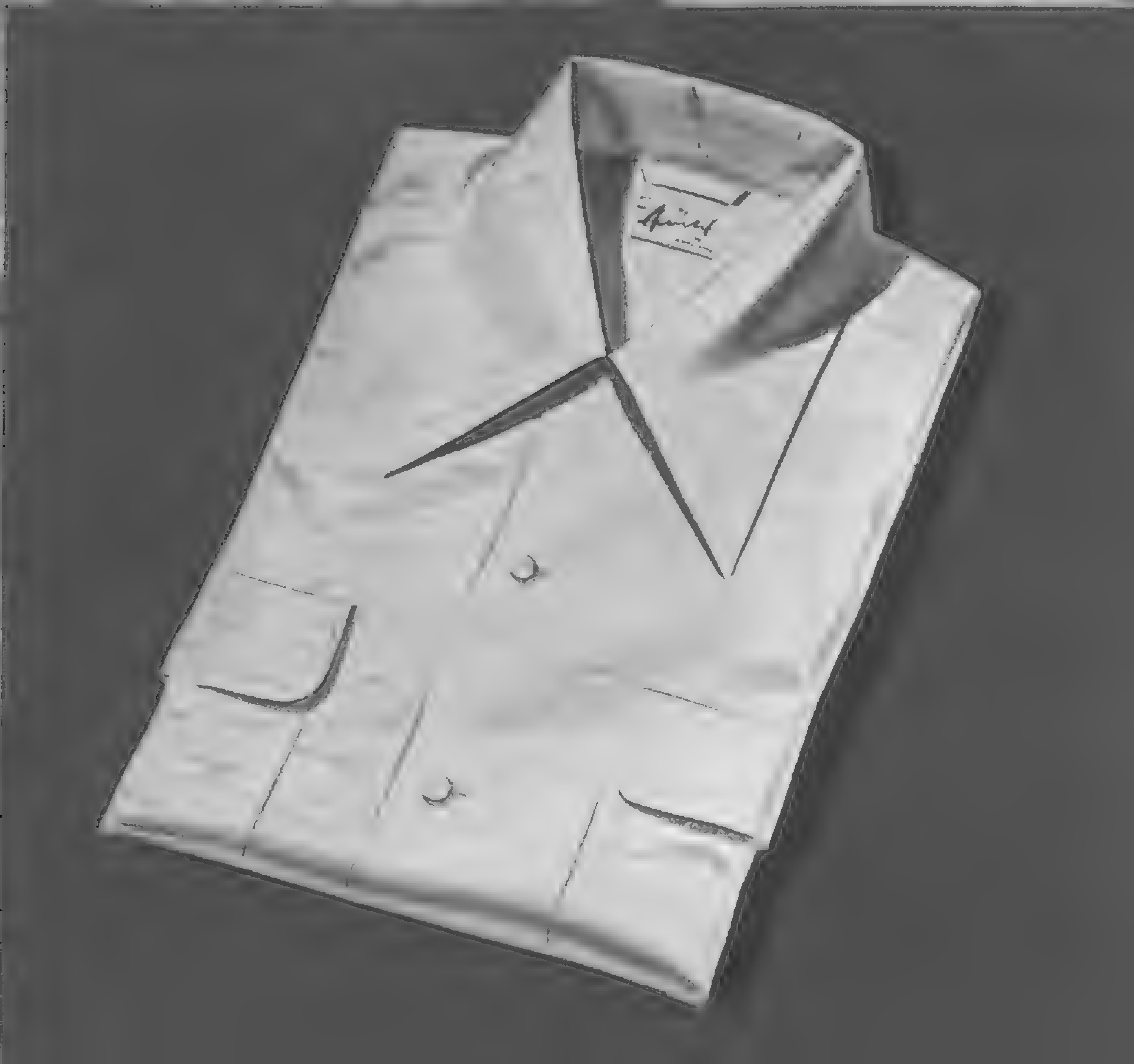
SHANTUNG IS BACK AGAIN

The coolest, crispest, smartest fabric that ever won over even the most rugged individualist is back from the wars—Shantung, in a modern interpretation. Its slight nubbiness guarantees you a masculine effect in every way Shantung is used, and that its luxury surface pleases even Oriental potentates is no secret this side of the nearest pile of rubies. The ties shown here are in plain colors, but with the bright, rich colors characteristic of Shantung. The Bold Look undershirt is panelled with broad ribs down the front and back, narrow under the arms and down the sides, to hug you like a glove and build up your build—a neat, clean line for Shantung to show off. The boxer shorts, elastic all around to hold in your middle and give a flat understructure to your trousers, are also available now in Shantung. The Shantung shirt, cool and light, and substantial, has hefty pockets, and collar points swinging out toward the shoulders instead of pointing straight to the ground, a touch which emphasizes shoulder width.

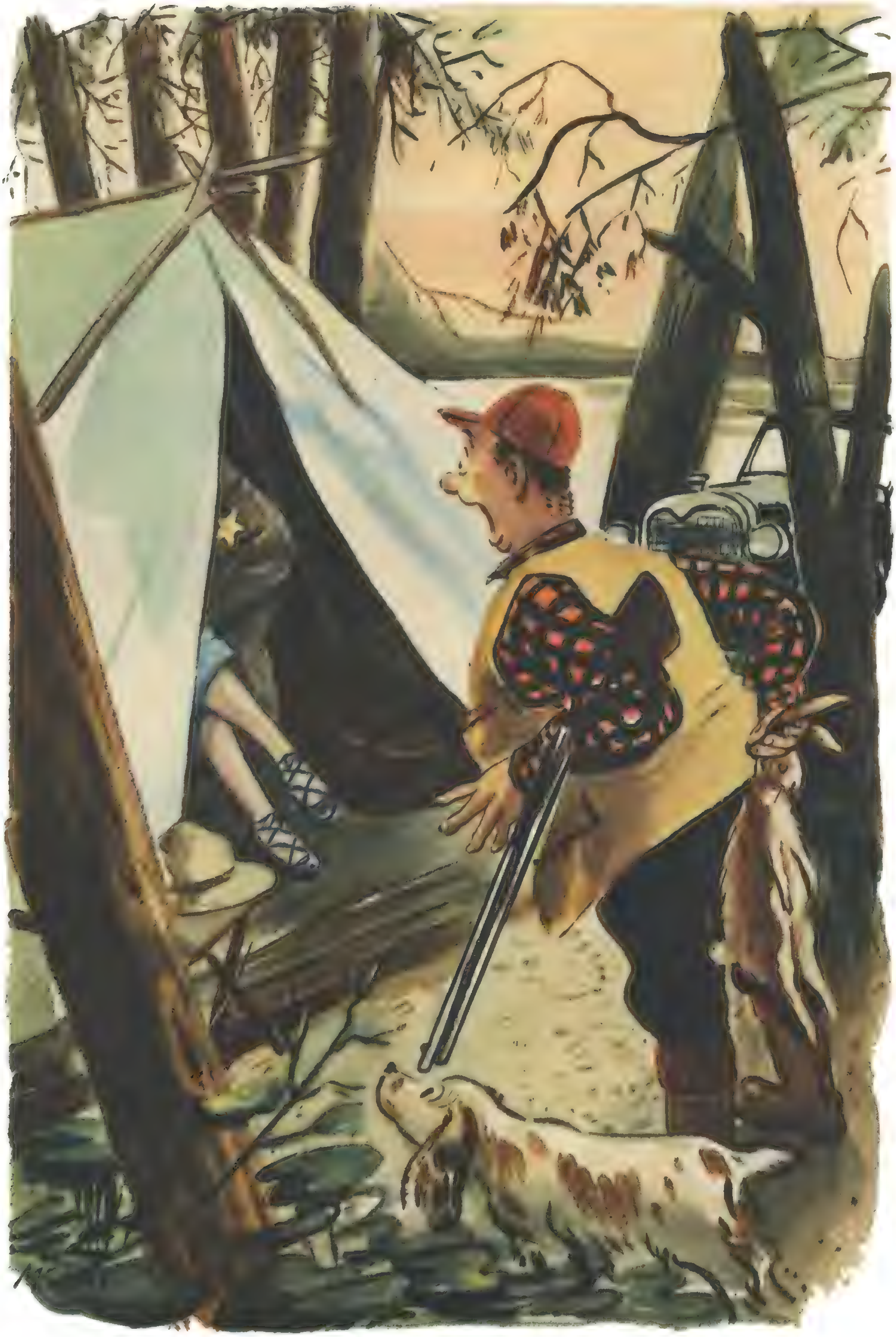
DRAWING BY BERNARD BURROUGHS

PHOTOGRAPH BY EWING GALLOWAY

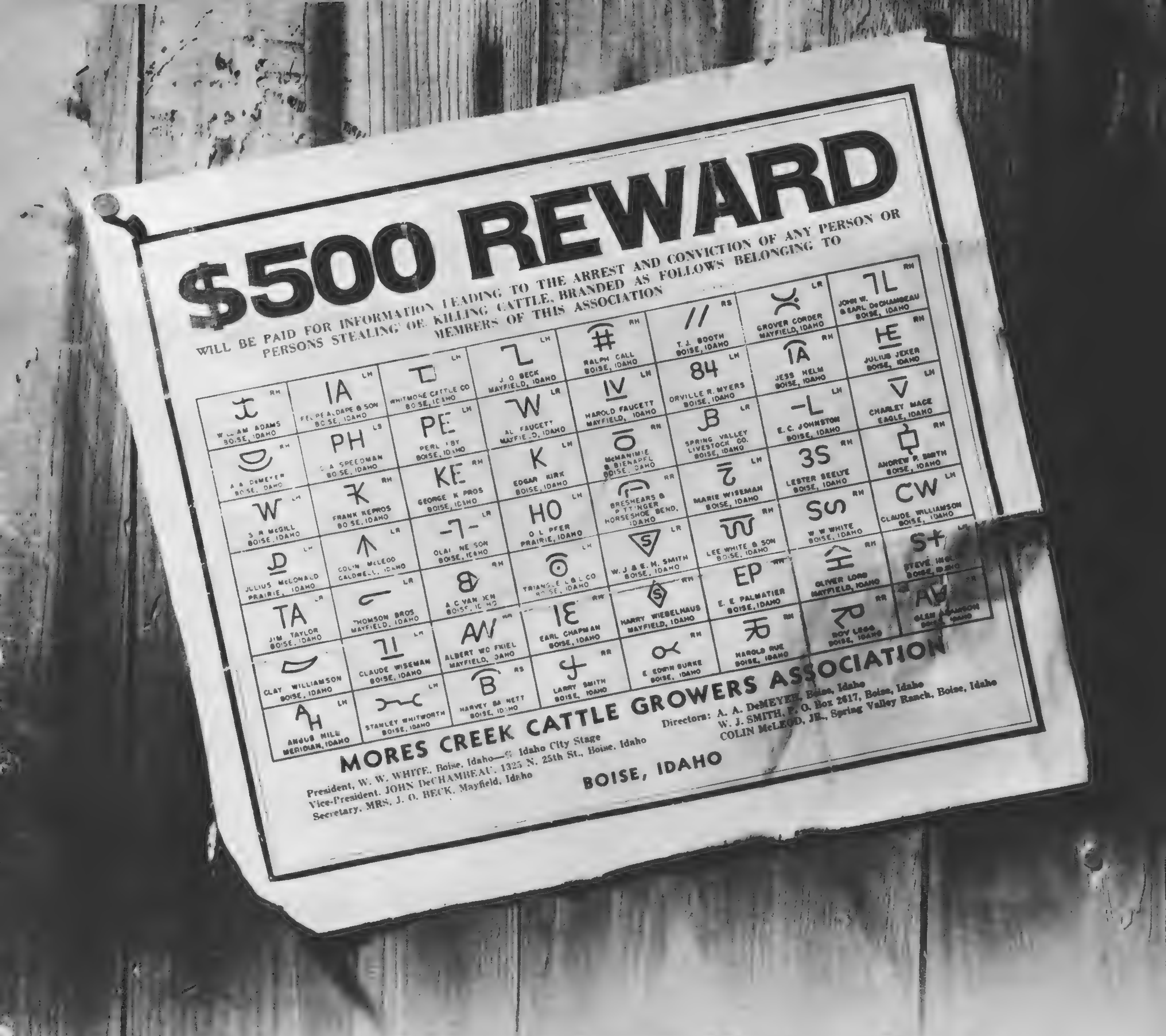




(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



"Ethel! The game warden!"



$500 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST AND CONVICTION OF ANY PERSON OR PERSONS STEALING OR KILLING CATTLE, BRANDED AS FOLLOWS BELONGING TO MEMBERS OF THIS ASSOCIATION

RH WILLIAM ADAMS BOISE, IDAHO	IA LH FELPE ALDAPE & SON BOISE, IDAHO	LH WHITMORE CATTLE CO BOISE, IDAHO	LH J. O. BECK MAYFIELD, IDAHO	# RH RALPH CALL BOISE, IDAHO	// RS T. J. BOOTH BOISE, IDAHO	LR GROVER CORDER MAYFIELD, IDAHO	7L RH JOHN W. & EARL DeCHAMBEAU BOISE, IDAHO
RH A. A. DeMEYER BOISE, IDAHO	PH LS C. A. SPEEDMAN BOISE, IDAHO	PE LH PERL IBY BOISE, IDAHO	W LR AL FAUCETT MAYFIELD, IDAHO	IV LH HAROLD FAUCETT MAYFIELD, IDAHO	84 LH ORVILLE R. MYERS BOISE, IDAHO	IA RH JESS HELM BOISE, IDAHO	HE RH JULIUS JEXER BOISE, IDAHO
W LH S. R. McGILL BOISE, IDAHO	RH FRANK KEPROS BOISE, IDAHO	KE RH GEORGE K PROS BOISE, IDAHO	K LH EDGAR KIRK BOISE, IDAHO	RH McMANIMIE & BIENAPFL BOISE, IDAHO	JB LR SPRING VALLEY LIVESTOCK CO. BOISE, IDAHO	-L LH E. C. JOHNSTON BOISE, IDAHO	V LH CHARLEY MACE EAGLE, IDAHO
D LH JULIUS McDONALD PRAIRIE, IDAHO	LR COLIN McLEOD CALDWELL, IDAHO	-7- LR OLAI NE SON BOISE, IDAHO	HO LH O. L. PFER PRAIRIE, IDAHO	RR BRESNEARS & PITTINGER HORSESHOE BEND, IDAHO	LH MARIE WISEMAN BOISE, IDAHO	3S RH LESTER BEELYE BOISE, IDAHO	RH ANDREW P. SMITH BOISE, IDAHO
TA LR JIM TAYLOR BOISE, IDAHO	LR THOMSON BROS MAYFIELD, IDAHO	RH A. C. VAN XEN BOISE, IDAHO	LH TRIANGLE L & L CO BOISE, IDAHO	S LR W. J. & E. M. SMITH BOISE, IDAHO	RH LEE WHITE & SON BOISE, IDAHO	RH W. W. WHITE BOISE, IDAHO	CW LH CLAUDE WILLIAMSON BOISE, IDAHO
CLAY WILLIAMSON BOISE, IDAHO	LR CLAUDE WISEMAN BOISE, IDAHO	AW RR ALBERT WOFKIEL MAYFIELD, IDAHO	IE RW EARL CHAPMAN BOISE, IDAHO	S RH HARRY WIEBELHAUS MAYFIELD, IDAHO	EP RH E. E. PALMATIER BOISE, IDAHO	RH OLIVER LORD MAYFIELD, IDAHO	S+ LH STEVE INGL[illegible] BOISE, IDAHO
AH LH ANGUS MILE MERIDIAN, IDAHO	LH STANLEY WHITWORTH BOISE, IDAHO	B RS HARVEY BARNETT BOISE, IDAHO	RR LARRY SMITH BOISE, IDAHO	RH E. EDWIN BURKE BOISE, IDAHO	RH HAROLD RUE BOISE, IDAHO	RR ROY LEGG BOISE, IDAHO	RR GLEN [illegible]SON BOISE, IDAHO

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BOISE, IDAHO

Brands from Hell to Texas

Whether brands brag, joke, tell a story, or just look pretty, they mark a man's property—livestock or women—as his very own

An Article by OREN ARNOLD

One recent evening I danced with a beauteous maid whose costume revealed assorted cattle brands burned by the sun on her bare shoulders and back.

She was a guest from the East and we were at a Rocky Mountain flingding. We western gentlemen, ever gallant, hovered around. We named—and of course touched—the *A Slash Bar*, the *Seventy Six Connected*, the *Me and Emma*, the *Flying U*, the *Pete Coffin*, the *Two Hearts*, the *Broken Arrow*, and the somewhat naughty 2NP brand. We were about to award her the evening's popularity prize when a dainty little bride stepped up. "Look here!" she said, modestly hoisting a corner of her skirt and arousing more than casual interest. There, on the outer left hip, a zealous (and no doubt jealous) bridegroom had fireburned his ranch brand—a permanent scar to remind all and sundry that she was his'n.

It is doubtful if such practices will materially affect the welfare of the nation, but I like them. It's cute for dude girls to stick adhesive tape on their nakedness and let the sun tan around it. And too dang many rustlers have been roping too many good wives away from too many husbands. Moreover, these are just types of the now incredibly broad usage to which brands are being put. Far more brands are found off cattle today than on them.

Americans everywhere began discovering the decorative and story value of the strange designs we burn on steers in 1940, when the first book on branding lore appeared. At the time, I thought it a superbly good book; I wrote it in collaboration with John P. Hale. But it was by no means comprehensive, and disappointed ranchers by the thousands complained that their brands were omitted.

Yet we could hardly have done a comprehensive book. America has at least a million different cattle brands in history or on current registry

(*Continued on page 130*)

KODACHROME BY FONSSAGRIVES

All in Good Season

Here's a piece designed for reading at table in low, meaningful tones if your woman, like 90 per cent of them, can't get beyond chapter one in the cookbook

An Article by

WILLIAM WALLACE IRWIN

In 1932, there was published in Paris a novel by Raymond de Rienzi which was entitled *Les Formiciens* and which, unfortunately, did not have the success it deserved. The tale was simply the account of the adventurous life of an ant who lived in the Secondary Era, eons before the most primitive of mankind made his appearance. The author showed how, even at that early epoch, the ants were skilled construction engineers; they planted and operated food-producing farms, maintained armies, kept cows (aphids) and had a highly developed social organization. Their bodies, built with the skeleton on the outside and the vital organs thus protected, were much more efficient machines than the soft and easily injured mass of watery cells that we human beings inhabit. Logically, with such advantages they should have inherited the earth—but they gradually permitted the females to gain control of the government and matriarchal rule was their ruin. The conservative sex were largely unimaginative and liked things to stay as they were; also they enjoyed their dominance. Gradually, male initiative was suppressed, male ants were maintained purely for breeding purposes, and—ants have remained what they were in the Secondary Era.

Monsieur de Rienzi's novel should give us pause. No matter what they profess, the great majority of females—whether ants or women—hate all change with a deep and abiding hatred; and the corollary is that they lack imagination. Imagination means new ideas, new ideas mean change, change means progress. This is the reason why the great majority of all creative artists, be they painters, musicians, or engineers, are male.

This female conservatism is particularly noticeable in the vital question of food. Practically all the great creative cooks are men, even though 99% of the world's nourishment is prepared by women. Many women are splendid cooks—and we doff our beaver to them—but once they have learned how to prepare a good dish, they are inclined to stick eternally to the proved preparation. Rarely does it occur to them to try how the dish would taste made another way.

Let us go to Boston. (Don't be alarmed; we don't have to stay there.) The Boston baked bean when prepared by loving hands is a dish worthy of a gourmet's serious consideration, but it would never occur to a Boston housewife—as it did to a male friend of ours—to substitute a good handful of fresh country sausage for the classic chunk of salt pork. No, no! By the Sacred Codfish, tradition must be preserved!

Many years ago, we were a gay young bronco-twister in Idaho. Our ranch was twelve hours by trail from the railroad, and all the supplies came in on pack horses. The bean was on the table three times a day. There were, in the whole country, just three ways of preparing beans—plain boiled, stewed with chili and tomatoes, and baked. Our partner—may the turf lie light above him—and ourself put our heads to work, with the result that in the course of time we could boast that not twice a month did our beans have the same taste. Our reputation as cooks spread to such an extent that tired men would stay two extra hours in the saddle in order to stop overnight at our ranch.

But was the cooking complicated? Not at all; we merely disguised the traditional dishes by altering the seasoning. One day the flavor dominating the beans would come from celery seed, the next from garlic, then curry, mustard seed, sage, thyme, onion, tomato, chili colorado, green peppers, tart apples, and so on down the nearly endless line.

It is not necessary to invent new dishes, my brethren; much can be accomplished as we did by simply altering the flavor of an old favorite. Take a few juniper berries and a pinch of thyme, crush them well in an egg of butter, and use the butter to anoint, inside and out, the chicken you are going to roast. If you baste it well and often, you will have practically a different bird to eat.

We hold that Philadelphia contains more real gourmets than any other city in the United States. (San Francisco and New Orleans papers please copy.) Unfortunately, however—with the solitary exception of Stewed Snapper—if you wish to taste the marvelous Philadelphia cuisine, you must be invited to one of the more exclusive clubs or to a private house; the local restaurants seem to know it not. Which reminds us . . .

It was during the Prohibition period of accursed memory and we were dining with a friend in his club. When the waiter had placed the terrapin on the table, the maître d'hôtel set before us a medicine bottle with prescription label and all complete. In the City of Brotherly Love and Celestial Cooking, the diamondback is prepared with sherry, and, as some of the aroma goes off in the vapor, it is customary to add a few drops of the wine to the food in your plate.

We looked at the bottle and said, "If the terrapin is as bad as that suggests, perhaps it would be better to omit it."

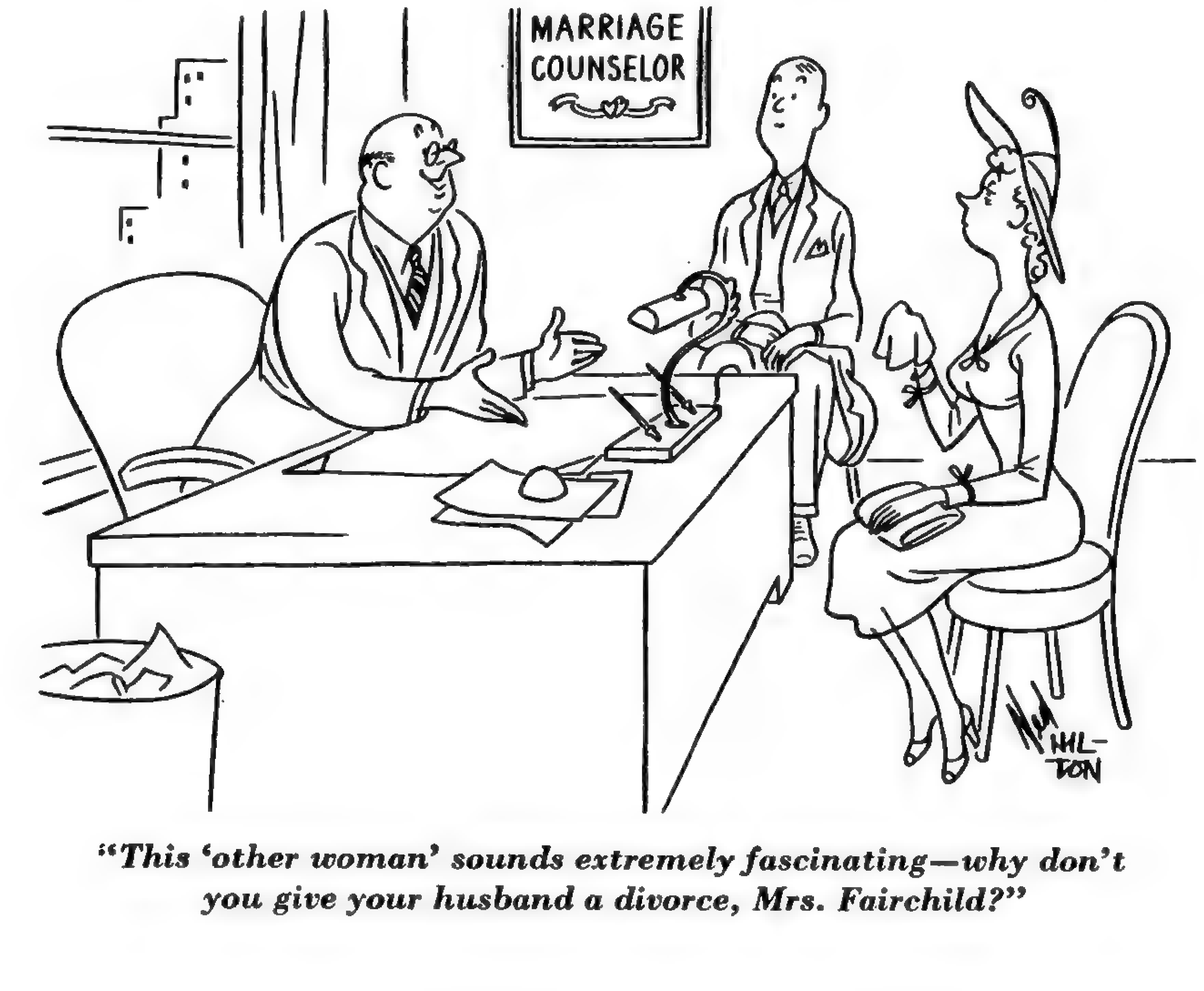
With perfect dignity and not even the trace of a smile, came the answer: "Sir, I regret to state that our bootlegger was arrested last night, in consequence of which I was forced to borrow sherry from my colleague at the Union League. This is it, sir."

And while we are in Philadelphia let us consider scrapple, an extremely simple dish based on ground pork, corn, and buckwheat meal; yet the variations in seasoning have produced countless different flavors.

Hamburgers have become as common as peanuts, but where (*Continued on page 102*)

←In Brightest Africa

Morocco has an area of 172,104 square miles and a population estimated in 1941 at 9,082,900. It is bordered on the north by the Mediterranean, on the east by Algeria, on the south by Rio de Oro and Algeria, and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean. The climate is considered healthful; cities like Tangier and Mogador are recommended as health resorts. The population, which is Berber, Arab, and Jewish, is chiefly agricultural and pastoral. Morocco exports principally eggs and poultry, skins, hides, wool, beans, barley; it imports, among other things, textiles, sugar, tea, machinery. And Morocco has some girls, too.



"This 'other woman' sounds extremely fascinating—why don't you give your husband a divorce, Mrs. Fairchild?"

THE CLASH OF *Stars*

An Adventure Story by

JOSEPH E. SHANER

The shipmate who cheated on him with his wife had forgotten what every sailor knows: the sea is the best place to kill a man

CHIEF ENGINEER MACKINNON'S meaty fingers stroked the vial of potassium cyanide in his pants pocket as he stepped through the salon entryway, facing a startled Paul Gorman. The young second mate slammed the reefer door, retreating across the galley to the mess for unlicensed personnel. "Paul," MacKinnon called. "Paul—"

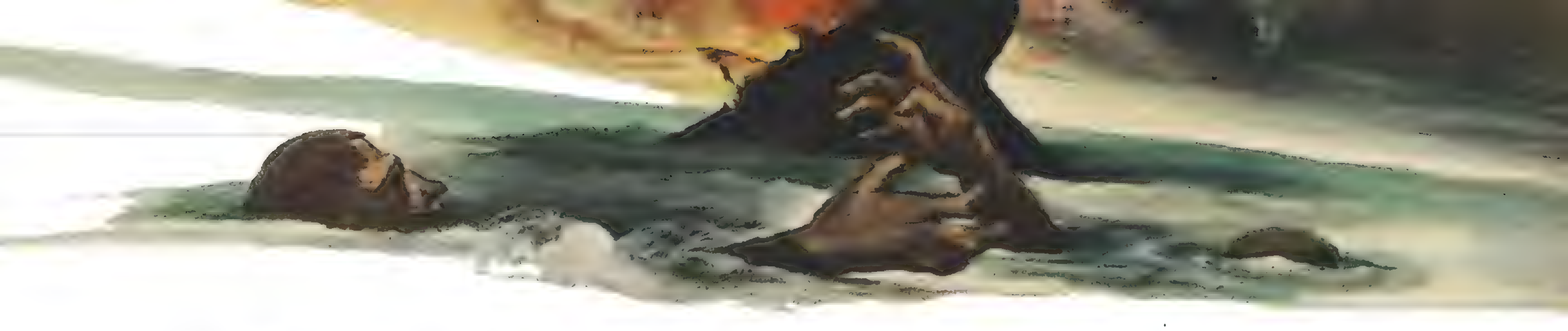
The chief shrugged. All during the run up and down the track to Aruba, Gorman had evaded a chin-to-chin, man-talk settlement of their difficulties. At chow, Paul consistently avoided eating when MacKinnon did and, as now, instead of barbering at night over coffee and bologna sandwiches as had been their custom, he'd skittered off like a fright-stirred kittiwake.

MacKinnon opened the Java tap, filling his cup with its blackness. He put it down on the long table, empty save for a pan of mottled apples and a bowl of three doughnuts, and took his usual chair, glancing perplexedly to where Paul had always sat.

At sea is a good place to kill a man, for you have such a wide graveyard that even the greatest probing seldom yields a corpse or proof of murder. MacKinnon had adapted his plan after that of a Filipino galley boy, but the idea no doubt was old even to ancient Phoenician sailormen. The Filipino had leaped at night upon the back of a bullying boatswain, jammed a meat knife up under his broad shoulders, and rolled his fallen prey into the seething wake. He would have fared well, except that the boatswain's bawling curses woke the sleepers aft.

As MacKinnon's fevered mind proposed, Paul was to receive a candy bar in the darkness starboard, just outside the chief's cabin, where they jawed by night. The druggist had guaranteed the poison worked like lightning on rats, and MacKinnon planned to seize his stricken friend and drop him over the side, assuredly as a dead man. There'd be no screams and no man afloat if the ship's boat was put over to search.

MacKinnon shuddered at his proximity



to murder. He was a hard man, but no killer. The anger that had raked his insides when Helen had professed their marriage a mistake had blown itself out like a swift-dying sirocco. Had he had Paul handy at the moment Helen said that it was Paul she loved, he'd have killed him with his tremendous gnarled fists.

Yet now he had come to believe, his anger taking an incredible turn of rationalization, that it was not Paul's fault, nor Helen's, nor his. It was, the days and sleepless nights at sea had told him, the work of fate that old-time seamen still believe in steadfastly; the inexorable course of all the stars in the sky, with which there is no argument. He had hoped to explain this to Paul before they docked in Baltimore again—but Paul had run from him each time.

"I should have known," the chief said half-aloud. "I am an old man and she is but a girl. It was more than I could have hoped for. Had it not been Paul, likely it would have been someone else. . ."

A pang of jealousy shot through him again and he blinked as he recalled the hesitant look in Helen's eyes when she'd first met his shipmate. That was the day of the wedding—the old, seagoing bachelor of fifty-four making for a home port by marrying a girl of twenty-three. Paul had ragged him and so had the tanker's whole complement of officers and crew, but Paul had come nonetheless to be his best man. And why not—this boy was like his own son!

Fate, for certain, is strange, and one needn't ever have sniffed the tingling good joy of salt air from the deck of a ship to know this. Did it seem possible that the man whose life he'd saved would be the one to betray him? The chief's tongue licked at his dry lips as he relived that moment in the colossal, wind-swept seas off the Virginia Capes during the war. Their wagon had taken a fish, exploding into flame. There hadn't been time to lower the boats, but the chief had snatched a lifejacket as he leaped, feet first with legs wound tight, into the freezing water. He pictured himself struggling and then coming upon Paul, jacketless and foundering in the fire-illuminated sea. He had ripped off the jacket and rigged it under Paul's wildly flaying arms.

A man owes you nothing for having saved his life. MacKinnon knew this, as all sailors know it, but after the Coast Guard cutter had deposited them at Norfolk and they'd lain side by side recuperating at the seamen's home on the Chesapeake, they became strongly attached, the hawser of friendship binding them. MacKinnon had been short on faith in others, in the way of men who sail, but had opened his heart to Paul.

The chief shook his head in regret. They had become inseparable after the rescue, always signing on the same tankers. . . Long hours of jawbone sessions outside the chief's cabin or standing to be washed by the warm winds blowing over the bow on tropic runs. . . . Their nights and days ashore together. . . . And at home, Paul constantly at his elbow when he and Helen were on the town. Had Paul made a fool of him even then?

Suddenly, one of many axioms he'd urged upon Paul nagged itself into his consciousness. Once the chief had said, as older seafarers often pontificate to rawboned gleeps fresh from school, "Take all you want in this world; I've lived a long time and I tell you, take what you want, be it a woman or a dollar; take all you can get."

The mockery of it sliced like a razor into his already torn heart. He had instructed his pupil all too well into the hard ways of life he'd learned at sea and in far-flung ports. He brooded upon it with eyes smarting, feeling that now he knew more about life than any man should ever know. He had only an empty home to go to now, a bereft love with the only woman he'd ever cared for . . . and the tanker *Little Mound* was already inside the smooth highway of the Chesapeake on its way to Baltimore.

A faint smile tugged at the edges of the chief's mouth. With a melancholy touch of pride, he drew out the vial he had intended for Paul. He studied the white contents, drowning the alarmed voice that began crying out against the mad new scheme. He reached over to the doughnut bowl and with the gusto of a rope choker salting hot soup after a cold watch, MacKinnon sprinkled the powder over the three doughnuts.

There was a look of relief upon his face as he heisted one to his lips. This was his almost unbelievable way out, and he paused not at all to debate whether his decision was a sop to his masculine pride or, as he had now convinced himself, a generous gesture in behalf of his wife and his friend. "I love them both," he whispered. "It is not their doing and not mine. The very stars want them together and we are all powerless. The stars have clashed."

In a second, MacKinnon felt as though he had been struck on the head by a snapped winch cable. He staggered to his feet, choking and grasping at his seared throat with his left hand. He thumped about, clutching the entryway of the salon, and pitched along the passageway to his cabin.

His thrown bulk forced open the cabin door. He sprawled unconscious as he fell inside, knocking his wife's picture from the table. Its glass crashed, splattering the doughnut which had tumbled from his hand.

Half an hour later Paul Gorman returned to the officer's salon by way of the galley and unlicensed mess. He peered in to make sure MacKinnon had gone, for he was in dread fear of his friend. The steward had come into the galley and was gruffly fussing over his inventories before entering port.

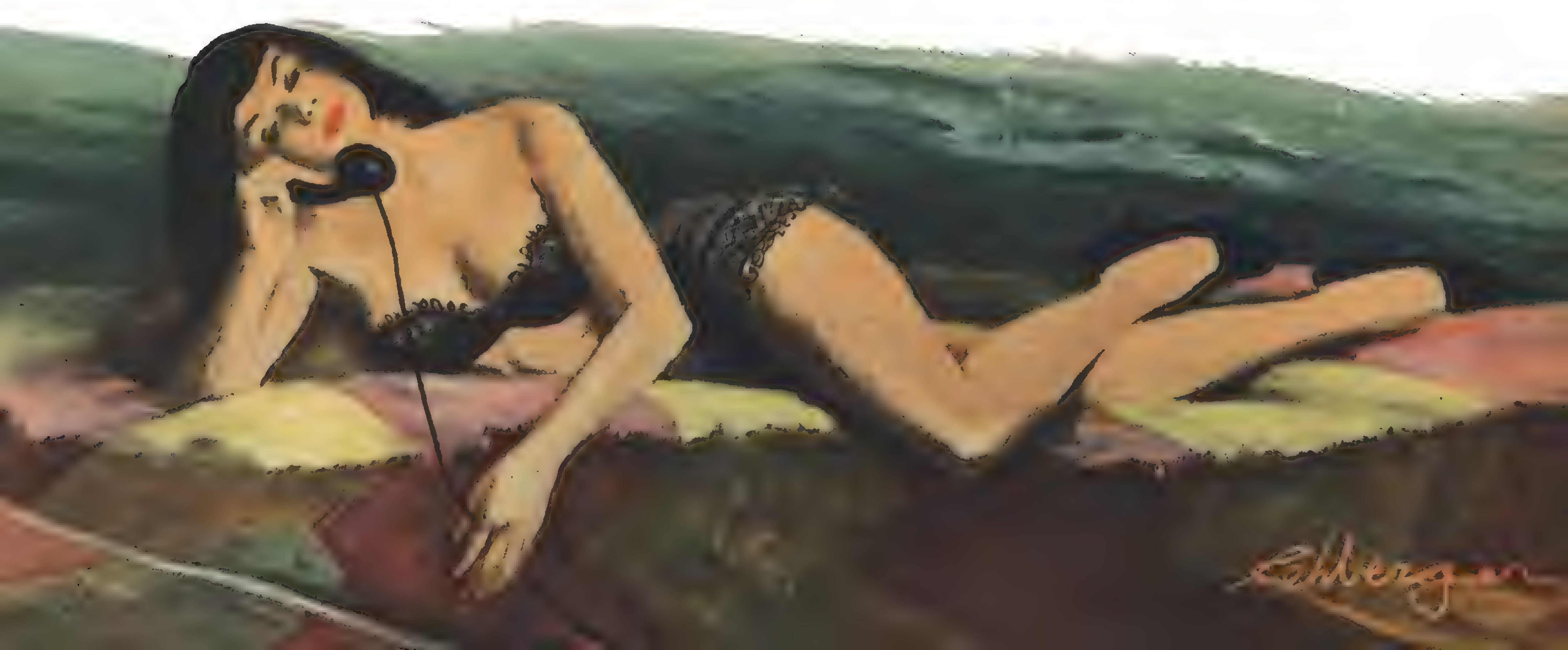
"Hi, belly-robber," Paul yelled.

The steward leered. "Stuff your big mouth with food so I don't have to hear you!"

Paul laughed and flipped the coffee tap and drew a cup. He picked up a doughnut and dipped it into the coffee knuckle-deep.

"Getting fancy, ain't we, steward?" Paul chortled. "Sugar too!" #

ILLUSTRATION BY GUSTAV REHBERGER



Making Flowers Talk

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ESQUIRE STUDIOS

Tips on finding one's way around a florist's shop, with some ingenious ideas for getting out of the red-rose rut and winning fair lady with such thoughtful touches as a corsage to match her lipstick

It's this way about flowers. The right flower at the right time means more to a woman than almost anything else you can give her. Its fragile, fragrant silence sings sweeter to her than the most lyrical poet.

Knowing how to use flowers to say what he wants them to say is as important to a man as knowing how to use silverware. Flowers are part of the social fabric of our time simply because women never have been, nor ever will be, able to resist them. If you are crazy about her, flowers will tell her better than you can. If she's mad at you, flowers—if anything can—will restore you to her favor. She can't stay angry if she wears your flowers, and she *will* wear them if you have picked the right kind.

Remember one thing: be original. Most men are in a red-rose rut. You can gain a lap on your competition if, while they are sending roses, you send a camellia, or a shoulder corsage of shattered carnations.

There are plenty of tricks to flower giving. Have you ever sent the lady a matching set of flower earrings and a flower ring? Your florist can make them out of a few small blossoms of alyssum, stevia, or verbena—lilies-of-the-valley, when available.

If she's really a looker and goes in for silly hats, you might prepare, with the florist's help, an all-flower hat, something sweet and saucy and not too big. Camellias, asters, cornflowers, begonias, eucharis, and gerberas can be the makings of a bonnet that would put Lilly Daché to shame.

If you want to be thoughtful, match the flowers with her accessories. If most of her jewelry is gold, send her Talisman roses, bronze chrysanthemums, copper-colored freesias, or rust-hued tulips. If she favors silver, blue larkspur, white roses, gardenias, or white dahlias would be appropriate. Once in a while you can really touch her heart by choosing carnations or roses that match her lipstick and nail polish. When you know the color of dress, hat, and gloves she is going to wear, a smart suitor will send flowers with blending shades.

Corsages, the proper touch for every big occasion, allow plenty of room for individuality. She can wear them on her shoulder, on her wrist, on her purse, in her hair, at her waist, or suspended, lavaliere-fashion, in the area known to English film censors as cleavage. Wrist corsages, affixed to inexpensive, transparent bracelets, ought to be small and light. Never send a waist corsage, of course, when you expect to dance.

When ordering a corsage, be sure that the florist leaves out the fussy greenery and excess ribbon. The simple flower is best.

Keep the corsage in its box in your refrigerator until you are ready to hand it over to your girl. When calling for a date in freezing weather, keep the corsage in its box until you both reach your destination.

Part of the job of being a good host and having an attractive house or apartment is to display a bowlful of cut flowers at all times. And here's a tip to make your flowers last longer: When they arrive from the florist, cut off a half inch of stem and place the flowers in water up to the bloom, which helps regain moisture lost in transit. Cut-flower preservatives will extend the life of the blooms several days.

It's a good idea to find a florist you like, let him know who you are, what you prefer, and have a feel of your purse strings. Then he's ready, on short notice, to have the kind of flowers you want, where you want them. Of all businesses in a commercial world, the florist has one of the best. He's out to disprove the notion that a flower is "born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." He wants to get this loveliness in a place where it will do some good. He can help you say it with flowers, and when you say it that way, you can't say it any better. ⧻

*The Esquire Flower Chart — WHO, WHAT, and WHEN**

Editor's Note: ***Seasons and geographical locations are likely to limit the kinds of flowers available. Generally, the flowers listed on this chart, each one handsomely appropriate for the particular occasion, are available all the time, everywhere. If not, your florist can suggest a good substitute, or perhaps he stocks a rarer, better bloom. Check with him before ordering.***

	MOTHER	SISTER	SWEETHEART	WIFE	DAUGHTER	MAIDEN AUNT	HOSTESS	BUSINESS GIRL	GIRL ACQUAINTANCE
Christmas	Poinsettia	Carnations	Roses	Roses	Gardenias	Poinsettia	Poinsettia	Gardenias	Gardenias
Valentine	Carnations	Camellias	Sweetheart Roses	Orchids	Sweetheart Roses	Sweet Peas	Carnations	Carnations	Carnations
Easter	Lilies	Hydrangeas	Orchids	Orchids	Sweet Peas	Rambler Roses	Daffodils	Lady Slipper Orchids	Camellias
Birthday	Roses	Roses	Orchids	Orchids	Gardenias	Roses	Roses	Gardenias	Gardenias
Anniversary	Roses	Roses	Orchids	Orchids	Gardenias		Roses	Roses	Roses
Congratulations	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses
Wedding	Orchids	Camellias	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids	Gardenias	Gardenias	Gardenias	Gardenias
Bread and Butter	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses
Formal Party	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids
Cocktail Party	Gardenias	Spray Orchids	Spray Orchids	Spray Orchids	Gardenias	Gardenias	Spray Orchids	Gardenias	Gardenias
Theatre	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids	Orchids	Sweetheart Roses	Gardenias	Orchids	Gardenias	Gardenias
Dinner Party	Orchids	Gardenias	Orchids	Orchids	Gardenias	Gardenias	Orchids	Camellias	Camellias
Bon Voyage	Roses	Gardenias	Orchids	Orchids	Gardenias	Roses	Roses	Gardenias	Gardenias
Sympathy	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses	Roses

*Corsage arrangements and chart prepared for Esquire by Goldfarb Flower Shops, Inc., N. Y.

After all, hearts and
flowers are very close

Remembrance of Kings Past

Remember the 1920's? Those were the slam-bang years when Dempsey ruled the ring and the alchemy of Tex Rickard's promoting genius built boxing's Golden Age

A Sports Article by

JAMES DAWSON

THE years from 1920 to 1930 can truly be termed the Golden Age of boxing. The ring sport never before touched such stratospheric heights. In popular appeal it knew no parallel period; nor has it attained a similar level since. It is to be doubted that it will again in our time.

The twenties saw the world's greatest fighter and the promoter of the ages operating in close harmony and giving the sport a tone and affluence hitherto unknown. The biggest "gate" on record for a boxing bout became history. The ring attracted its largest "paid" crowd. The top purse ever received by a fighter for a single contest was presented. The period furnished boxing's outstanding bouts on an over-all basis. It also provided the most controversial fight in all ring history, past or present, a controversy that has been handed down by chroniclers whose prejudices reflect the slant of their arguments, and doubtless will be argued for a long time to come.

The affluence of boxing in its gaudiest era is attributable to the influence of just two men—William Harrison (Jack) Dempsey, and George Lewis (Tex) Rickard. The record is there for all to see, and it will remain as a lasting memorial to these two figures, whose fame has become legendary. Individually, each was a leader. As a team, they were the greatest boxing ever knew, probably ever will know.

The blazing hot Fourth of July in 1919 that the 187-pound Dempsey hammered six-foot-seven-inch, 245-pound Jess Willard into a shapeless mass of beef was the start of the greatest gold rush since the days of the Forty-Niners. The word and photo picture of the butchery committed by the lean, scowling, black-browed challenger upon the enormous hulk of the champion electrified the sports world.

Then and there was born the greatest star the ring had known, a magnet of such irresistible appeal, with his murderous fists, as to bring millions of dollars into Rickard's till and make Jack and Tex rich beyond the dreams of any fighter or promoter before them.

In five Dempsey appearances under the Rickard banner, the gate passed a million dollars, for a total of $8,500,000. Two of them were with Gene Tunney, and one each with Georges Carpentier, Luis Angel Firpo, and Jack Sharkey. In every instance it was Dempsey who brought on the stampede toward the box office. His name carried a magic that made people forget their business, time, distance, and the cost in their rush to get down their money to see the deadliest killer operating outside the jungle.

Nothing like this Tiger Man had been known in the ring since the days of Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin. This bobbing, weaving engine of destruction had the same "color" as the handsome, tawny-haired Ketchel. He had the same heart of an oak, the same aggressiveness to the point of recklessness, the same savage instinct to tear into action and rip and slash his opponent into instant helplessness, hooking wickedly with both hands. For combined speed, hitting punch, fighting spirit, ability to take a punch, and contempt for consequences, the ring has never seen Dempsey's equal among the heavyweights.

On his way up to the championship bout with Willard, he left a wake of destruction. His terrible fists wrecked men like Bill Brennan, Gunboat Smith, and Carl Morris. In 17 seconds he finished Fred Fulton. And then, getting into the ring with the Pottawatomie Giant, who towered above him like a mastiff over a bulldog and little suspected the frightful beating he was in for, Dempsey went berserk. The punishment he inflicted upon Willard in the first round has probably never been equaled. The bell saved the champion, and only his gameness enabled him to carry on after Jack, who had left the ring in the belief that he had won, returned to finish his man. At the end of the third round, Willard's seconds threw in the towel as the giant sat helpless on his stool, beaten to a pulp and his face almost shapeless.

The world never could forget the memory of that awful carnage wreaked upon the giant. Dempsey's fists became associated in the public mind as double charges of dynamite, too powerful for human flesh and blood to resist, and the association continued throughout his career, even after he lost his crown to Tunney in their first meeting in Philadelphia in 1926. Every time Jack went into the ring, Rickard was fearful that he would kill his opponent, just as he had been afraid of Willard killing Dempsey. Tex was so sold on the lethal content of the Tiger Man's punches—like everyone else—that, even after Tunney had given him a thorough beating, the promoter was convinced that Jack would whip him in their return fight in Chicago.

The legend of Dempsey's stark ferocity in making the kill was responsible for making him the greatest ring attraction in history. In his early years Jack was far from being a popular figure. He was accused of being a draft dodger in the First World War, although he was exonerated of the charge later. From the time he left grammar school in Salt Lake City, Utah, he had known only the hardest kind of work, in mines, lumber camps, on railroads, and in shipyards, as he moved restlessly from one job to another.

But whether people liked Dempsey or not, in those early years, before he became one of the most idolized heroes of sport, they wanted to see him in action and paid their money. They had to see the most spectacular showman, the most savage fighter, and the hardest hitter the ring had known. So Rickard had the greatest attraction in boxing history to launch fistiania's Golden Age.

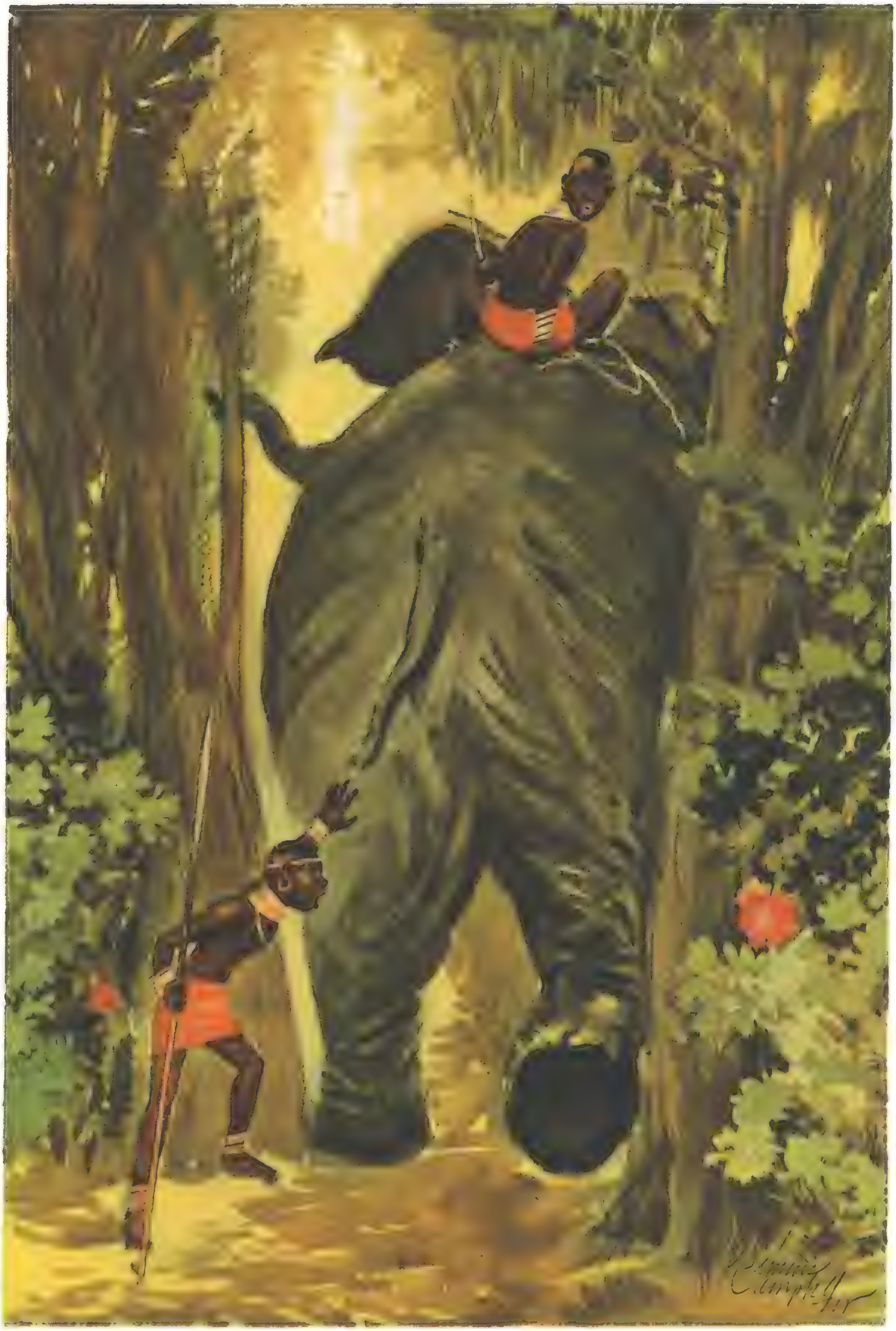
The association of Rickard and Dempsey began with the savage Dempsey-Willard bout. But Rickard's first grand-scale undertaking was the fight between Dempsey and Georges Carpentier on the afternoon of July 2, 1921, in which the champion stowed away Gorgeous Georges in four rounds. That fight provided the first million-dollar gate attraction in boxing history.

I can still see the Frenchman curled up on his right ear, his left leg spasmodically kicking the air in convulsive movement as he gently subsided to be counted out by the referee, Harry Ertle. I can still see, too, the mammoth pine (*Continued on page 134*)

TUXEDOS FOR RENT
hoff

"This tux was owned by Charles Boyer and you know what it did for him"

From Sport's Golden Age, a close-up of the fabulous twenties. Edited by Allison Danzig and Peter Brandwein. Published by Harper & Brothers. Copyright 1948 by Harper & Brothers.



"Okay. Cut 'er hard!"

Nothing You Can Do

Sometimes a cop joins the force because he's looking for an easy life—peace and quiet and something good—but it doesn't always work out that way with murder

A Story by

WALT GROVE

Finley was standing in the corridor, leaning his head back against the wall, with his eyes closed. He had taken off his uniform cap; he was tired and beginning to feel a little sick. Beside him Inspector Olson was silently smoking a cigar. Finley could hear the inspector breathing heavily. It was early morning and the corridor, dimly lighted by naked bulbs, had not yet been swept. The floor was littered with cigarette butts and scraps of paper. The walls needed painting, but all of the city hall was that way—old and run-down. Even the gilt lettering on the office door, which read "Police Commissioner Rogers," had begun to peel.

The door opened. Several men hurried out, putting on their hats. Then a man in shirt sleeves stuck his head out and said, "Inspector Olson! Come in now."

"Come on, Finley," Olson said.

Finley followed Olson inside and through the smaller office into the larger one where Commissioner Rogers was sitting at his desk, staring at them as if he hated them.

"Let's have it," Rogers said.

Olson sat down, sighing, and turned to Finley and said, "Sit down, Finley."

"Come on," Rogers said. "Let's have it."

"Tell him, Finley," Olson said.

Finley's palms were wet. He cleared his throat and said, "Well, sir. Last night, shortly before midnight, Officer James Costain and I were walking our beat, and we had reached the corner of Lavender and Mulroy Streets when Sergeant Smith approached us in a patrol car. Sergeant Smith stopped, and so Costain and I stopped to report to him. While we were talking, Costain said he would walk down Mulroy to the middle of the block to see the man who owned the liquor store there. His name was Bert T. Fowler. I stayed with Sergeant Smith. The patrol car was double-parked at the corner where the bus makes the turn, and so Sergeant Smith told his driver to move the car around the corner onto Lavender, and I went along to continue our conversation. Neither myself nor Sergeant Smith heard the shots. We heard someone yell, and then a man named Monks, who operates a hand laundry next to the liquor store, came running up and said there'd been an armed robbery. I ran around to the liquor store and found Officer Costain dead and Bert T. Fowler unconscious. There was no sign of the killer. The cash register had been emptied of forty-three dollars and twenty cents. Fowler had had most of his money elsewhere, and the killer had missed it. Monks said . . ."

"All right, that's enough," Olson said. He took a piece of paper out of his pocket. " 'Statement by Joshua Monks, et cetera and so on. . . Hearing shots, I ran outside to see a black sedan with yellow wheels depart, driven by a blond man or youth of average build wearing a red sports shirt. I was unable to get the number of the car.' "

"That's all?" the commissioner said.

"That's the story," Olson said. "That liquor-store guy will probably die."

"And that'll make the third one this month," Rogers said. "A filling station, another liquor store, and this. Two men killed, a policeman killed, and another man dying. The reporters were just here."

"It's the same guy," Olson said. "It's all the same one."

"How do you know that it's the same guy?" Rogers said. "Can you prove it?"

"No. But it is," Olson said. "He's never used the same gun twice. And this is the first time anyone's even got a glimpse of him. But it is."

"And what are you doing about it?"

"Well, Commissioner . . ." Olson said.

"I'll tell you what you're doing," Rogers said. "You're giving that description to every man on the force. I want that punk. I want you to get him and get him quick. He got forty dollars. How long do you think that'll last him?"

Olson sighed. "Not so fast, Commissioner. Wait a minute."

"What do you want?" Rogers said. "You want him to kill someone else?"

"Now, wait," Olson said. "Take it easy now. Let me tell you."

Rogers lit a cigarette.

"He's killed a cop now," Olson said. "Not only that, but he killed Jimmy Costain. You know who Costain was? He was a great big kid who was just about the most popular guy we had, that's all. He pitched on the softball team, he loaned guys money, he sang with the glee club, he played basketball, he was everybody's friend. If you ever wanted anything done—any job, no matter how dirty it was—all you had to do was ask Jimmy Costain. He was a prince. Listen—you know how all these cops are going to feel, don't you? I wouldn't want to be that punk killer."

"And that's the way I want them," Rogers said. "I want them stirred up."

"Stirred up, he says." Olson sighed. "Look, Commissioner. I been up all night. I'm tired. Now listen to me. You give that description to all those cops and they'll go out and shoot everybody in town that's got on a red shirt. I'm telling you. You can't give an order like that. Not with Costain dead. You want to kill innocent citizens?"

"What the hell are you talking about?" Rogers said. "Innocent citizens are getting killed as it is. You want to get us all in bad?"

"Now, don't yell at me," Olson said. "I tell you I'm tired. I been up all night. You yell at me again and you can go to hell."

"Take it easy," Rogers said. "I guess we're both excited."

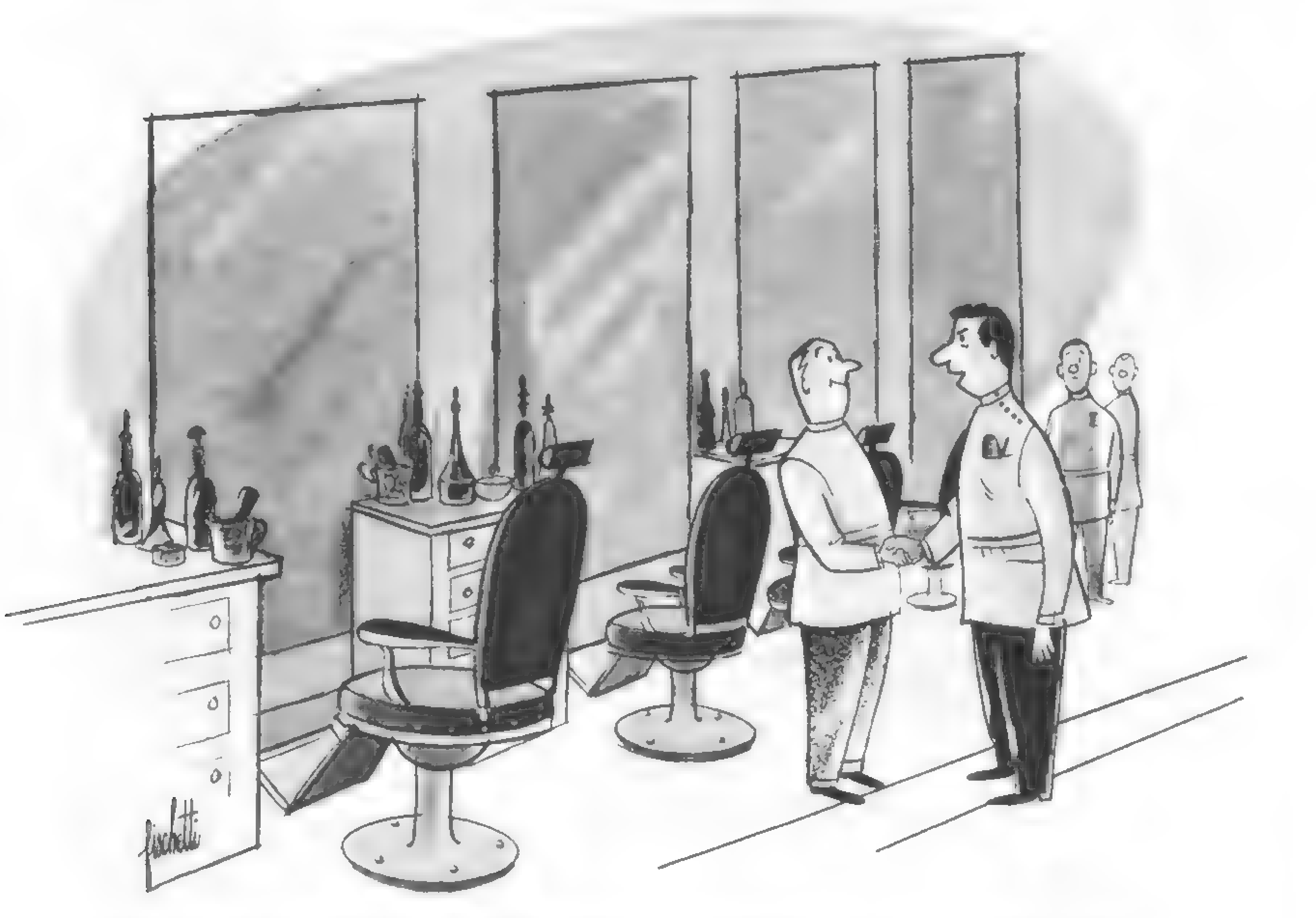
"Let me handle it," Olson said. "Personally. I'll put one of my boys on it. That's all. Just one. We'll round up a bunch of the punks. We got a little bit to go on. Let me take care of it nice and quiet."

"Well, *do* something," Rogers said. "Don't take too much time. Get that punk. Kill him. Get him and kill him and end it."

"Some things can't be hurried," Olson said. "I'll do all I can. Okay?"

"Okay," Rogers said. He glanced angrily at Finley and said, "If you had stuck with Costain last night, he might not be dead now. When you patrol in pairs, you patrol in pairs. Think you know that now?"

"Yes, sir," Finley said quickly. His hands were wet and, as he stood up to leave, his cap slipped from his hands to the floor; he picked it up and stood up again, his face flushed. "Come on, Finley," Olson said. Finley followed (*Continued on page 141*)



"We won't be formal about your promotion to second chair, Kradwill—just let me say good luck and Godspeed"

Esquire's Special Supplement on Sailing

Fine Points on Sailing in Fair Weather and Foul
Outfitting for the Deep-Water Cruise
Design for Cruising
Great Racing Yachts of Yesterday and Today
Yachtsman's Gear
A Yachtsman's Map of the United States
Principal Sailing Events in the U. S.

Fine Points on Sailing

In Fair Weather and Foul

Being random notes on sails, gear and rigging, cabins and cold weather comfort

Sails: If your sails are old but serviceable, send them back to the sailmaker for a look-over. A little recutting may improve their set, and the chances are they'll want re-sewing in a few spots where the stitching has chafed; reinforcing where the heavy strains come, at the head, clew, tack and reef cringles; or new seizings on the slides that hold them to the mast and boom tracks. If you need new sails—and a boat that races needs new ones pretty often, especially jibs—you now have a choice of materials. Nylon is giving cotton a run for preference. It is strong for its weight, presents little friction to the wind, resists mildew, doesn't soak up rain and spray, and requires less attention than cotton. Cotton takes and holds more efficient aerodynamic shapes for different wind strengths, doesn't stretch and sag when it's wet, and doesn't deteriorate under strong sunlight. Egyptian cotton sailcloth is obtainable again, and the consensus seems to be that cotton is still the thing for working sails—mainsails, mizzens, foresails, working headsails, fisherman staysails, heavy genoa jibs. Nylon has the call for spinnakers, balloon staysails and jibs and perhaps, in the heavy weights, for storm trysails and storm jibs which are usually stowed in sail lockers but which, when needed, must stand up to the hardest kind of weather.

•

Rope: Good yacht manila is available again, as are the fancier Italian hemp and linen rope. Nylon rope is costly but smaller sizes can be used for the same work because of its extra strength. Its extreme springiness makes it good for some uses, like anchor rodes, but undesirable for others, like halyards and sheets. One thing to be said for good manila—it gives ample warning by its looks and feel when it's wearing out.

Engines: Yachtsmen used to scorn the lowly "gasoline breeze" but today there probably aren't a dozen cruising yachts (except the smallest sizes) in the country without auxiliary power. Diesel engines, economical on fuel—and, because of their less inflammable fuel, on insurance premiums too—are now built small and light enough to be practicable for auxiliaries of, say, 40-foot waterline and up. For long life, or for sub-freezing weather use, enclosed fresh-water cooling is preferred. Speaking of engines, why not build up your on-board inventory of expendable spare parts—coils, distributor points, carburetor and fuel and water pump parts, Diesel fuel injectors, valve springs and the like?

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Paints and Varnish: These are perennial problems for the yachtsman, and there is a bumper crop of new materials available. Some of the plastic bottom coatings developed in late years give a hard, smooth, polishable racing bottom, highly resistant to the growth of weeds, barnacles and worms. Likewise, some of the new varnishes and topside and deck paints will make her look prettier for longer than the old ones did. But some of the new ones are a very different breed of cats, chemically speaking, from older paints; so forget what Grandpa taught you, follow directions on the can.

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Speedometers: The new ones not only tell you how fast you are going, but also instantly indicate the effect of a change of sails or trim—an invaluable asset when racing—and help with your dead reckoning. Our favorite also has a recording log, but there are newer types requiring less installation that can be used on very small boats.

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Anchors: Nothing will throw your back out of whack faster than horsing a heavy anchor aboard. The new types, by virtue of their design, will hold as well under most conditions as an old style kedge of twice their weight. The best we've used is the "plough" type, but there are other good ones. However, it's well to keep a heavy, old-style hook stowed way in the bilge against a really foul-weather day.

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Stoves: When foul weather blows, you'll need dry heat below. An ordinary cookstove will do the trick for a small boat, or you can install one of the compact fireplace-type cabin heaters that burn coal, wood or charcoal briquets. In the galley, some of the bottled-gas stoves make cooking aboard just about like cooking at home. But their fuel, highly explosive and heavier than air, is far from fool-proof. Have the insurance company inspect your installation and don't leave any unlit burners open. On the refrigerator side we're beginning to see electric refrigerators designed for small boats, but they take quite a bit of power.

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The New Racing Rules: Up on deck again when the weather's fair and your thoughts are racing, it's well to check over the new rules. Get a set of those little boat models that are made up especially for illustrating the rules and fool around with them, putting the boats in various situations and figuring out what rules apply, why, and what to do about it. With a couple of other racing skippers and a bottle of Scotch, you can have a good evening out of this. There's a book, *The New Yacht Racing Rules* by R. N. Bavier, Jr., which will help, too.

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Tuning Up the Rig: Getting the mast to stand straight, with just the right rake to balance her properly, is a tricky business. The helm, when you sail her, should have that indefinable feel that tells you she's "hung up" just right. The most common fault in tuning is to overtighten the standing rigging. If you are always tightening turnbuckles, the whole rig is eventually strung up like a harp and the ship has that dead feeling and won't go. When you reach this stage, slack away all around until the whole web of standing rigging feels slack to the touch. Then start setting up again, beginning with the lower shrouds and working aloft. Once you reach a reasonable but not extreme tension, don't set up on one shroud without easing a turn on another to balance it. The heaviest tension usually should be on the foreward stays to prevent the luffs of the headsails from sagging off when going to windward.

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Wedging the Mast: Masts in many new boats are stepped on deck, so that if a shroud or stay parts, the whole rig will go overside. If yours is stepped in the usual way, on the keel, try inserting rubber wedges in place of the usual hardwood ones, where the mast goes through the deck.

•

Prearranged Schedules: On how many cruises have you knocked yourself out trying to maintain schedules in spite of head winds, fog and foul weather? Set itineraries, that looked fine when you planned them, often turn out to be more work than fun to live up to. So decide on the general area you want to cruise in, select two or three "must" ports to be visited and leave the rest to luck. It's best to lay out your cruises with regard to prevailing winds. For instance, if you're bound from New York down east to Maine, plan to make your farthest east goal in the first few days. Thus you can make your long passages while your crew is still fresh and full of enthusiasm for sailing night and day, and you are pretty sure to have fair winds to boost you along. When cruising in the West Indies, ship your boat to Trinidad or some other island to windward and slide down wind along the whole island chain.

Principal Sails and Rigs

They range upward from the basic cat rig to the traditional two-sticker.

① Cat-rigged Dinghy

② Sloop

③ Sloop with Genoa Jib

④ Cutter under Working Sail

⑤ Cutter with Parachute Spinnaker

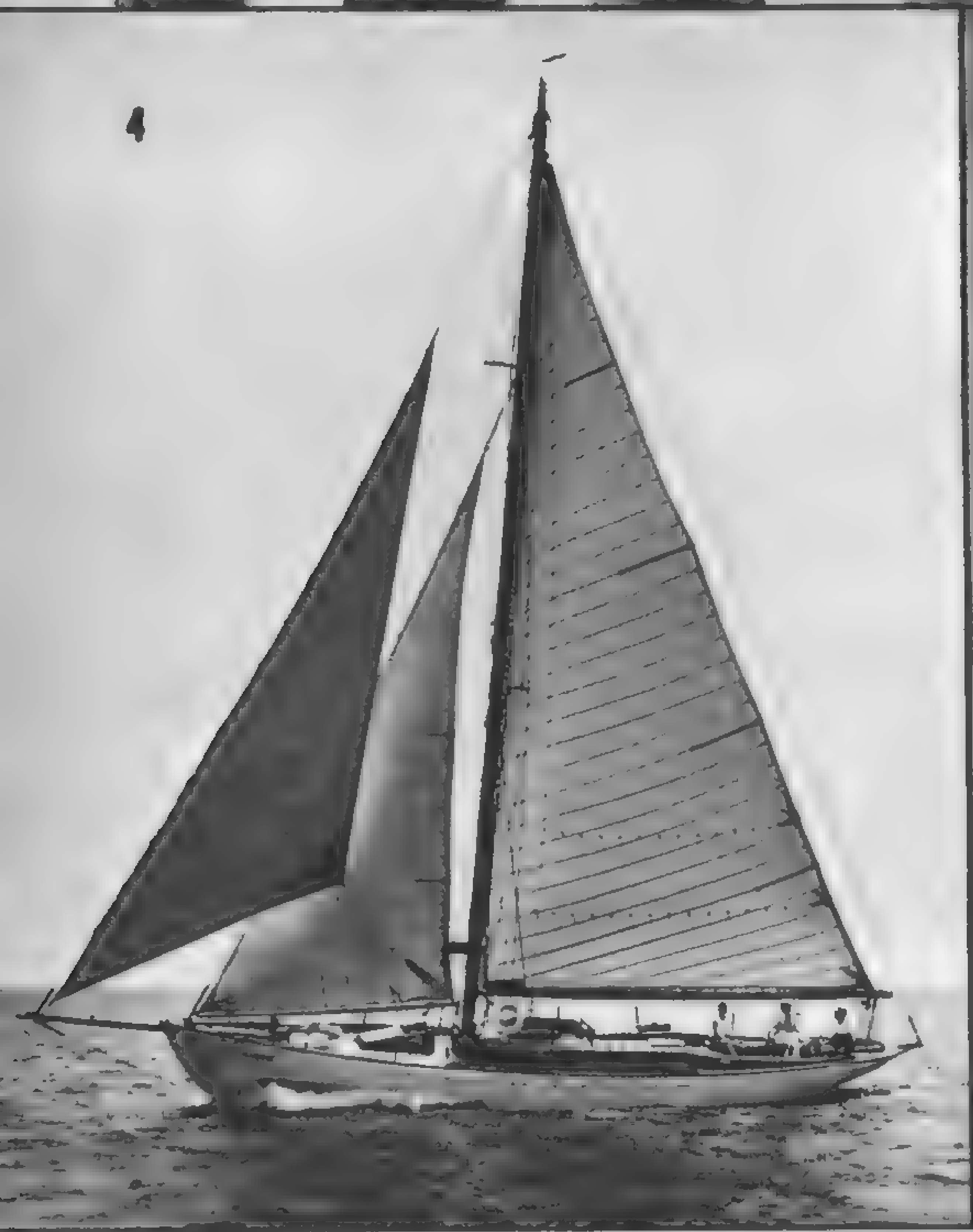
⑥ Ketch

⑦ Staysail Ketch

⑧ Yawl

⑨ Gaff-rigged Schooner

⑩ Schooner under Reaching Sail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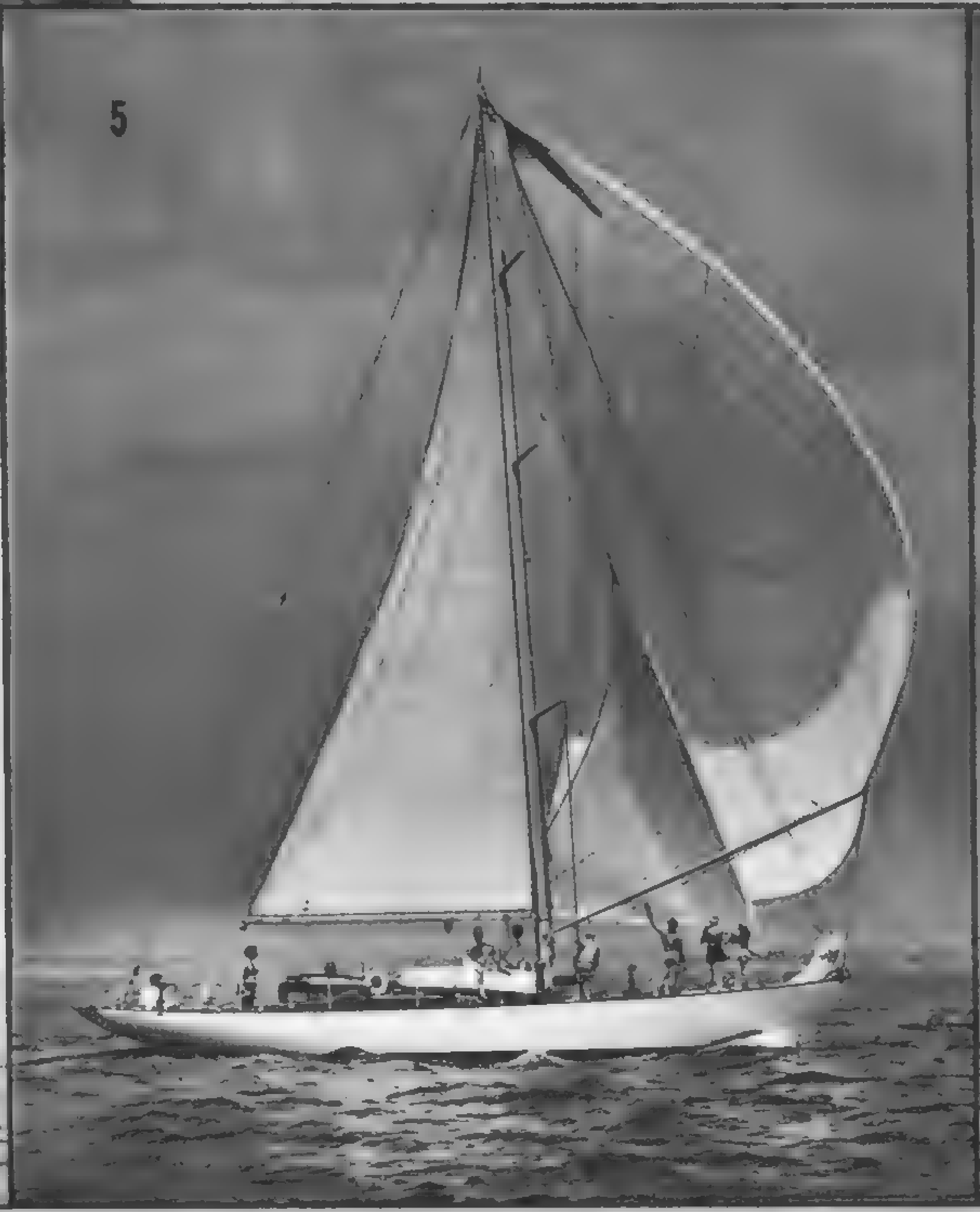
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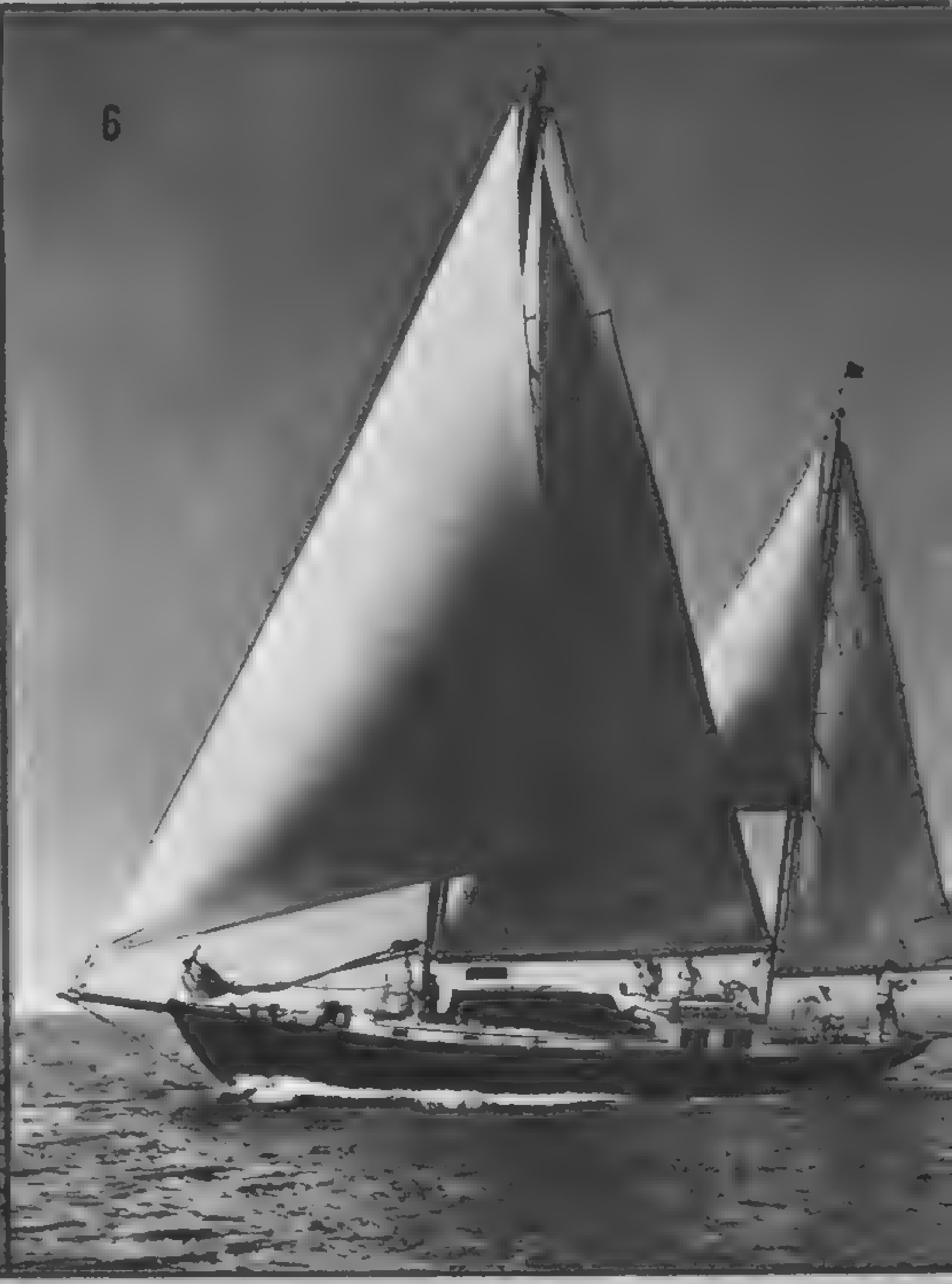
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Simplest of rigs is the cat, with one sail, one halyard to hoist it, and one sheet to trim it, as illustrated (1) by the Frostbite dinghy. The Stars (there are nearly 3,000 of this class) carry jib-and-mainsail rigs (2) characteristic of thousands of small, one-design racing sloops. They carry no "light sails" such as genoa jibs or spinnakers.

Typical of smaller cruising and long-distance racing sloops is the Coastwise Cruiser class, shown here (3) carrying a genoa jib which contributes extra driving power, both up and down wind, in light to medium breezes. All single-stickers with two or more sails are, technically, sloops.

A cutter such as *Aries* (4) is a special kind of sloop, with at least two headsails (jib and forestaysail) and often a jibtopsail as well, with a single mast stepped well back from the bow, often with a bowsprit. *Blitzen* (5), a frequent prize winner, can be called either a sloop or a cutter, since she is rigged for two headsails, although here she's carrying only her balloon forestaysail under her parachute spinnaker. Her rig is unusual in that the mast is abnormally far aft and a larger proportion of her sail area is farther forward of it than in most cutters, while her mainsail is relatively small. The ketch rig is a favorite with blue water cruising skippers, due to the ease with which her rig can be handled and sail shortened in a blow. They're fast, too, as *Malabar XIII* (6) proved in 1947 by winning the Class B (smaller boats) prize in the Bermuda Race. Here, she carries a reaching jib, mainsail, small mizzen staysail and mizzen.

Vamarie (7) has led the fleet to Bermuda more than once and has raced across the Atlantic. She's a special type of ketch called a staysail or "wishbone" ketch due to the rig between her masts, where the upper sail is the mainsail and the lower, a mizzen staysail. The little jigger on her stern was a trick sail she no longer carries. When she did, someone once remarked that she looked like two boats having a luffing match.

Here's the yawl *Royono* (8), a winner in Bermuda and Mackinac Island races, with all her washing hung out and going like a scalded cat. Reading from forward toward the stern she's carrying a parachute spinnaker, balloon forestaysail, mainsail, mizzen staysail and mizzen, sometimes called the jigger on a yawl. A yawl's mizzen is smaller, and its mast stepped farther aft than in a ketch. The yawl has supplanted the schooner as the most popular ocean racing rig.

The schooner is the traditional American rig for large yachts, fishermen, pilot boats and coastwise cargo windjammers, but has been seen less often in recent years. *Brilliant* (9), a veteran trans-Atlantic cruiser and ocean racer, is carrying a genoa jib (in place of her working headrig of forestaysail, jib and jibtopsail), gaff foresail, fisherman staysail aloft between the masts, gaff mainsail and maintopsail.

A schooner steps her prettiest on a reach (i.e., with the wind approximately abeam) when she can hang out the big kites that *Queen Mab* (10) is sporting. They're a balloon jib, balloon maintopmast staysail (known to yachtsmen for some obscure reason as a "golliwobbler") and, of course, her mainsail. Most modern mainsails, like *Mab's* are jib-headed (i.e., triangular) whereas once practically all were quadrilateral with a gaff supporting the head of the sail, like *Brilliant's.*

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10

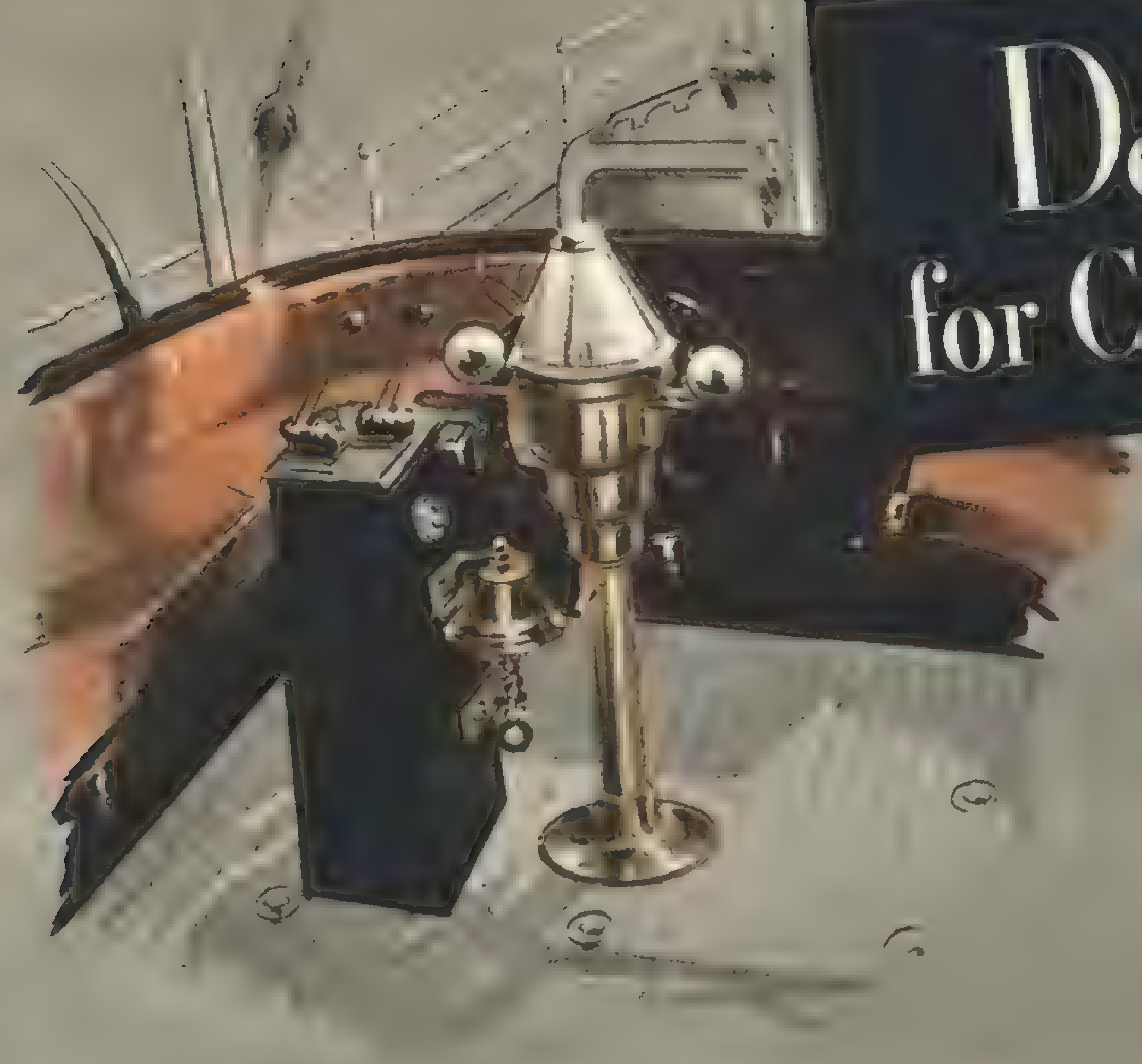
Outfitting for the Deep-Water Cruise

Since ocean cruises include a considerable bit of deep water work where, if things go wrong, it doesn't do much good to sit down and holler for the Coast Guard, it's well to be prepared for all emergencies. There are plenty of books on the subject, but here are a few of the bare essentials. Working sails should be of heavier canvas than usual and should be cut straight on the leaches, eliminating battens. Hand-sewn sails will stand up better than machine-sewn sails, and they should be heavily reinforced where the strain and chafe come. Chafing gear must be rigged wherever two lines may cross or a sail bears against a rope, stay or shroud. A two-masted rig is best, as sail can be shortened for a squall quickly and without reefing. You should standardize on two or three sizes of rope and carry a coil of each size for spare. Rig lifelines around the boat, the top one high enough to be well above a man's knee, the lowest low enough so that a man can't wash overboard under it. Have two hand pumps aboard, both larger than you think you'll ever need. Flares or a powerful spotlight should be kept handy to the helm to avert night collisions.

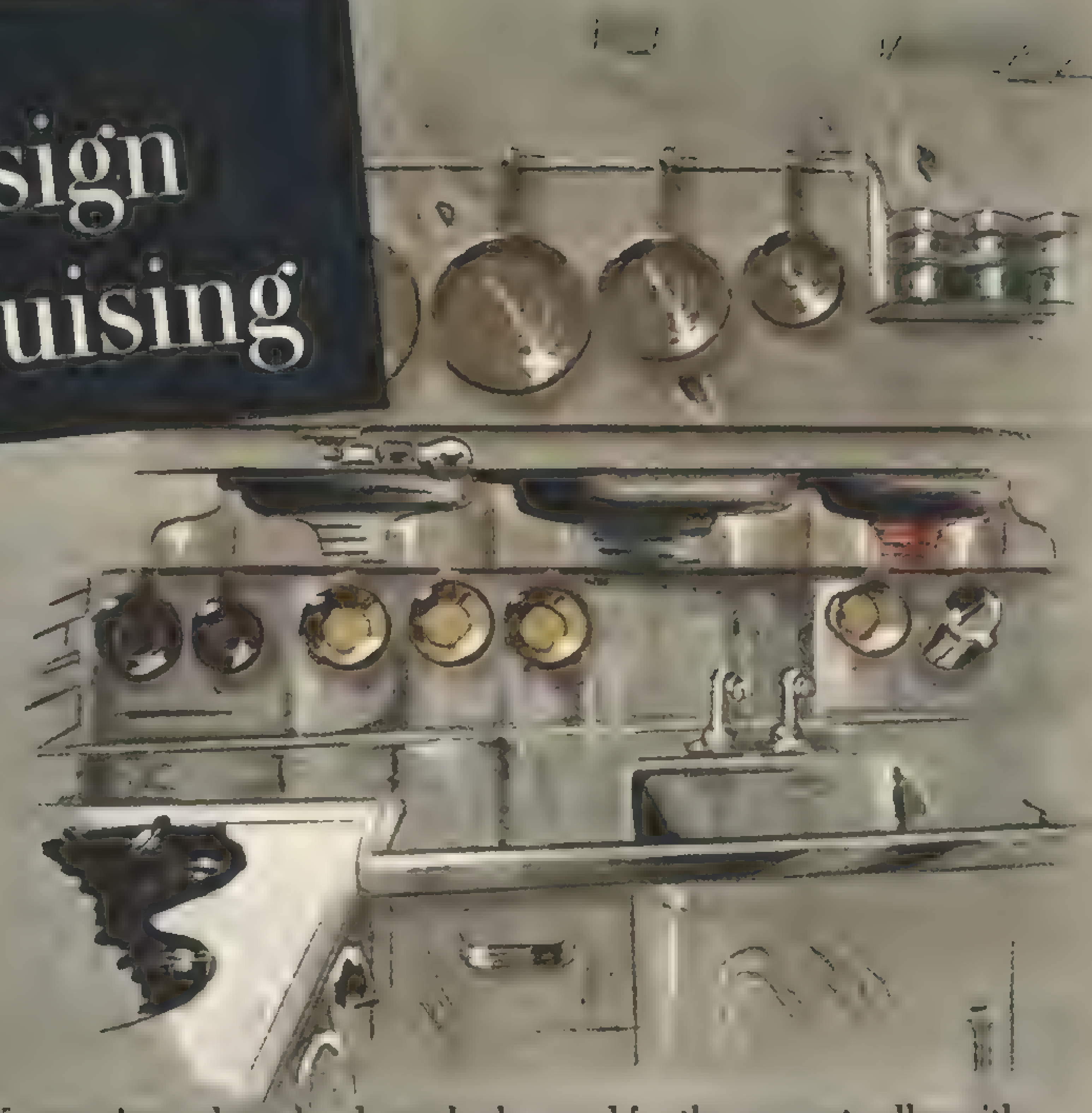
Below decks, have two independent water tanks in case one lets go. Also a few stray cans of water may prove a lifesaver. A canvas trough or funnel for collecting fresh rain water in heavy squalls is also handy. Rig your bunk boards high and strong so that when you're in your bunk, you're really down in it and can't be rolled out. When you're within reach of ports supplying bottled gas, the two stoves at right are ideal. Kerosene, wood and coal are available almost anywhere, and, whatever else you have, rig a primus stove in gimbals so that you can cook one hot dish in any weather. Cans answer the food problem, but since you'll stow most of it under the bunks and cabin sole, take off the labels and identify them with paint. Wet labels in the bilge clog up the pumps. Avoid jars and bottles—broken glass is a bad shipmate. Hot coffee can be served to the watch on deck at any hour from the insulated food container (lower right).

For navigation, a radio direction finder (upper right) is a great help in coastwise cruising, and the electric megaphone beside it may be handy for hailing other vessels. If there is only one navigator aboard, he should teach someone else in the crew to take and work a simple noon latitude sight, in case the navigator gets the pip.

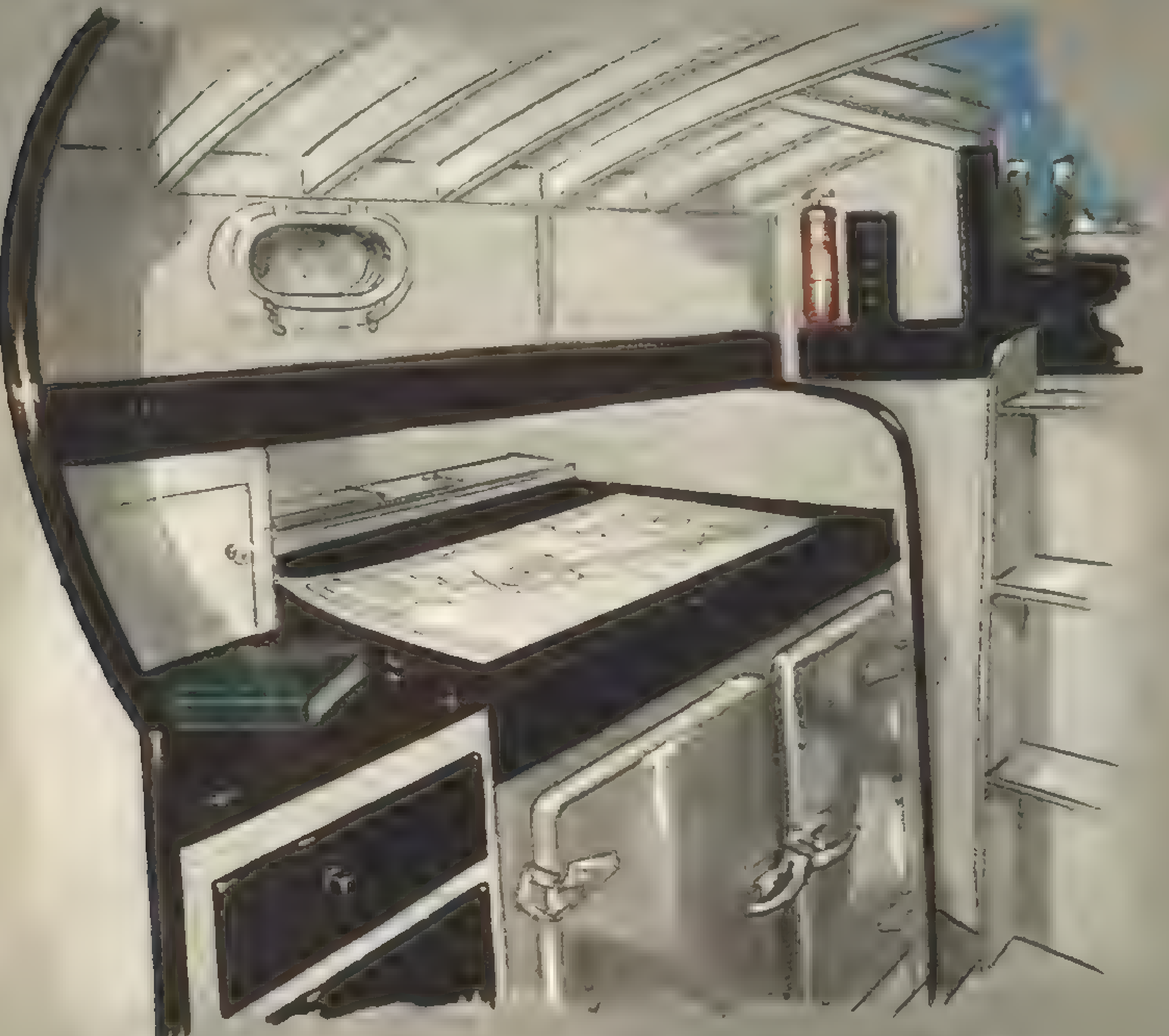
Design for Cruising



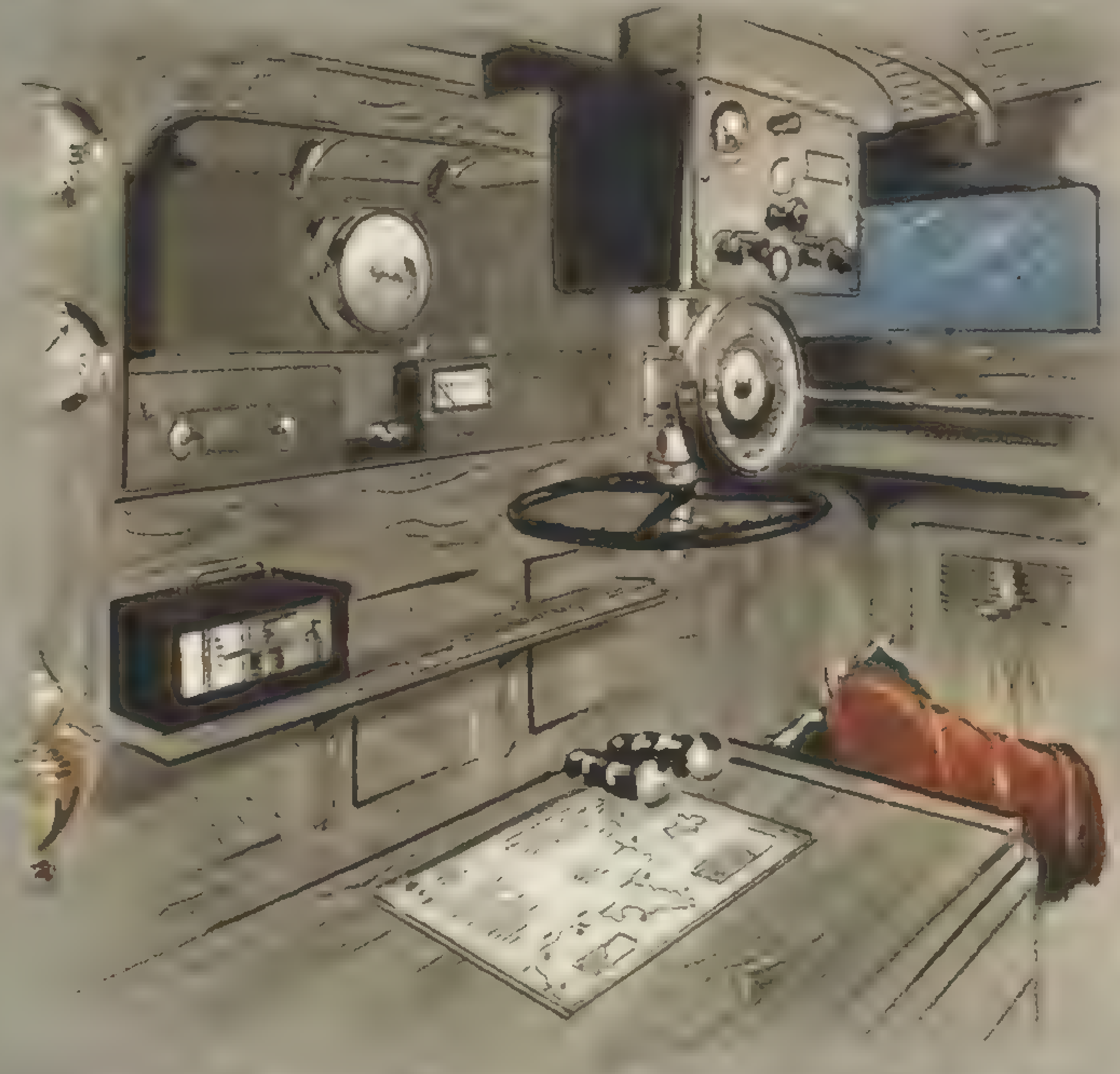
The steering wheel, compensated binnacle, auxiliary engine controls and instruments are conveniently grouped in this big ketch's midship cockpit.



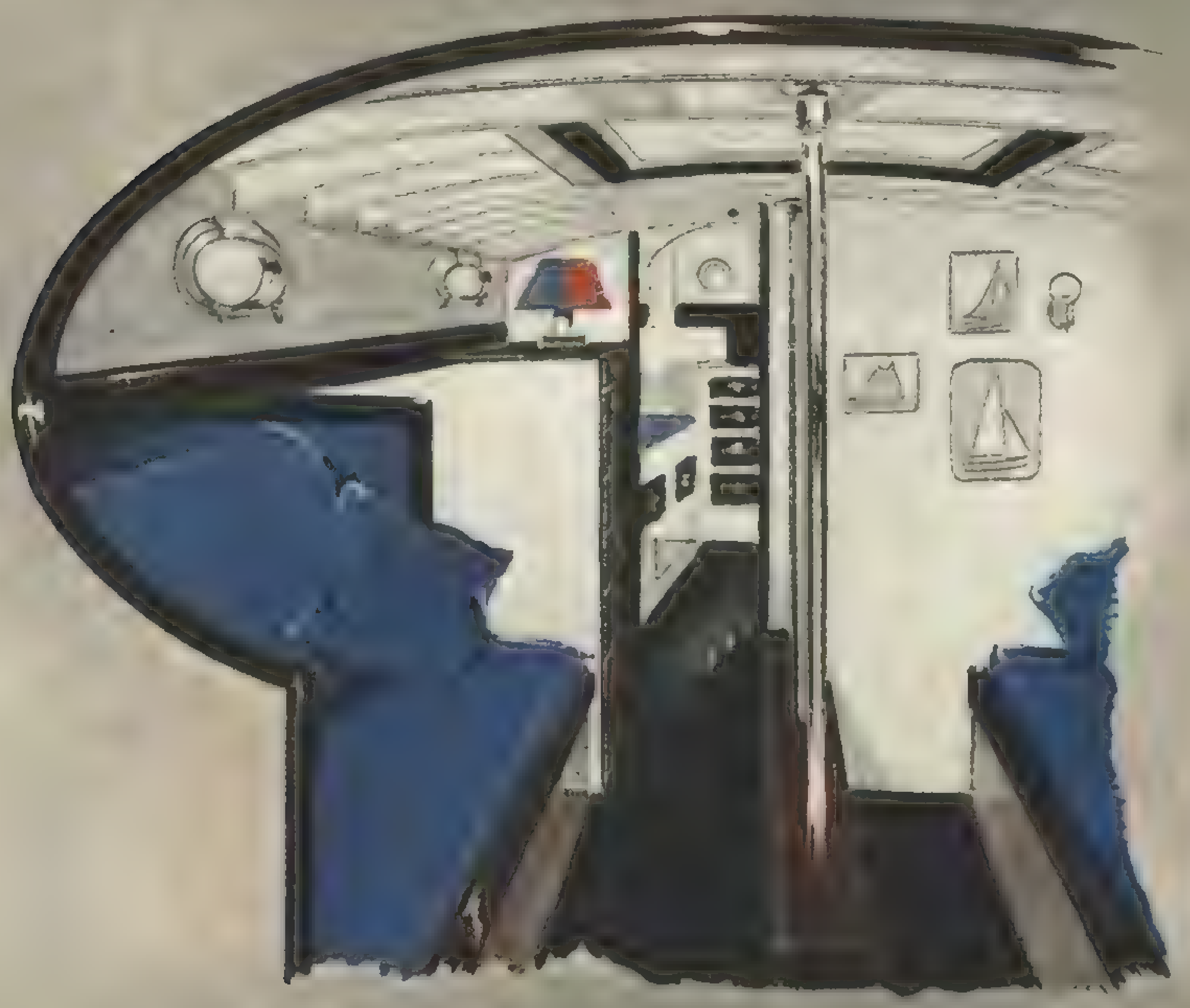
Knotty pine makes a handsome background for the compact galley with its stove, sink, dish racks, lockers. Fitted racks keep dishes from sliding.



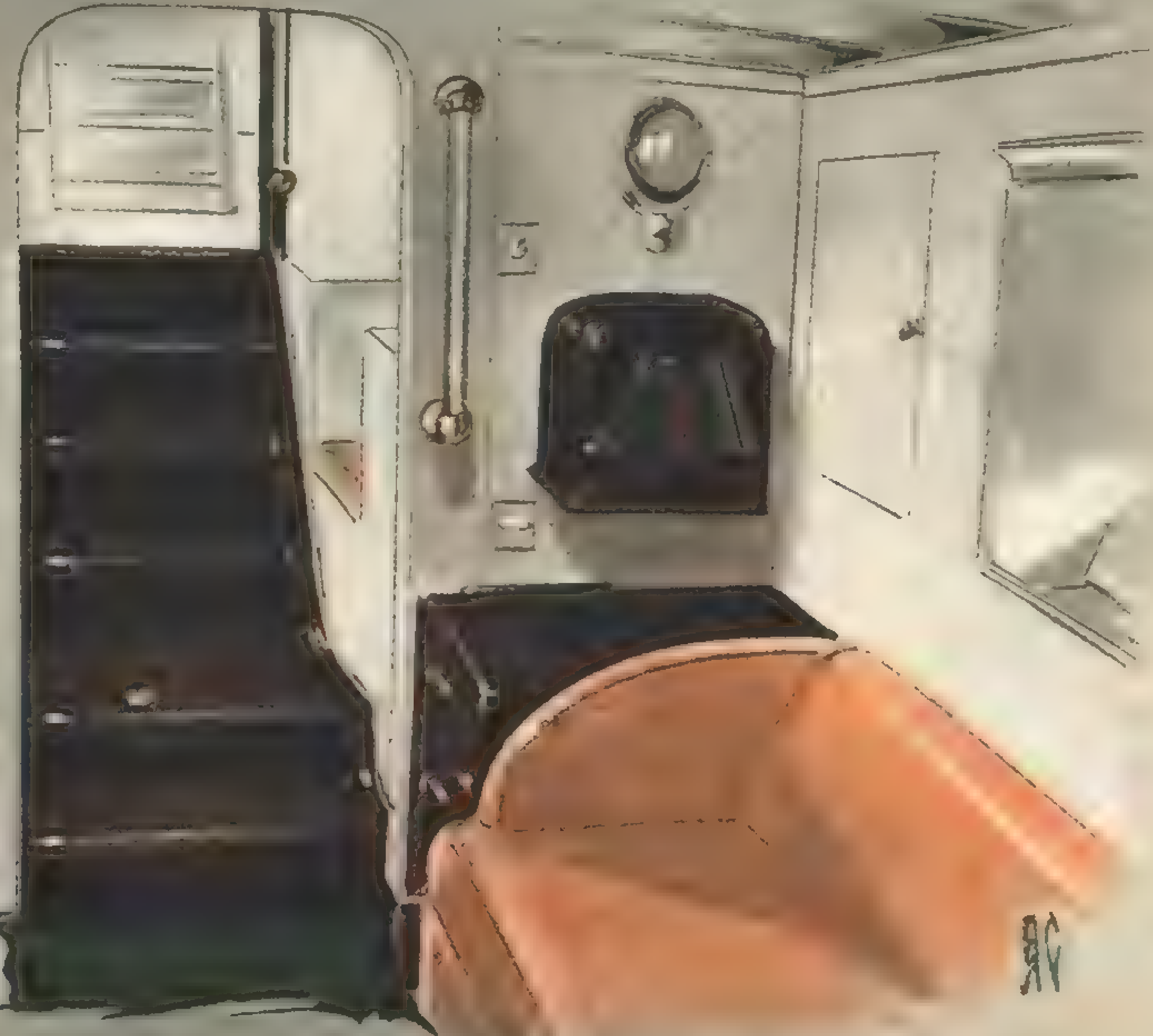
A popular combination—the galley icebox has a flat top which serves the navigator as a chart table at sea, the cook as an extra dresser in port.



The completely equipped chart room has a chart desk, radio direction finder, fathometer, barograph and bookshelf handy for the navigator.



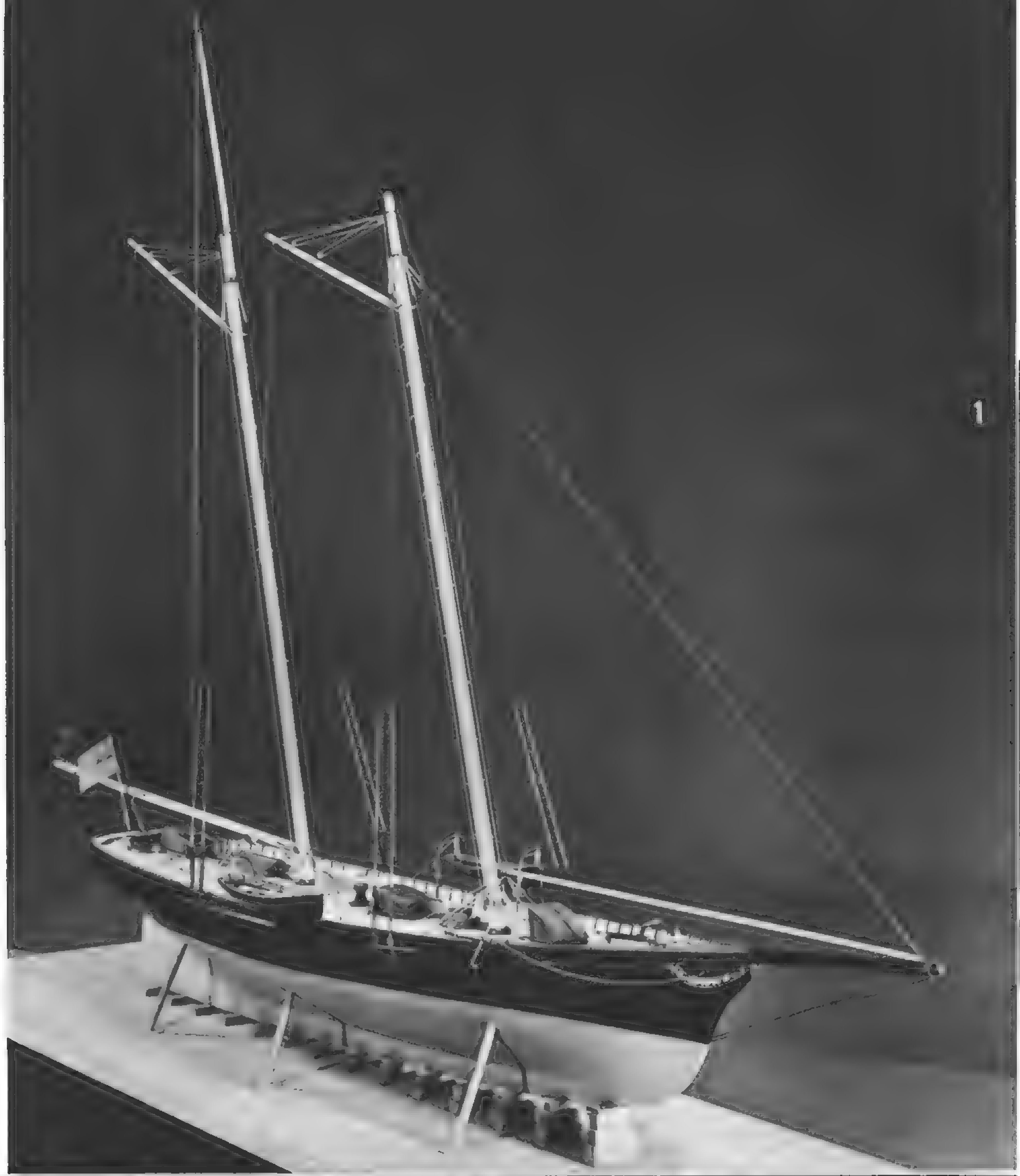
The cabin of a modern four-berth auxiliary cruiser is a snug spot with folding table amidships, two berths in the main cabin and two forward.

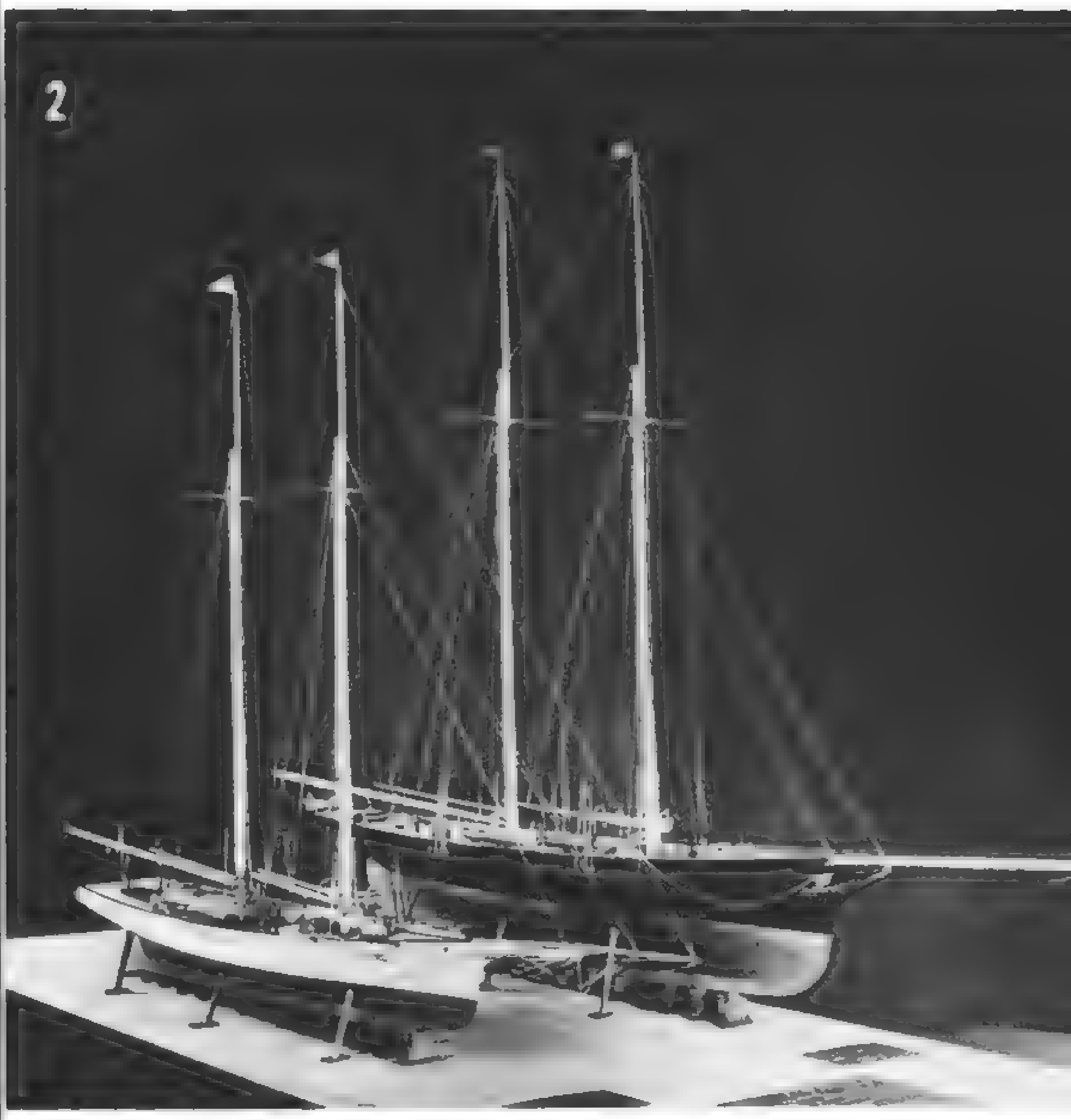


In larger yachts, where room is at less of a premium, sofas and chairs replace the combination settee-berth, give the cabin a club-like atmosphere.

1. The *America* started international yacht racing in 1851; her New York YC owners took her to England where she beat 15 British yachts around the Isle of Wight, won the Hundred Guinea Cup, later known as the America's Cup.

2. *Magic*, which won the cup in 1870, was a small, shallow centerboarder. She defeated 23 other American yachts and the British schooner *Cambria* (background) in the race on New York Bay.



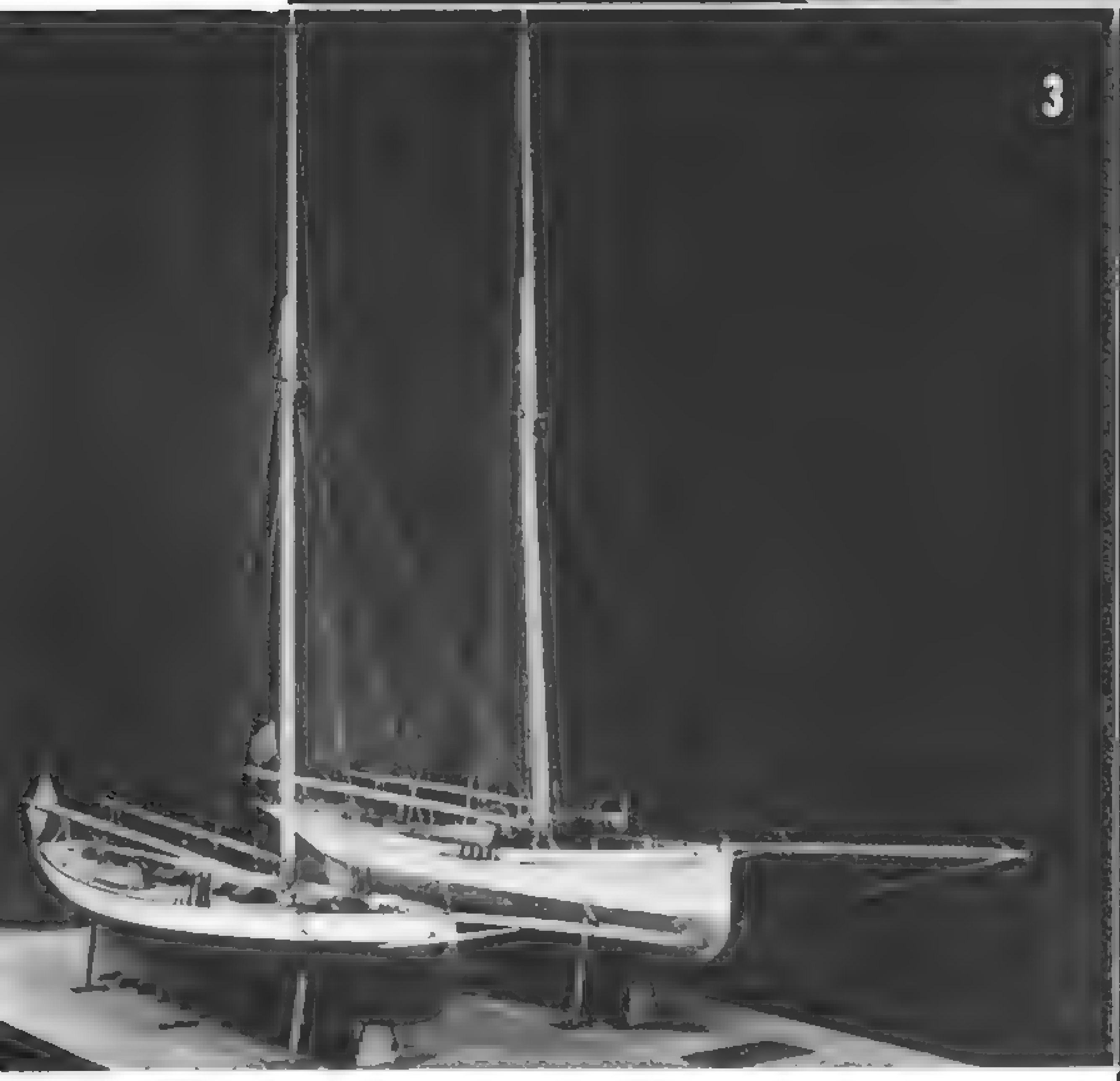


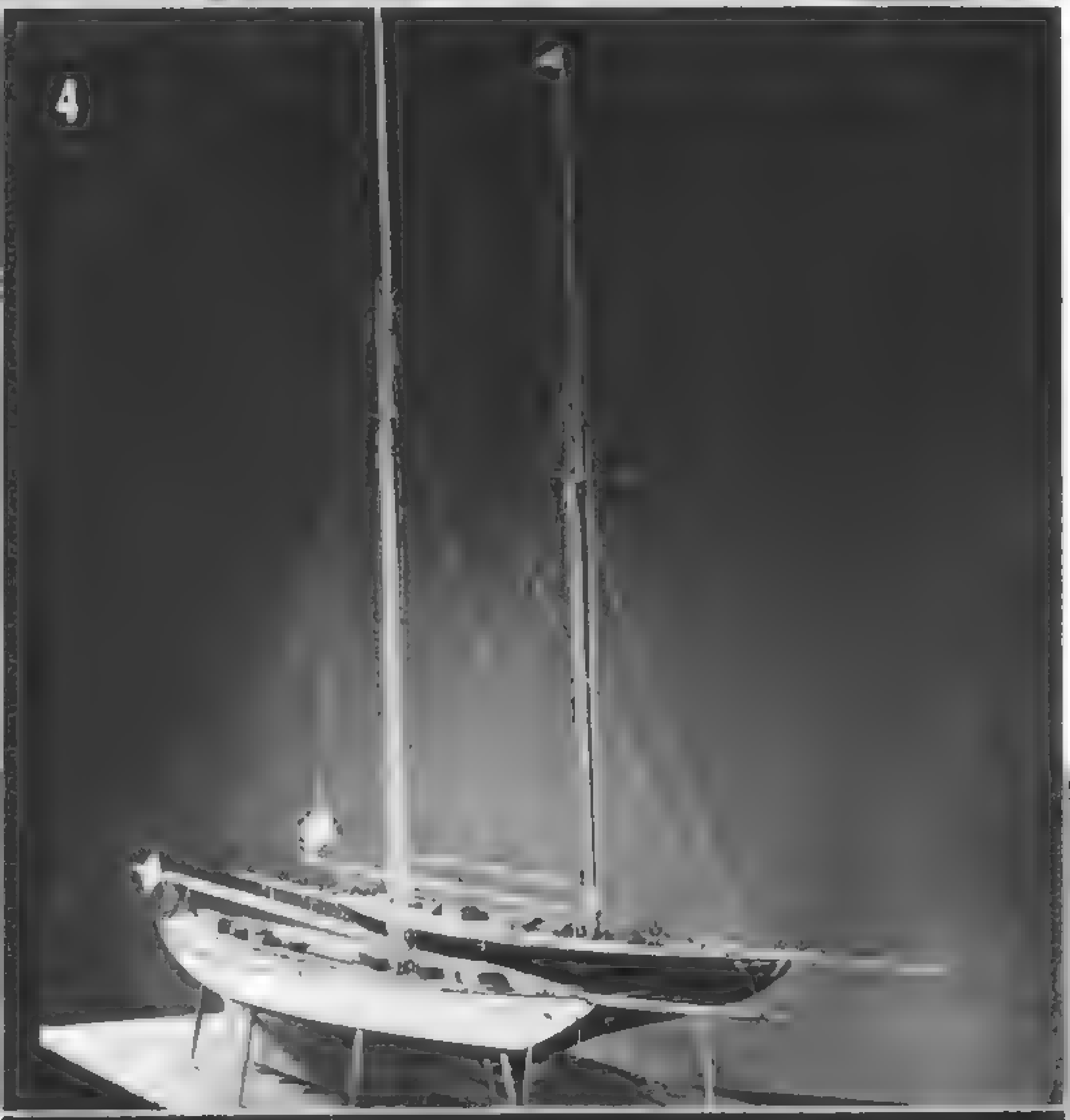
3. Rivals in the 1886 race represented their national types. *Mayflower* (foreground), the winner, was a beamy, moderate draft American sloop; *Galatea*, the deep, narrow British cutter.

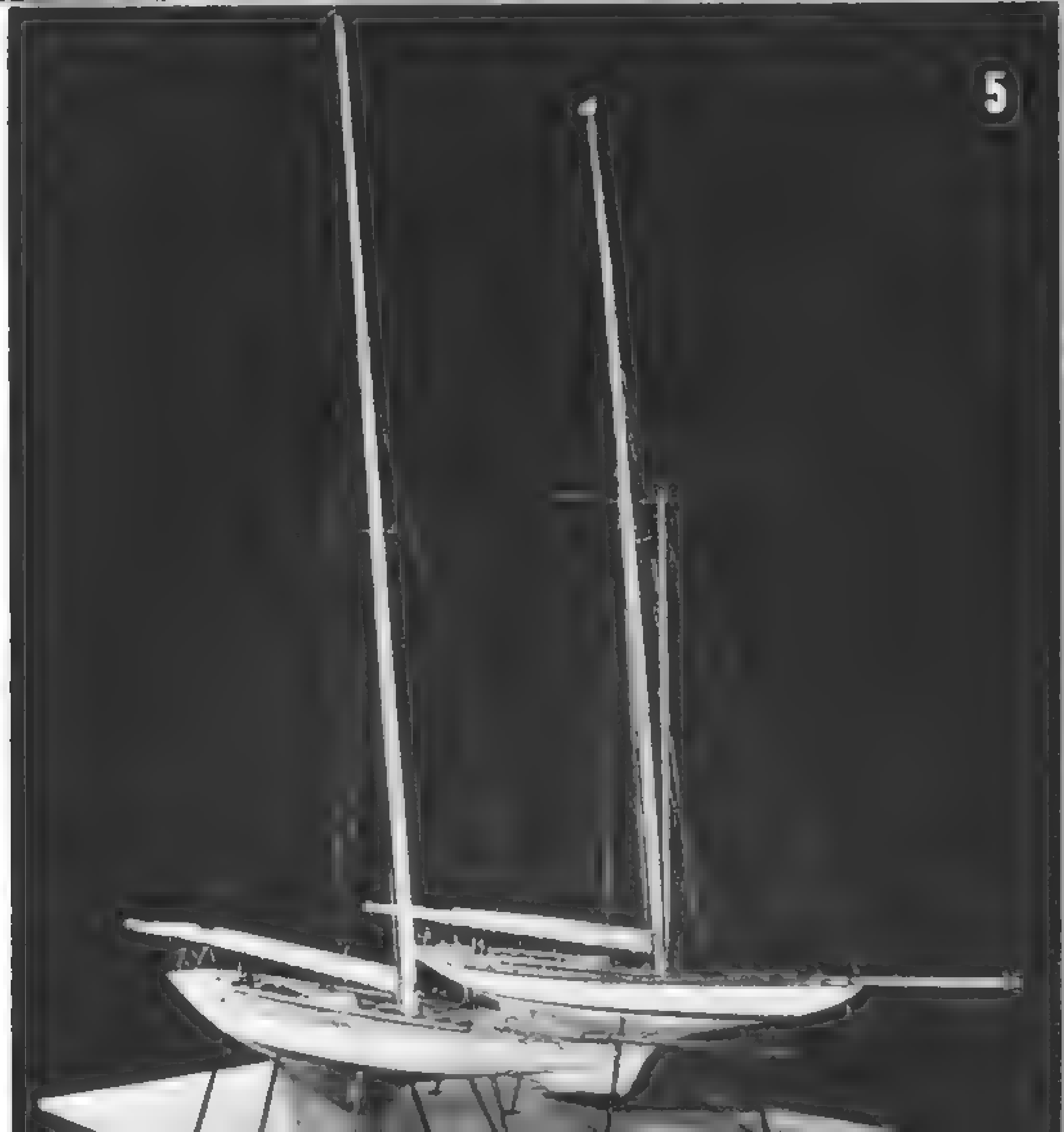
4. By 1893, variations between British and American design had become less marked. The American *Vigilant* (foreground) proved faster than the British *Valkyrie II*, won in 3 straight races.

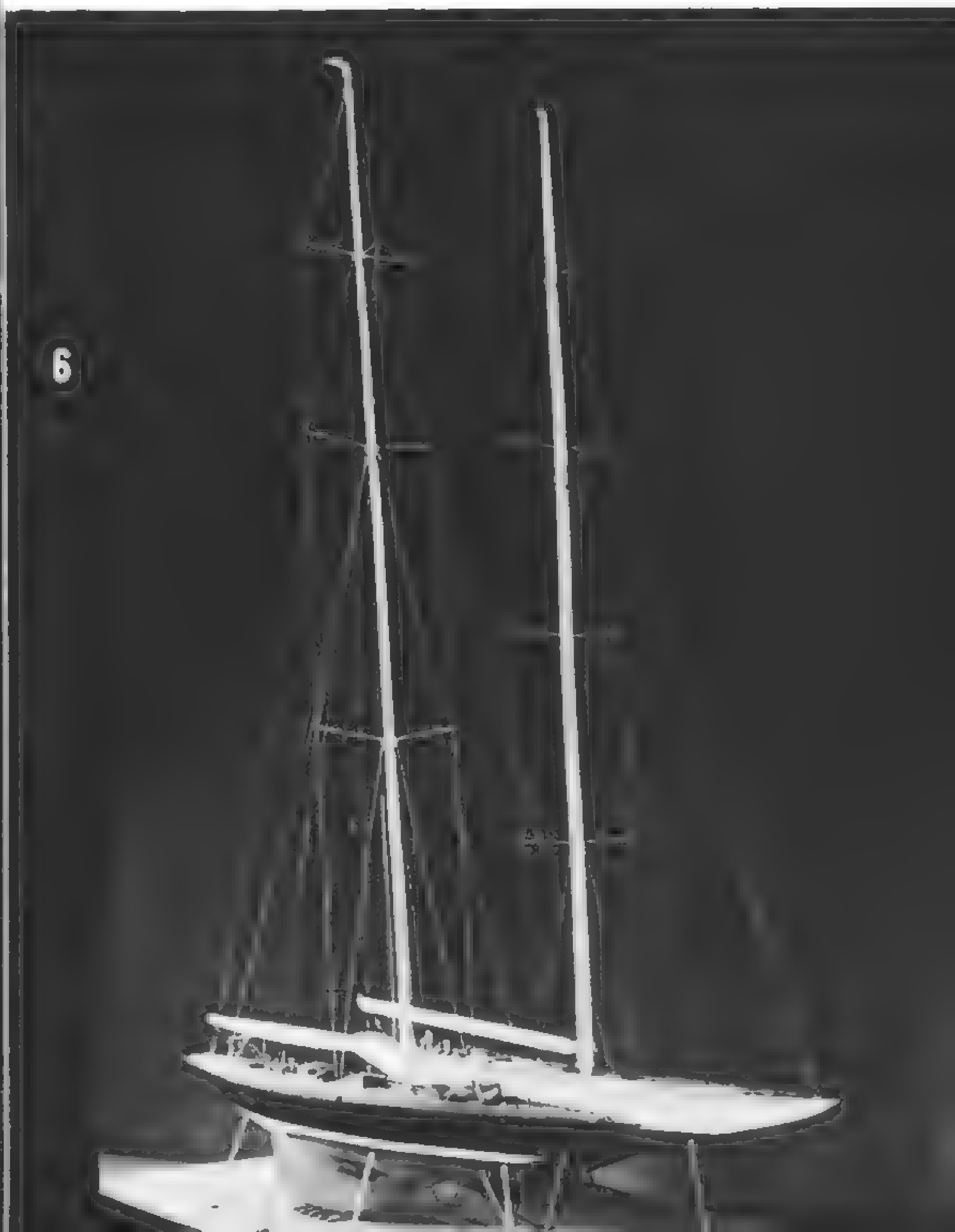
5. *Reliance* (foreground), Nat Herreshoff's "fin-keel sled" of 1903, was a fast and powerful rule-beater. Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock III*, a much handsomer boat, was no match for her.

6. For once, the challenger of 1934, the British *Endeavour* (foreground), was the faster boat. But *Rainbow*, better sailed by H. S. Vanderbilt and his crew, won four races to the Britisher's two.









Great Racing Yachts of Yesterday and Today

Through a century of cup winning, American designers have evolved the sleek and lovely racers of today

Shown on these two pages are some of the great yachts of the past and present which trace the evolution of riggings and hulls from the stark simplicity of the *America* [opposite page, (1)] through the complexities of the late 1800's and back to the relative simplicity of today's ocean-going yachts.

Those on the facing page were selected from among the 17 sets of models in the New York Yacht Club which represent the contenders in each of the 17 races for the America's Cup, won in every case by the United States.

In 1851 there was no American yacht type —the few yachts that existed were modeled after commercial craft. The *America*, first of the 17 winners, was a replica of the New York pilot schooners of her day. *Magic* (2), a shallow centerboard yacht, was typical of New York Bay with its oyster and working sloops. In 1870 she outraced the British *Cambria* (background), a typical seagoing British schooner. In 1886 the Americans ran to beamy centerboarders, though less extreme than *Magic;* the British to deep, narrow cutters. *Mayflower* (3, foreground) was one of three defenders designed by Edward Burgess.

By 1893 a yacht type had evolved more or less common to England and America and wholly different from commercial ships. *Vigilant* (4, foreground) was the first of five cup defenders designed by Nat Herreshoff, whose fastest defender was the 1903 *Reliance* (5), a 90-foot waterline freak with a flat, shallow hull, deep heavy keel and tremendous rig; so extreme that she brought about a change in the measurement rule but so fast that Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock III* never had a chance. By 1934, yacht design had reached a point where improvements were minor, and nearly imperceptible in effect on speed. *Rainbow* (6)—shown beside the *Endeavour*—was one of three defenders designed by Starling Burgess, Edward's son.

Shown on this page are six great racing yachts of today, all tops in their class, which have outstanding records and, except for *Atlantic*, are of modern design.

Baruna, the only two-time Bermuda Trophy winner; *Niña*, the fastest schooner of her rating for 20 years, and *Stormy Weather*, another big prize winner, are ocean racers. *Ranger*, defeated but twice in the 34 races of her single glorious season, was the peak of design in the long struggle for the America's Cup. *Goose* is considered tops among International Rule boats. *Atlantic* stood alone in coursing the ocean for which she was named.

Henry C. Taylor's 72-foot yawl *Baruna*, built in 1938, has won the Bermuda race twice and has led the fleet to the Island three times in three starts.

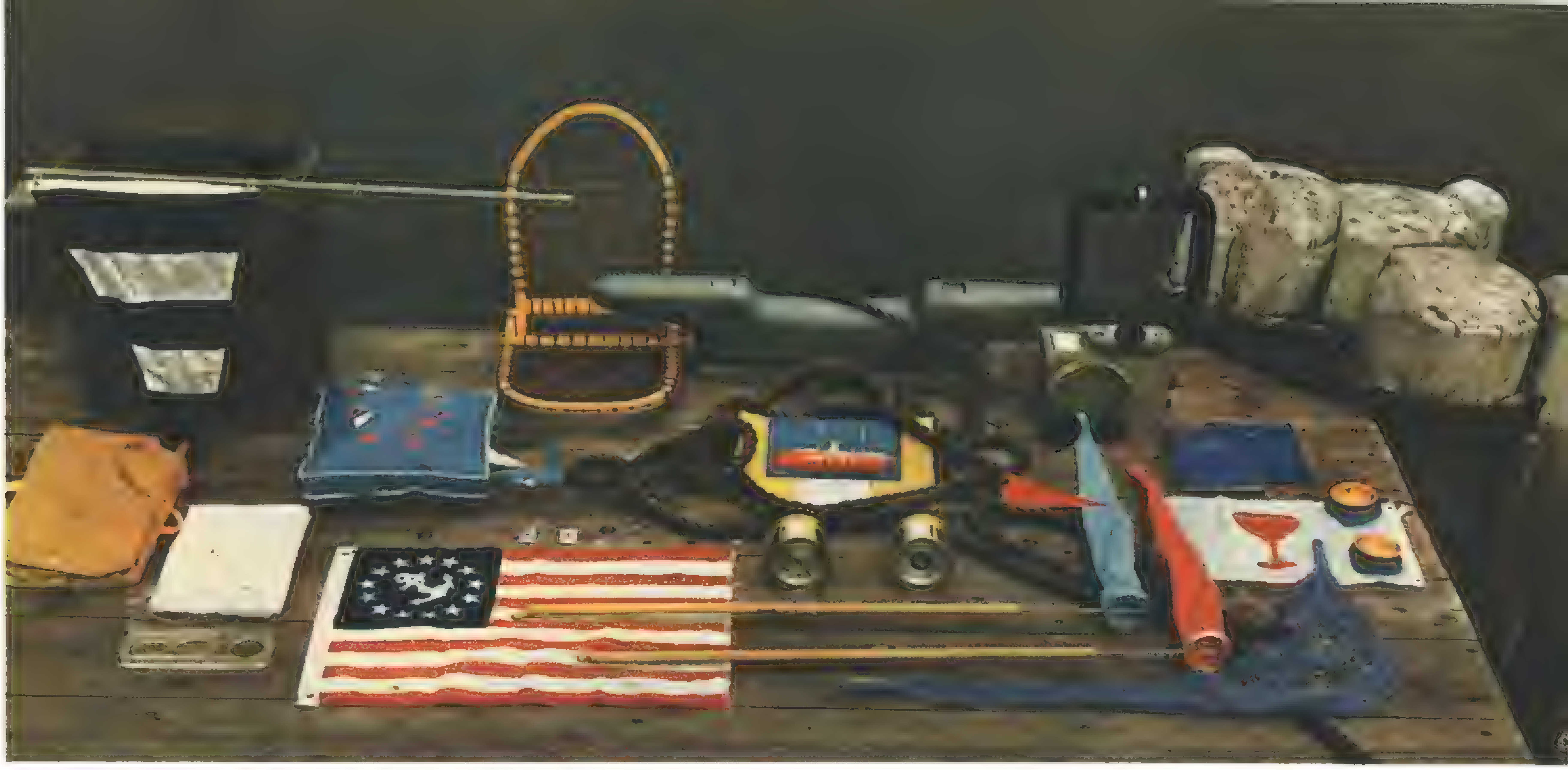
Greatest of all six-meter sloops, George Nichols' 37-foot *Goose*, built in 1938, is the only yacht to have won the Scandinavian Gold Cup four times.

Stormy Weather, which won both the Norway and Fastnet races in 1935, has been one of the most consistent winners in modern ocean racing history.

DeCoursey Fales' 59-foot staysail schooner *Niña* won the race to Spain in 1928. Still going strong, she won a dozen major prizes in the past year.

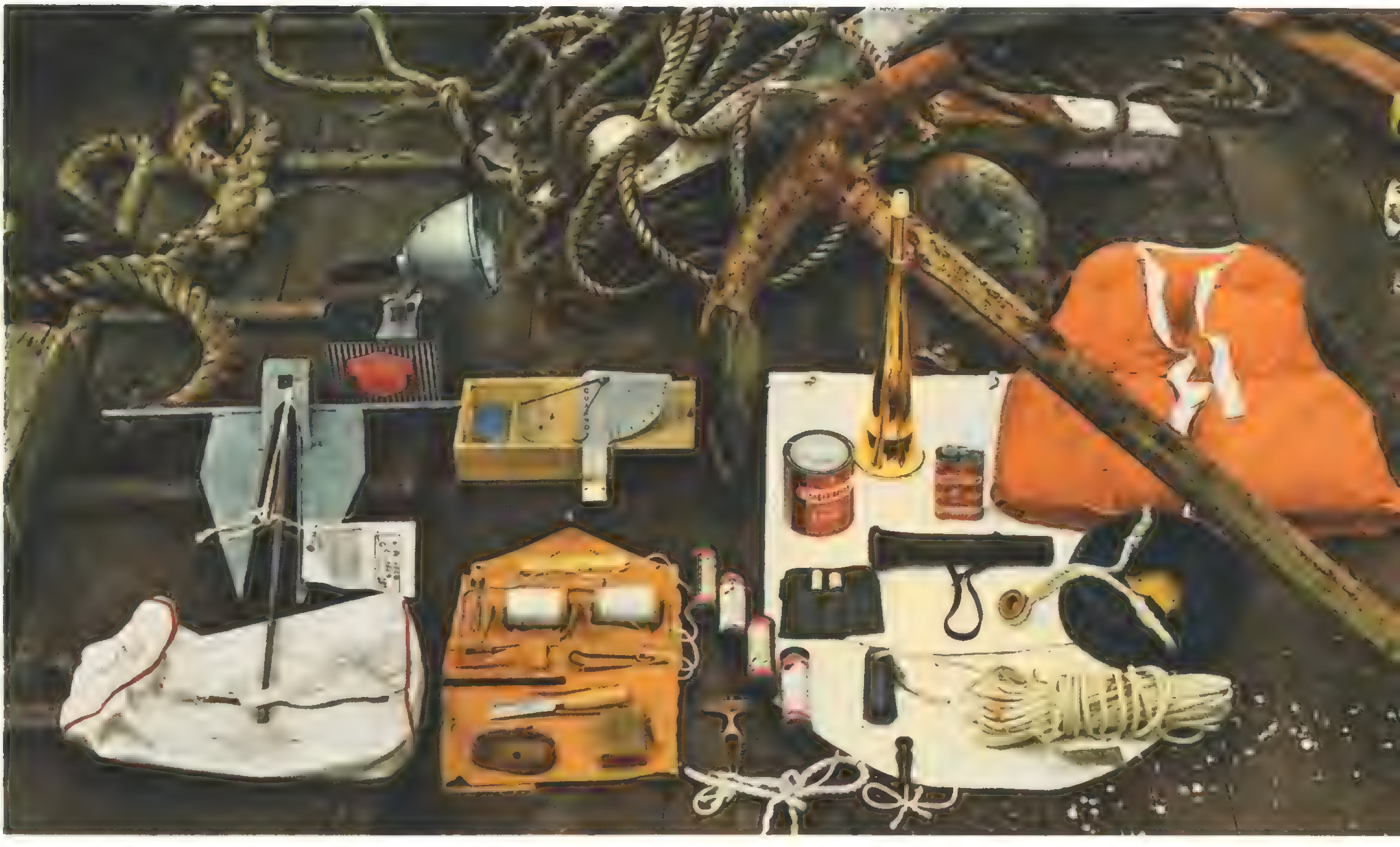
Harold S. Vanderbilt's *Ranger*, last America's Cup defender (1937) was the fastest yacht, over a 30-mile open sea triangle, that has ever been built.

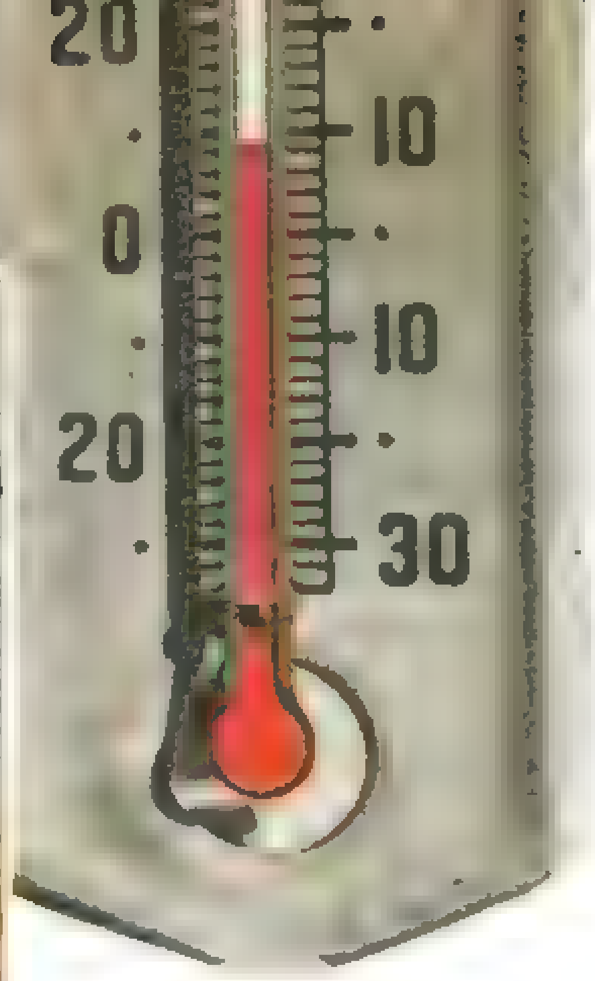
Atlantic holds the all-time trans-Atlantic sailing record, 12 d., 4 hr., 1 min., made in 1905 from Sandy Hook to Lizard Light in the English Channel.

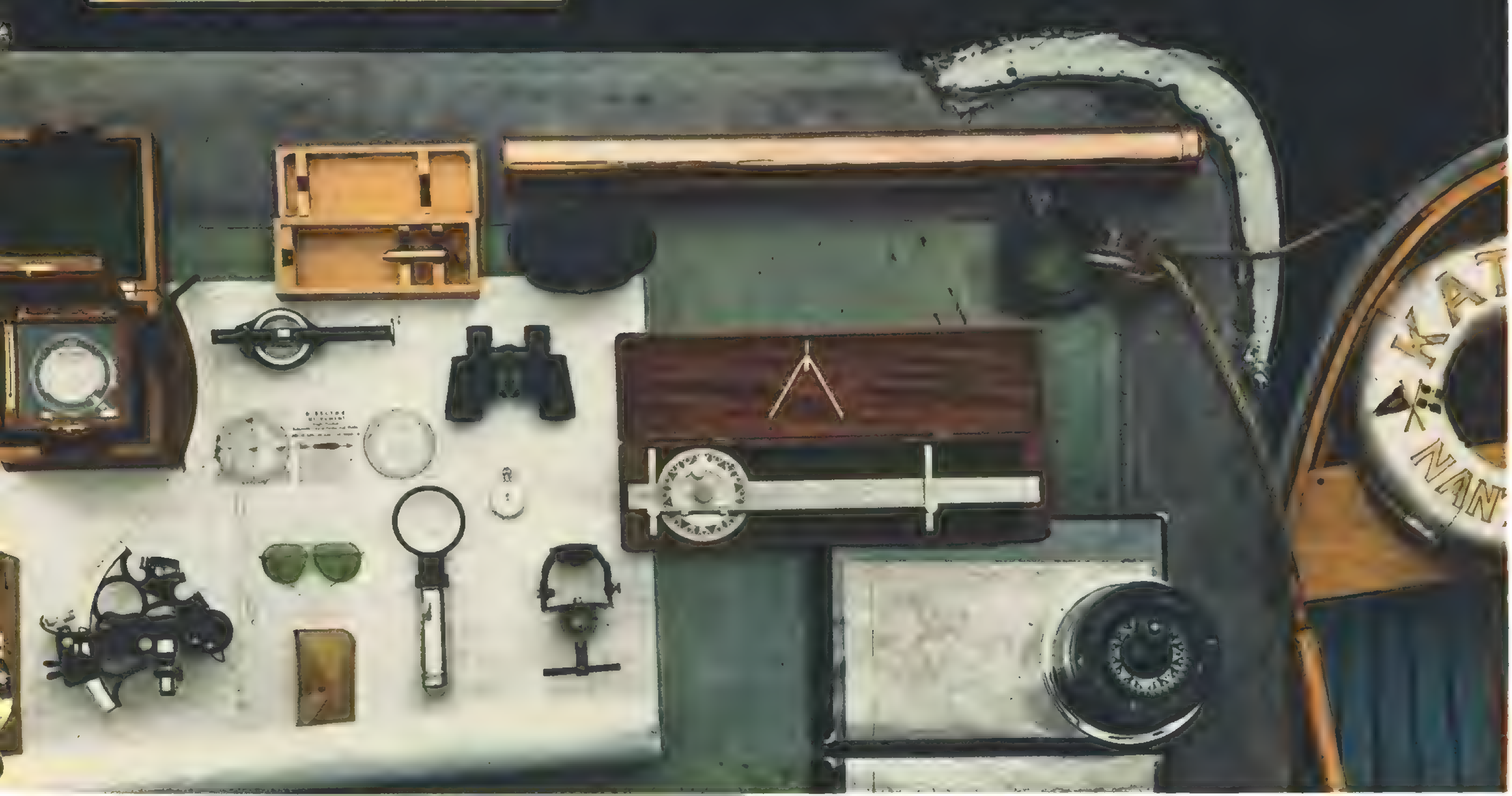


The Newest in Gadgets, Clothing, and Fine Nautical Instruments.

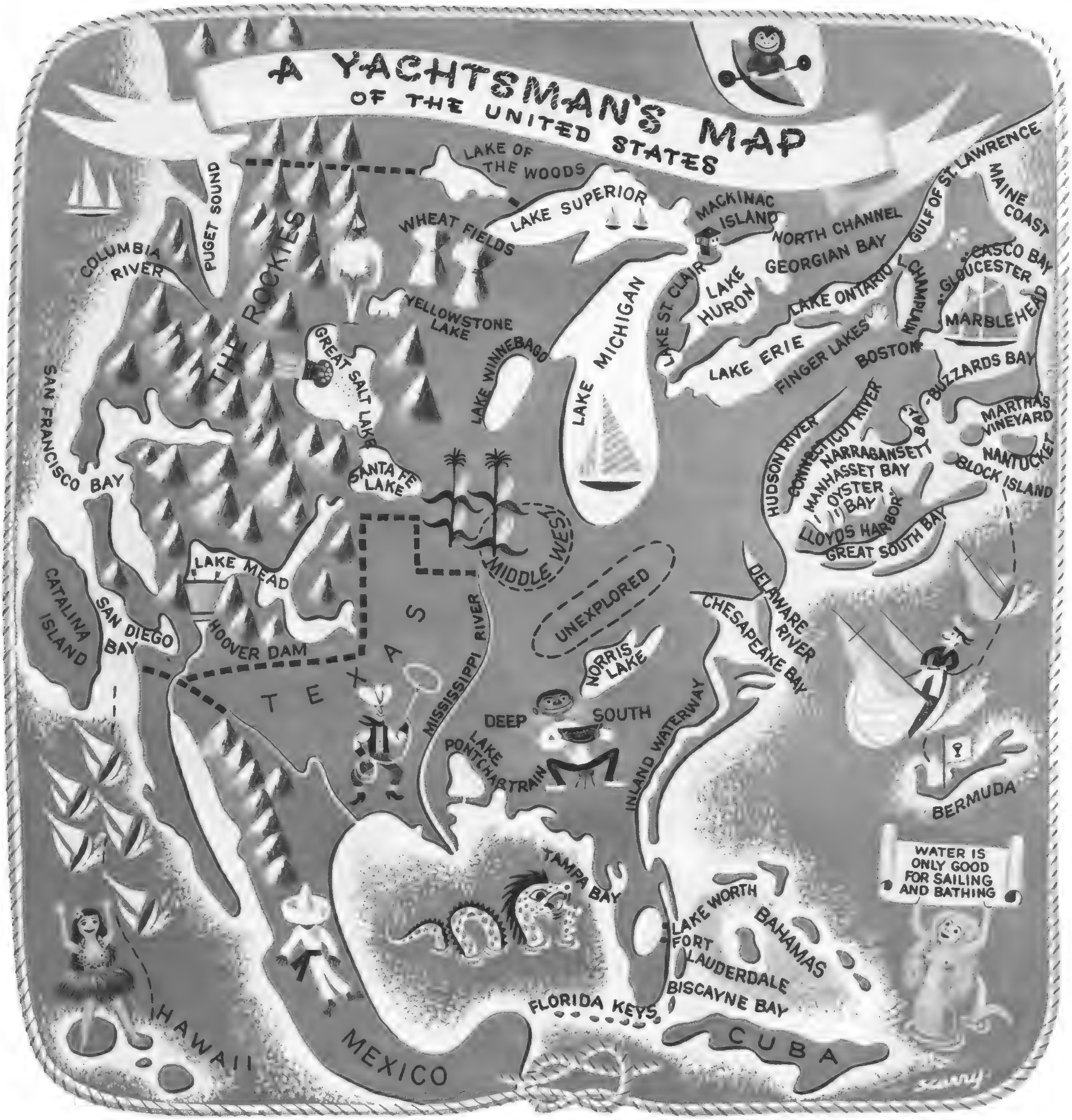
Boxing the compass (above) the nylon yacht club flag on a non-fouling pole rests on an insulated hamper for keeping food fresh. At NNW a folding snowshoe chair, excellent for cabin or deck use and compactly stowed. At NNE is a radio direction finder, and, swinging south, is a log book, cocktail hour flag, bean bag ash trays, wind detector, wind socks and pullman hammock—a handy catch-all. To the south is a matching clock and barometer, a yacht ensign, plastic beverage holder, bunk sheets and canvas provision bag. The model "relief" ship is for one of the few doors on board. Going below, left of the old anchor is a half-mile ray light, a speed indicator, new lightweight anchor, zipper clothing bag and outfitted sewing kit. Under the anchor on the canvas sail bag is a fog horn, barnacle-resistant paint, waterproof flashlight, splicing set, lead line and collapsible deck bucket. Below the anchor's fluke are day-night distress flares; on the anchor's right, a life-saving jacket.







At upper left, around the lifeboat of the *Blitzen,* a Bermuda and Honolulu Race winner, is shown the warmest in lightweight togs for comfort yet easy mobility on board on the bitterest days. At upper right is all you could ask for in foul weather gear. Note the monkey belt with knife and plier set that hitches you to a spar or stanchion when repairs are necessary on high seas. On the dock alongside the *Katuna's* dinghy is the finest in navigational equipment: chronometer, compascope, sextant, illuminated magnifier, observascope, dividers, compass and protractor; as well as binoculars, yacht timer, chart cases and glareproof sunglasses. Warm weather clothing is laid out on the bow of the *Blitzen.* Shorts, white flannel slacks and faded blue denim pants are shown as are three varieties of rubber soled shoes, a "must" on board any boat.


A YACHTSMAN'S MAP OF THE UNITED STATES
PUGET SOUND
COLUMBIA RIVER
THE ROCKIES
LAKE OF THE WOODS
WHEAT FIELDS
LAKE SUPERIOR
MACKINAC ISLAND
NORTH CHANNEL
GEORGIAN BAY
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
MAINE COAST
CASCO BAY
GLOUCESTER
MARBLEHEAD
YELLOWSTONE LAKE
GREAT SALT LAKE
LAKE WINNEBAGO
LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE ST. CLAIR
LAKE HURON
LAKE ONTARIO
L. CHAMPLAIN
LAKE ERIE
FINGER LAKES
BOSTON
BUZZARDS BAY
MARTHAS VINEYARD
NANTUCKET
BLOCK ISLAND
SAN FRANCISCO BAY
SANTA FE LAKE
HUDSON RIVER
CONNECTICUT RIVER
NARRAGANSETT BAY
MANHASSET BAY
OYSTER BAY
LLOYDS HARBOR
GREAT SOUTH BAY
MIDDLE WEST
LAKE MEAD
CATALINA ISLAND
SAN DIEGO BAY
HOOVER DAM
TEXAS
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
UNEXPLORED
DELAWARE RIVER
CHESAPEAKE BAY
NORRIS LAKE
DEEP SOUTH
LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN
INLAND WATERWAY
BERMUDA
WATER IS ONLY GOOD FOR SAILING AND BATHING
TAMPA BAY
LAKE WORTH
FORT LAUDERDALE
BAHAMAS
BISCAYNE BAY
FLORIDA KEYS
HAWAII
MEXICO
CUBA

Principal Yachting Events in the U.S.

Maine — July: Northeast Harbor Fleet Cruise; August: Portland YC's Monhegan Island Race.

Massachusetts — June: Whaler's Race from New Bedford; July: Puritan Cup Regatta at Marblehead, Beverly YC Regatta (Buzzards Bay), Edgartown YC races (Martha's Vineyard); August: Nantucket and New Bedford YC Regattas; September: Jeffries Ledge Race.

Narragansett Bay — Newport-Bermuda Race, even years; Newport-Annapolis Race, odd years; Narragansett Bay meets; August: King's Cup Race.

Eastern Connecticut — June: New London Yale-Harvard races; Essex International Dinghy Championships.

Long Island — July: Larchmont YC Race Week; August: Great South Bay Race Week; September: Manhasset Bay Fall series, Stamford (Conn.) — Vineyard race, Six Meter International Championships off Oyster Bay.

New Jersey — August: Class E Scow Eastern Championships (Barnegat Bay at Mantoloking), Beach Haven Race, Bay Head.

Chesapeake Bay — June: Rhode River Race, Gibson Island; July: Annapolis Regatta, Virginia Cruising Cup Race; August: Miles River YC, Oxford Regattas.

Florida — January: Ft. Lauderdale-Cat Cay Race; February: Miami-Nassau Race; March: St. Petersburg-Havana Race.

Gulf Coast — July: Gulf Coast Regatta Week at Biloxi, Pass Christian and Gulfport, Miss.; year-round racing on Lake Pontchartrain.

Great Lakes — July: Chicago-Mackinac (L. Michigan), Port Huron-Mackinac (L. Huron), Freeman Cup (L. Ontario) races, Inter-Lake Sailing Association championships, Detroit River YA Race Week; August: Rochester Race, Falcon Cup, Mentor Harbor races, and Lipton Cup Race at Chicago; September: Sturgeon Bay—Menonimee Race.

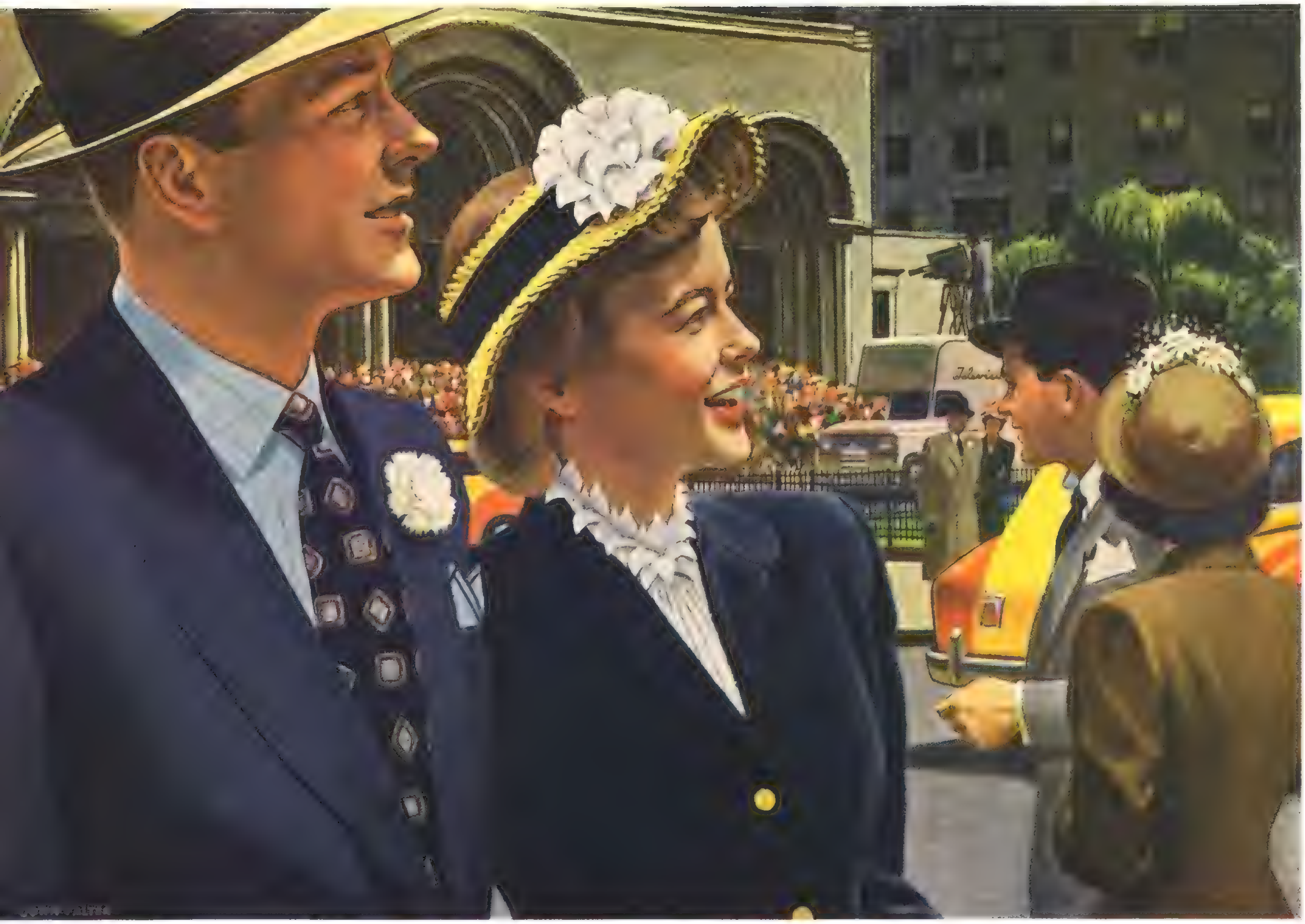
Inland Lakes — August: Inland Lake Scow Championships; Winnebago, Minnetonka and other Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan Lakes.

Puget Sound and Columbia River — May: Hat Island and Swiftsure Lightship races (Seattle); June: Protection Island Race (Seattle), Rose Festival Regatta (Portland); August: Lake Washington (Seattle) Race; October: Barnacle Bill's Last Cruise.

San Francisco — May: Hearst Regatta; June: Farallon Island Race; August: Harbor Day Regatta.

Southern California — California-Honolulu race, odd years; February: Mid-Winter series; April: Race to Ensenada, Mexico; June: Coronado Island, San Clemente Island Races; July: Channel Island (Los Angeles) Race; August: Race Week at Newport Harbor; September: Windjammer's Race (Santa Cruz).

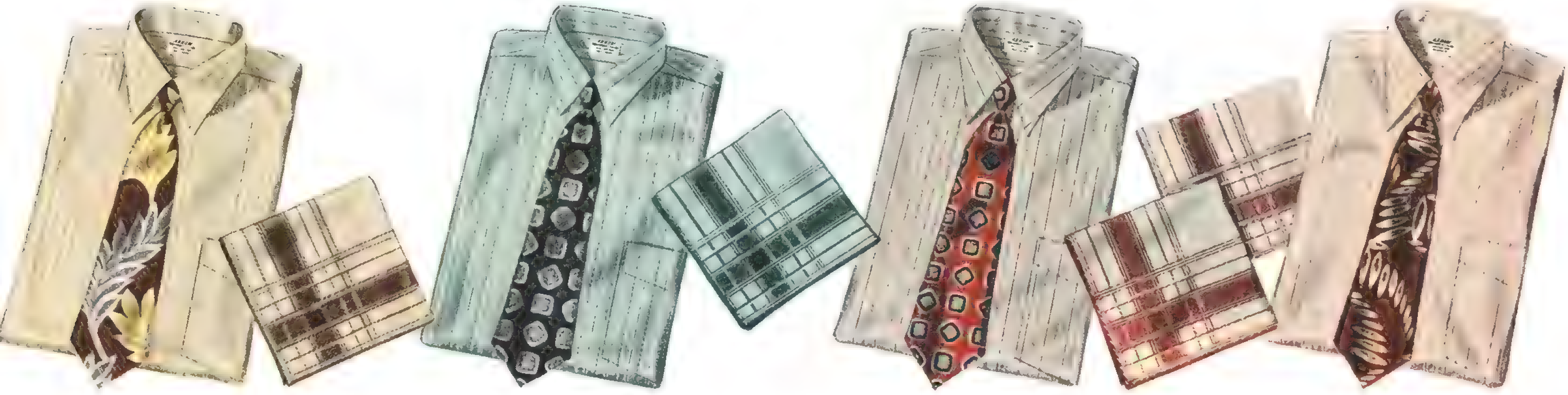
Esquire wishes to express its appreciation to the following for their assistance in the preparation of the sailing section: Morris Rosenfeld for the photographs on pages 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 (top of page), 8 and 9 of the supplement. Hunter Winsette, City Island, N. Y., and Abercrombie & Fitch, Kelvin & Wilfrid O. White, E. J. Willis Company and Radiomarine Corporation of America, all in New York City, for the equipment shown on pages 6, 10 and 11 of the supplement. Kodachromes on pages 10 and 11 taken at the Nevin shipyards, City Island, N. Y. and aboard the cup-winning yacht *Blitzen*, by Esquire Studio.



Arrow's Style of the Month

Easter Parade

AT ANY GATHERING of well-groomed men this Spring, you'll likely notice that *soft tones* predominate in shirts. Observe this trend in the new Arrow "Easter Parade" ensemble! Shirts, ties, and handkerchiefs are designed *as a team.* Shirts feature subdued tones on blue, tan. rose, gray, and green broadcloth—with a double satin stripe for contrast. $4.50.



SHIRTS—each has the *famous,* the *one-and-only* Arrow Collar . . . MITOGA (tailored to your torso) . . . and is labeled *Sanforized*—fabric shrinkage less than 1%!

TIES—three lively groups of luxurious rayons in (1) novel leaf designs on Rippleweave cloth, (2) the ever-popular small-figured "Mayfair Foulards," (3) rich "Satinwood" ovals. $1.50.

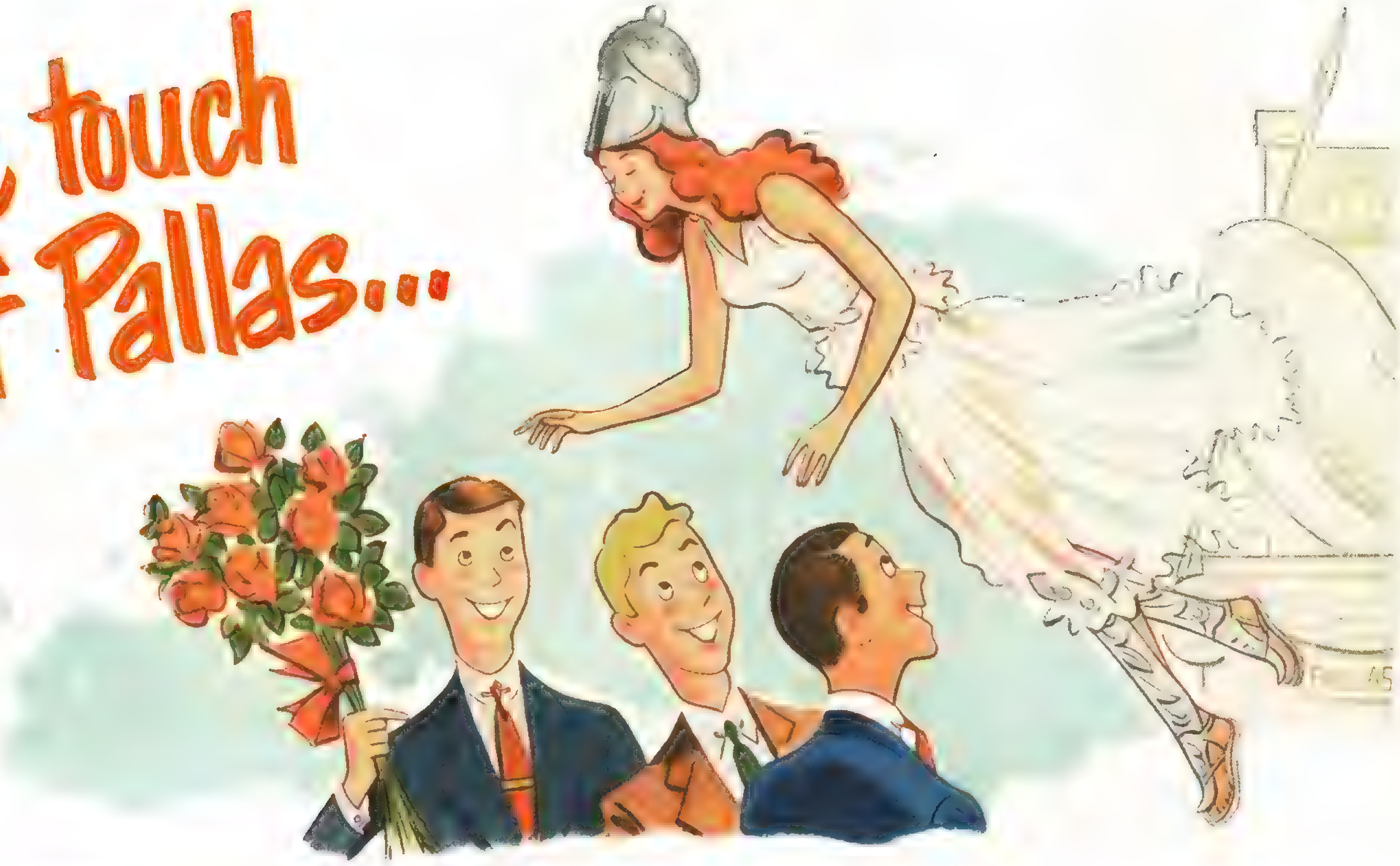
HANDKERCHIEFS—for that never-failing final touch, an "Easter Parade" handkerchief in the breast pocket! Quality cotton, with woven borders and inlaid blocks to point up your shirt! 65¢.

Look for the Arrow Trade-mark

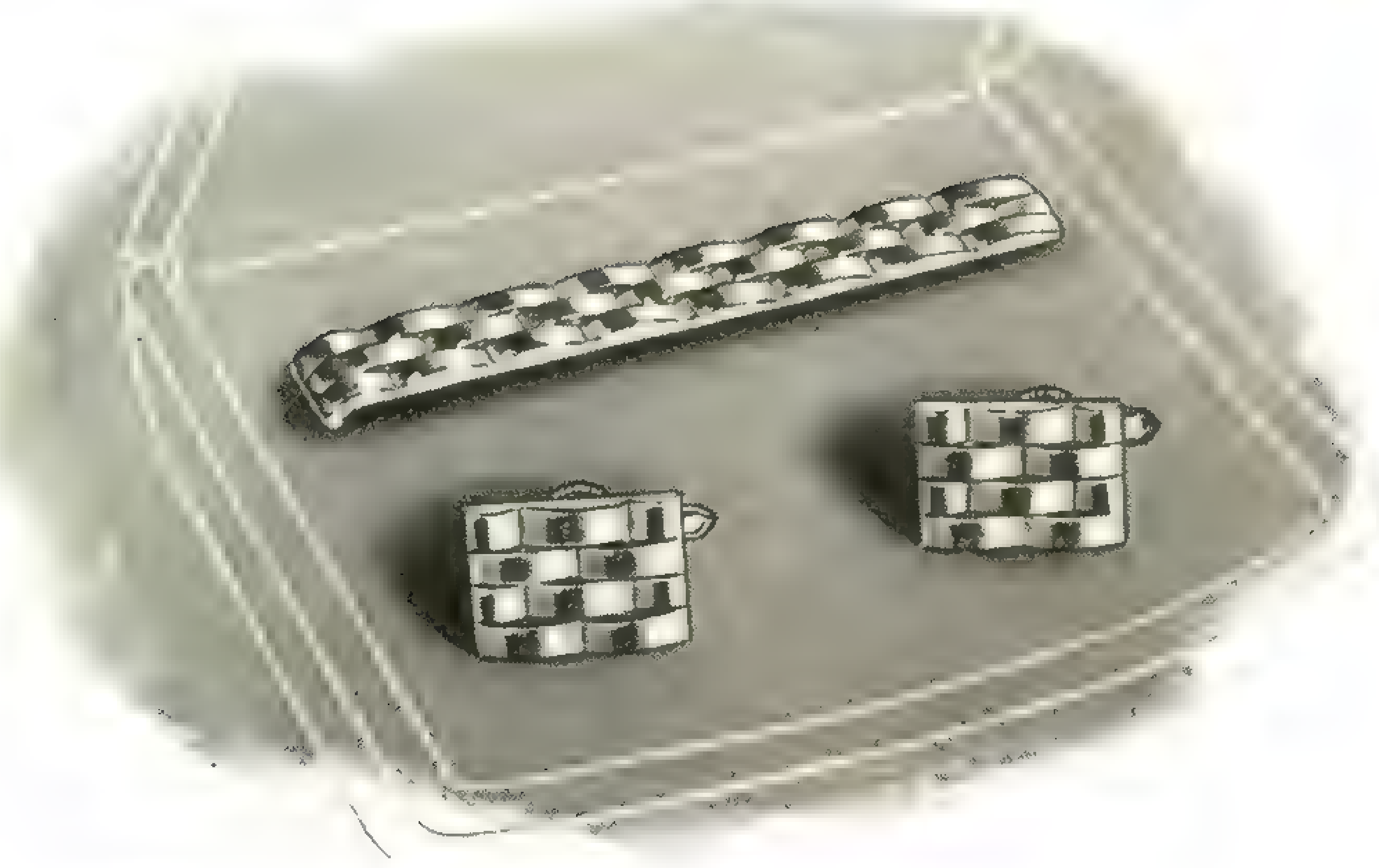
ARROW *Easter Parade* ***SHIRTS***
TIES · HANDKERCHIEFS

Arrow-Mitoga-Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

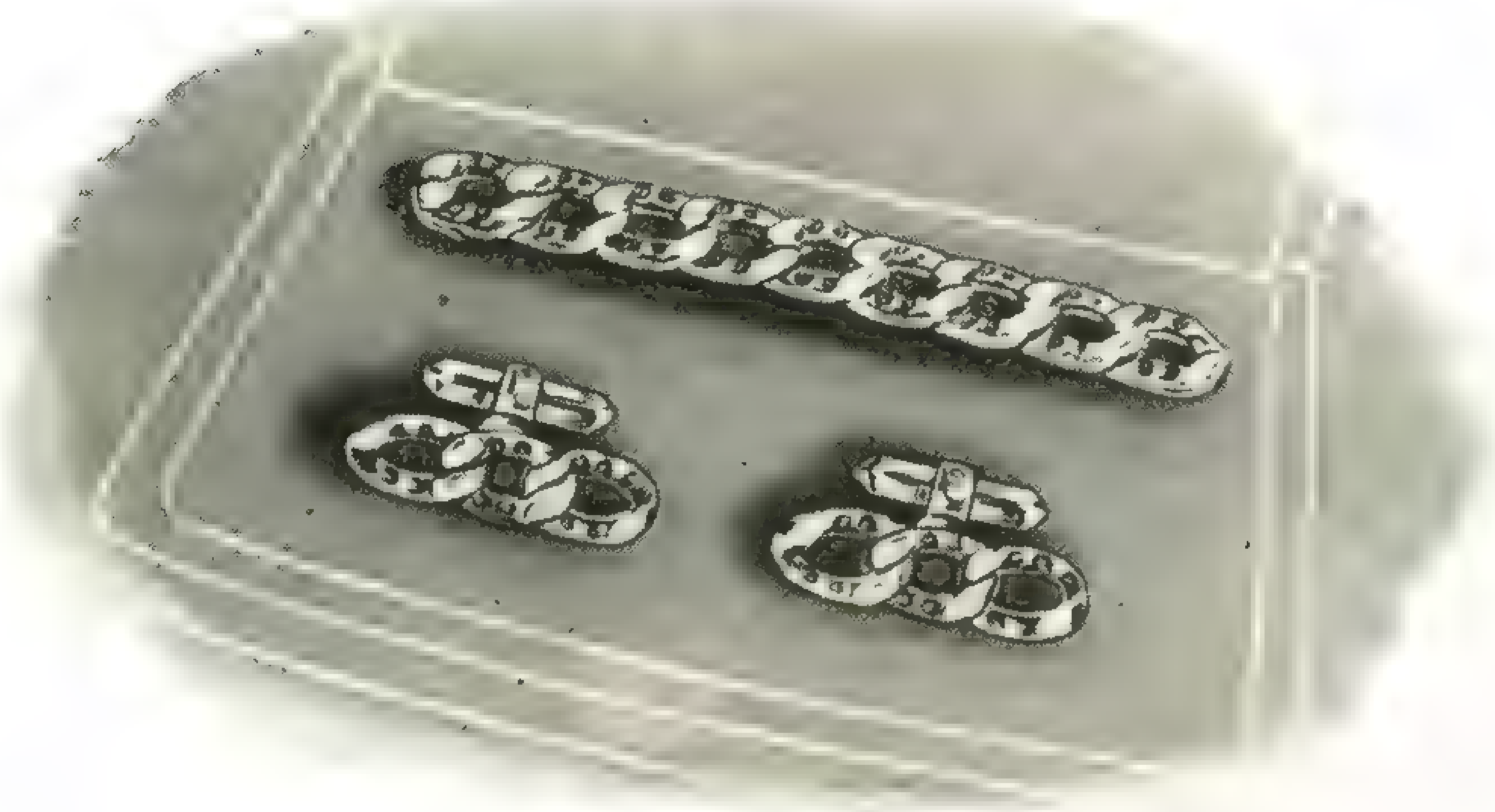
One touch of Pallas...



If you think this young lady looks like a Greek Goddess, you're right! She's Pallas Athena, glamorous Goddess of Wisdom, down from Olympus for a special preview of Hickok's new *Palladium Tone* belts and jewelry. Named in her honor, *Palladium Tone* is the big style-news for Spring and Summer . . . and, as usual, Hickok has it first! If you're fashion-wise, you'll ask the man in the store to show you *Palladium Tone* . . . and then watch your own little "goddess" perk up and take notice!

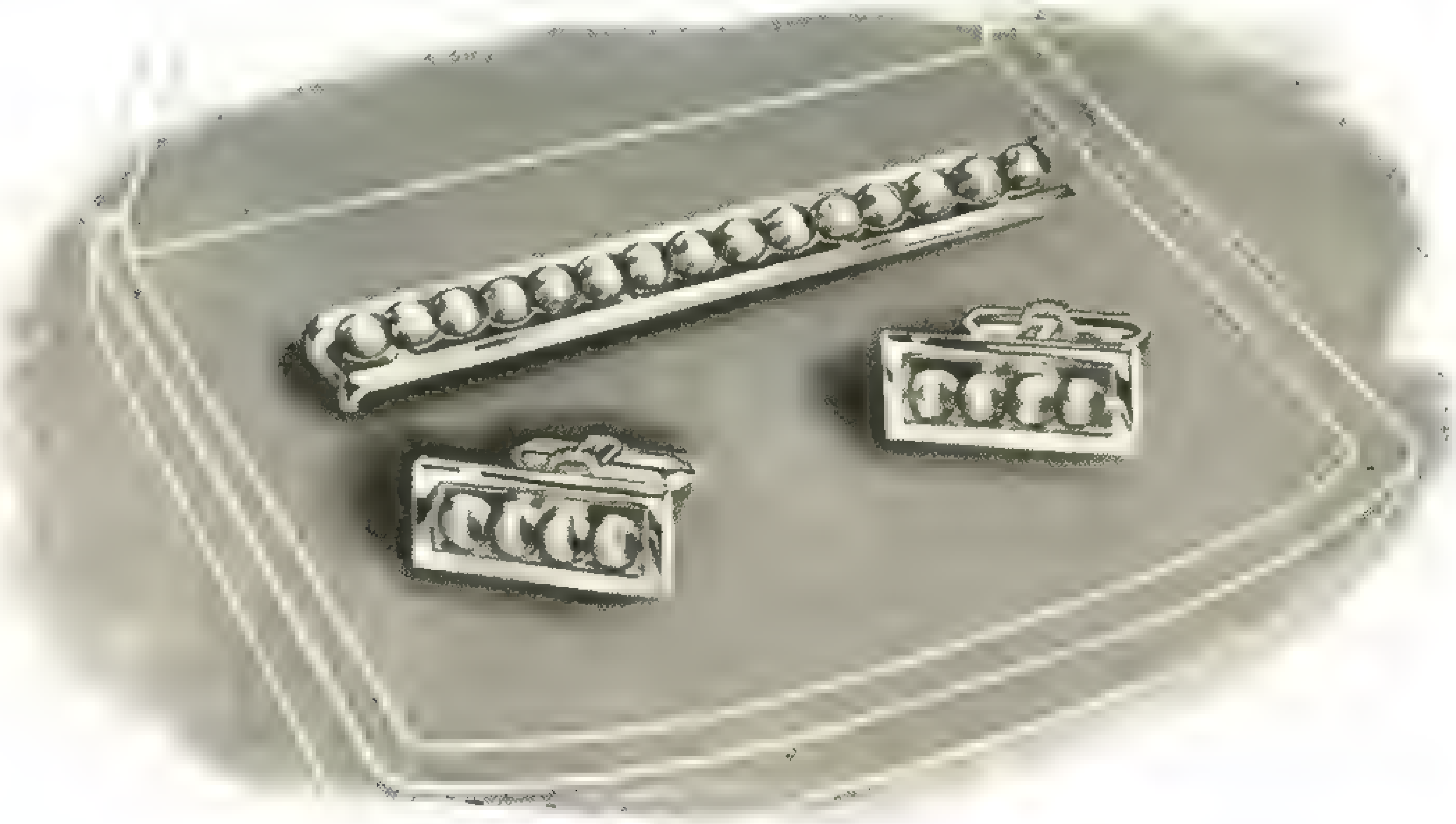


Sterling silver Tie-Bar $5, Cuff Links $7.50.



Hickok silver plate Tie-Bar $2.50, Cuff Links $3.50.

Hickok silver plate Tie-Bar $2.50, Cuff Links $2.50.



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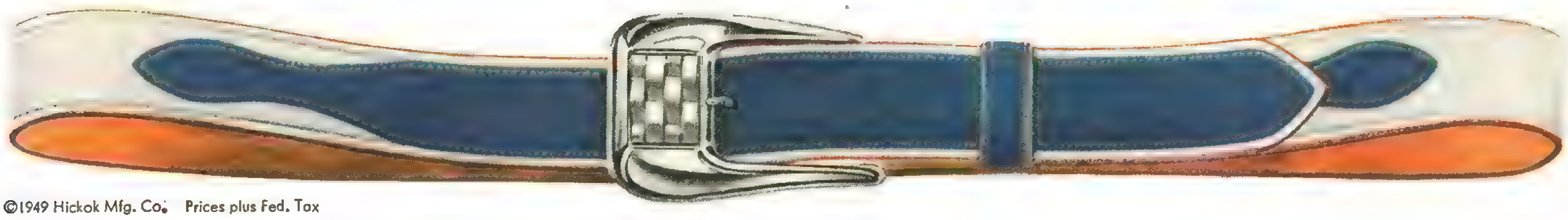
Two tone suede belt with Bold Look buckle $3.50.



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Style 290 . . . BRISTOL Last — Genuine White Buck and Brown Calf — Flexible Process — Rubber Heel.

Style 437 . . SWAGGER Last — Brown Russia Calf and Cool Nylon Mesh — Rubber Heel.

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The way to Every Woman's Heart!

It's a wise man who knows how much Norris Exquisite Candies mean to a woman. They're a gift to make her feel cherished and loved. A gift that says "Easter Greetings" or "Happy Mother's Day"—or simply "I love you"—in the very best of taste.

EASTER—*April 17th*

Norris Della Robbia Mints
The original fruit and flower mints
$1.25 the pound

Norris Exquisite Candies
The VARIETY Box
Chocolates and Confections

Give Her

NORRIS
EXQUISITE CANDIES

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

The Variety Box
America's favorite gift package—
Assorted Chocolates and confections
$2.00 the pound

MOTHER'S DAY—*May 8th*

Norris Peachtree Chocolates
Dark vanilla and milk chocolates
$1.50 the pound

Norris
Peachtree
Peachtree Chocolates

The Dare

Continued from page 39

fully exposing oneself to it for two weeks a year. With that sense of inferiority that city men have when confronted by the masculine great-outdoors, Paul had to admit to himself that this bronzed Adonis was the perfect match for her. They were two glorified figures in the cigarette ads and the bathing-suit displays. Good God, he should know them! For ten years he had made his living drawing them.

That evening, for the first time since he had come south, he put on his white linen suit, feeling a little foolish as he fussed with the bow to get the ends even and checked the general effect in the full-length mirror of his bathroom door. Then he walked down to the Beach Club dance. His sense of foolishness, of a recapturing of college-prom excitement, increased as he saw the couples swaying slowly together in the open patio.

Jere McBride, who came skimming out of the sun and across the sparkling sea—did she really exist, Paul wondered. Or was she merely a city bachelor's sun-struck dream? And even if he were to find her here, what good would it do him if she were dancing in the arms of the Sun god?

Then he saw her, all yellow gold, her hair swept up into a crown of jet topped by a single flaming hibiscus. Paul watched as the tired strains of a worn-out hit tune were abandoned for a samba. With her cigarette-ad partner, Jere danced it like a professional, or, perhaps better, like an inspired amateur with a wild enthusiasm that made all the other dancers appear to be not so much dancing as pushing one another around.

Paul wondered what it would feel like to dance with her, and whether cutting in was a breach of club etiquette; and, while he wondered, the music stopped and Jere and her cigarette ad were on their way from the patio to the parking lot. Paul had no idea how nakedly his eyes must have followed them until the General, now doubling as a buffet waiter, mumbled to him, "That's the way she always is—comes in for one dance, maybe two, then off again, always on the move."

"Think they'll be back, General?"

The General chuckled. Jere and her restless ways obviously served him as entertainment. "A crazy one like that, who knows? Right now she's probably on her way to the casino at the Casa Marina. Win a thousand, lose a thousand—who knows where she'll wind up tonight? Maybe flying to Cuba! Maybe poling up to Miami in a conch boat!"

Paul went on to the casino and wandered around until he found her at the craps table. Her escort seemed to have disappeared. There were only a few people playing, so it was easy to edge in behind her. "Hi," she said when she saw him, as if it were perfectly natural that she should be there. "Bet with me. I'm hot."

She had the dice and her point rolled ten. The odds were with the house, but she bet a hundred on herself and made the point on her third roll. Paul had backed her for five. She made three more passes, dragging in all her winnings until she had run a hundred up to almost three thousand. Betting with her each time, but conservatively, Paul was around fifty ahead. The reckless way she played seemed to mock his conservatism and he felt suddenly depressed, as if aware now of a surer sign than any he had had before that this was a will-o'-the-wisp.

Abruptly, she lost interest. "I'm going to cash these in," she said. "Let's play roulette."

At the roulette table, Paul watched with an amazement lined with admiration as she plunged on hunches, betting the limit on single numbers, all or nothing, 35-1, while he was putting five on red or black or settling for the short odds on groups of numbers. The wheel wasn't rolling for her, and in less than ten minutes she had thrown away the big win she had taken from the other table.

"That's tough luck, Jere," Paul said. "You should have quit when you were out in front."

"Oh, what difference does it make?" Jere said. "I'd just as soon lose it as win it."

She led him off into the bar for a drink; and she drank the way she seemed to do everything—doubles, fast, ready to go further than anybody else. And then, as abruptly as she had lost interest in the dance and the dice, she said, "Oh, the hell with this drinking. Who wants to go swimming?"

The cigarette ad, who had been at the bar when they reached it said, "Oh, God, that again? I gave up moonlight swimming about the time of my first hangover. Once a season holds me fine."

Paul tried to sound casual. "I'll go swimming with you, Jere."

"Swell. Are you a good swimmer?"

"Oh good enough to paddle around."

"I feel like swimming. I think I could swim to Cuba tonight."

Remembering the General's joke about Jere and her impulsive night flights, Paul wondered about that last one. He wondered too if her escort would object to this improvised shift in the evening's pairing, and he even started to mutter something about it; but the Sun god was ahead of him. "Good God, I'm glad she's found a sucker. Otherwise, I might have had to go myself."

Paul and Jere sat on the end of the club pier, and the water was black and uninviting. It should have been moonlight, Paul was thinking.

"I never win long shots," he said. "And this afternoon, when I first saw you out there, it was a hundred to one against our end-

Continued on page 98

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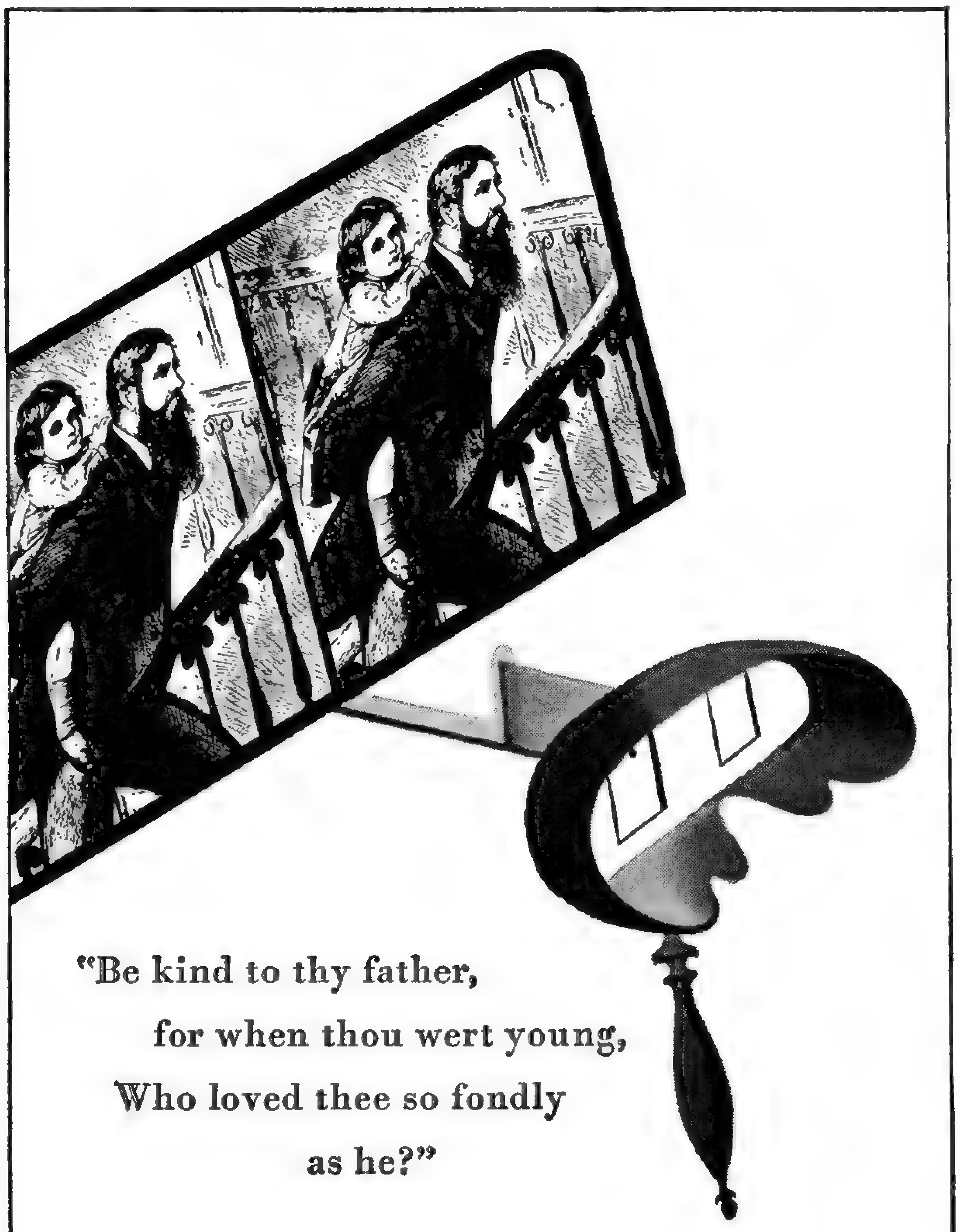

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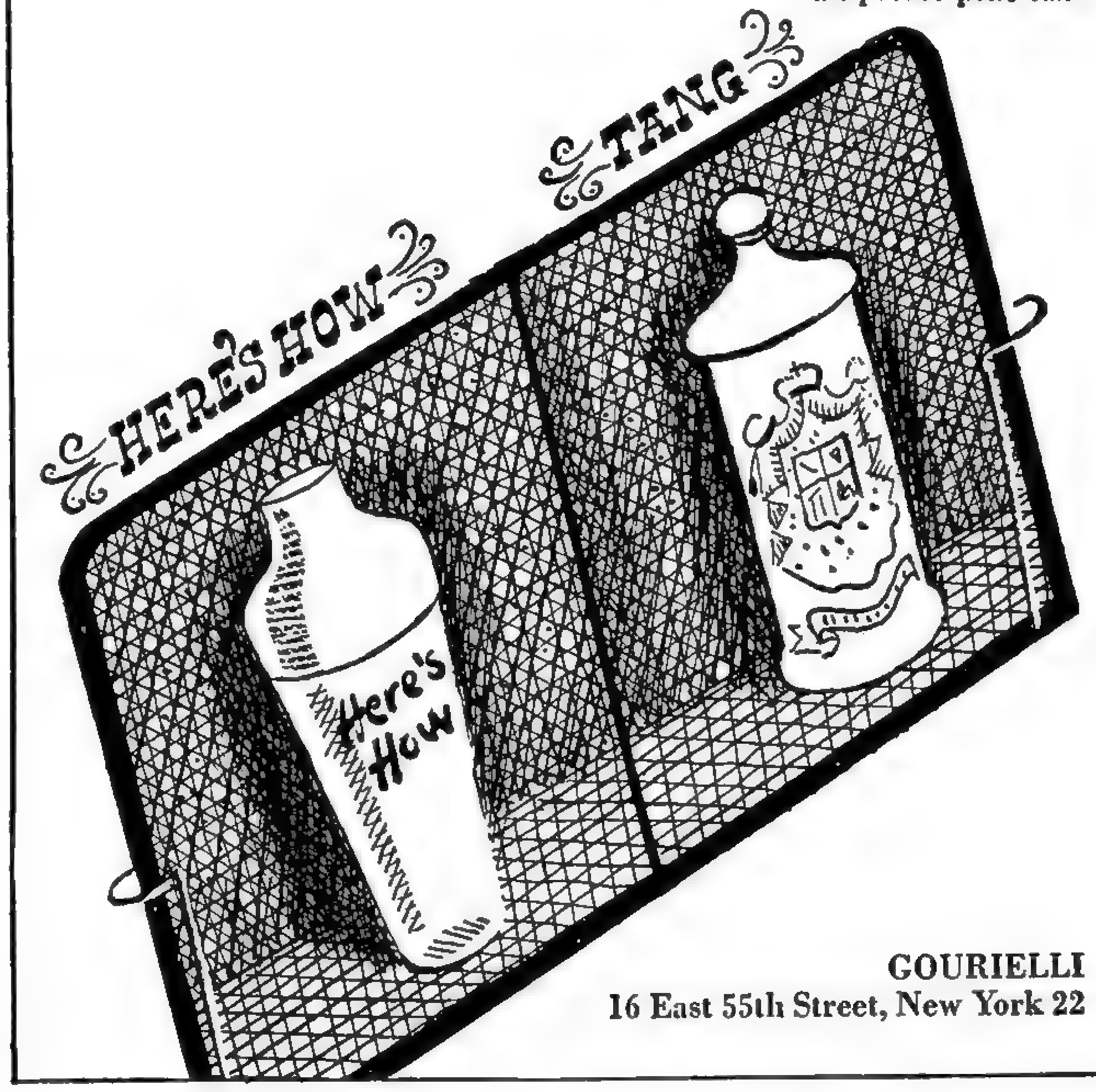

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The Dare

Continued from page 97

ing up alone together like this."

"I like people who do things without planning them ahead."

"Isn't your friend the ready kind?" he asked, meaning the Sun god left standing on his clay feet at the hotel bar.

"Oh, Bob . . ." The way his name trailed off told practically everything. "Bob is something like me. Only he isn't quite up to me. So he bores me. And, anyway, I like people who do something. All Bob did was inherit money. He . . ." Then she swung the rudder on the conversation. "What're we talking about Bob for? Bob's always around to talk about. How about you? I know you *do* something."

"Eleven months a year I'm a commercial artist. The other month, I go away somewhere—Tehuantepec last year, Key West this time—and try to paint for myself. A sailor rowing in Central Park. Awful one-sided compromise."

"But better than nothing," she said. And they talked a little about painting—nothing too flossy: about actual techniques and the local problems with light and dampness: and the things she said were more businesslike and practical than he would have expected.

"You must have been painting a long time, Jere," he said.

"I don't really paint," she said. And then, after a moment of silence, "I don't do anything."

"But I thought you didn't like people who don't do anything," Paul said. He meant it for banter.

"Maybe I don't like myself." Then, abruptly: "The hell with it. Let's swim."

He saw her poise for a moment on the edge and then arch and knife cleanly into the dark water. He plunged in after her, expecting to tread water and splash around in the dark. But she was already moving off from the pier, her head bent low in the choppy sea. Paul had to exert himself to keep up. Before they were fifty strokes out from the pier, the swim had taken on a disconcerting quality. When they passed the first marker a hundred yards beyond the landing, Paul knew that this was no hilarious midnight escapade. There was an intensity about this swim toward a dark far horizon that made Paul realize he had gone beyond his depths in many ways.

The sea water poured down his throat when he gasped for breath and his body ached to turn back. But he feared that doing this might lose everything he had gained this evening—this strange, wonderful girl, this water gypsy who had risen for him out of the sea. There was a limit to his endurance, though, and he was beginning, for the first time in his life, to reach the edges of it. His stomach tightened with the panicky feeling that his next stroke would double him up in a cramp of exhaustion. Along with all the salt water, he was going to have to swallow his pride and turn back; slowly work his way into shore. Just then, Jere's face bobbed up close to his.

"Hello," she said. She looked fresh and impish and the sight of her so close revived him a little.

"I'm hungry," she announced. "Let's go back."

His stomach felt too full of ocean water to require food, but when he got to the pier he was suddenly exhilarated. Of course he was hungry. He was starved. He had kept up with Jere McBride, crazy Jere McBride, and he was ready for anything.

They went skipping down Duvall Street—actually skipping like a couple of crazy kids—and when they reached the all-night Cuban place, they both had two helpings of black beans and yellow rice, washed down with beer that Jere drank from the bottle. "An oral regression to infancy," she called it, and they both laughed. They were laughing at things that were only funny to them and Paul felt sorry for anyone who didn't have a Jere McBride in his life, and all the years before Jere fell away to a flat, arid desert of monotony.

He walked her back to her hotel, and they stopped in for a nightcap at its old oak bar that looked out on the sea; and when they paused for a moment on the great balcony and listened to the waves, the night and what they had made of it suddenly gave him courage and he kissed her, feeling the recklessness, the restlessness, passing from her lips to his. Then, with her kind of suddenness, she broke away.

"Let's go conch fishing in the morning. Call for me early—say, between eight and nine."

Her door closed him off from her so suddenly that he felt as though she had vanished from his side in some metaphysical way. He could almost have believed that nothing had happened and that their evening had been simply an extension of his daydream. He walked back slowly to his hotel, his mind still flooded with the vision of that afternoon's golden sweep across the sunlit sea.

Every morning since coming to Key West, Paul had slept late, counting that luxury as one of his chief vacation pleasures. But this next morning he was up in time to see the clouds opening for the early sun to pour through. Even the pelicans were still asleep, drifting idly in small groups, rocking gently with the tide. Paul pulled on some white ducks and a sports shirt and went down to the beach. Suddenly, as if by silent agreement, all the pelicans rose together and went flapping out to sea on some urgent pelican business. Paul felt really alive. He thought about Jere, and, for the first time, about her always being with him. The only trouble was that he couldn't quite see her in his tiny tailored New York apart-

Continued on page 100

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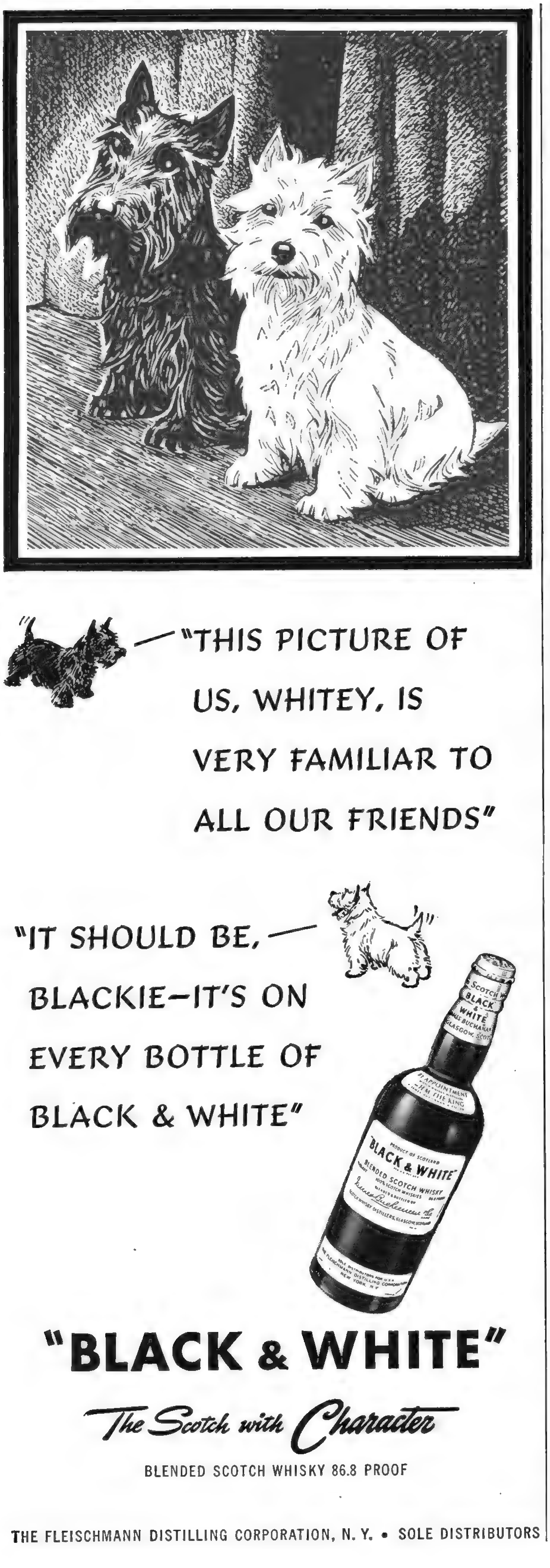

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The Dare

Continued from page 98

ment. It would be like bringing home to captivity some wild bird whose home is the open sea. He was in love with her, though, in a way he had not imagined a man of his temperament could be.

He walked down the beach to her hotel and when he didn't find her on the downstairs porch, he went up and knocked on her door.

"Come on in, Paul," she called. He entered to find her in white ducks, with the legs rolled up to her knees, and an old sweat shirt. But somehow these had the effect of heightening rather than smothering her beauty. She was squatting on the floor finishing a hurried water color. Strangely, it was the scene Paul had been watching on the beach—the pelicans rising in formation from the rose water of the morning sea. It was done in swift, fluid strokes, and the rose color was redder and stronger than it had been. The peace and tranquillity of the scene that had impressed Paul on the beach was translated into disturbing colors and broken lines. Thumbtacked on the walls were half a dozen other seascapes, all blurs and sudden strokes of color, suggesting rather than representing, all catching some of the recklessness and vitality that Jere brought to everything she did.

"These all yours?" It wasn't really a question, merely an opener.

"Just splashing around."

"But they're damn good."

"My God, Paul, I was only playing. Don't look so serious."

"But they're—they're big-league. You should do something with them."

"I will, darling. I'll give them to you."

She jumped up, and with a little mock curtsy handed Paul the one she had just finished. "To remember me by." She laughed.

He took the picture, beginning to say something serious, trying to make it sound not too pompous, but she cut him off. "Hell with it. Let's go conching."

They walked down the street to the Negro "beach"—a narrow, rocky promontory where the rowboats were pulled up. They carried the one they were going to use out over the rocks and pushed off. She showed him how to pole it, and then, when they were out a little way, she said, "Let's see if we can catch ourselves some crawfish first." He held the boat for her while she poised a long three-pronged spear over the surface and peered down through the single fathom of light-green water to the edge of the shoal at the bottom. Suddenly the spear shot into the water, and when she pulled it up the prongs were fastened to a small speckled brown lobster. Paul tried it after that, but even after he spied one on the bottom, the deceptive angle of the spear beneath the surface made him overshoot his target. It was much harder than it looked.

She tried it again and brought up a larger one. Then she lost interest in the spear.

"Conching's more fun," Jere said. "I'll show you how we dive for them." Fixing a large circular glass to her eyes, she dove nimbly over the side. Paul was fascinated to watch her glide down through the twinkling green water to the rocks below. Watching her move along the bottom with slow-motion grace, he was reminded again of his earlier vision of her as a mermaid, a dryad of the sea, called up from the depths by his imagination.

But just then she popped up through the surface, crying "Eureka!" and triumphantly holding up a good-sized queen conch.

She slithered over into the boat and handed Paul the goggles. "I know what let's do. Let's see who can stay down the longest." She said it as a child might, as a spur-of-the-moment dare. But Paul, remembering last night's swim, feared it might develop into more of an ordeal than a childish bit of fun.

"But we haven't got a watch, Jere."

"Oh, we can count, one-and-two-and-. . ." She gave him the beat. "Oh, come on. You first. It's beautiful down there. It's fun to stay down."

Paul adjusted the goggles, inhaled until his temples began to pound, and dove. As Jere had promised, he found himself enveloped in a shimmering green world more beautiful than he had imagined. He gripped a rock at the bottom to hold himself from rising and groped along, pleased with his unfolding ability to measure up to Jere's adventures. He wondered how much time had passed. He had begun keeping track, but a large octopus that turned out to be a massive undersea growth had frightened him off his count. Water was slowly seeping in under the rubber rims of the goggles and his eyes were beginning to smart. Then his ears were aching and he had a sense of being squeezed within green walls that were pressing down and in and up at him. He thought he saw a conch a few feet ahead of him, but that was too far now. His lungs were ready to explode. Why, a man could die down here to prove something. But what? What did it mean to Jere? He was shooting up toward the surface now, flailing his arms with mounting frenzy as he wondered if he could make it in time.

Then his head was above water at last and he was breathing, breathing—that first and last of luxuries.

"Ninety-three," Jere called. "Paul, I'm proud of you." The praise, the smile, the warm camaraderie completely erased his choking panic of a moment before.

"Now count for me." She could hardly wait to get the goggles on and be over the side again. She was gone in a swift little dive that hardly disturbed the calm surface of the water.

Fifty . . . He could see her gliding leisurely along the bottom. Seventy-five . . . ninety . . . Soon she had passed his record and he waited for her to pop to the surface, chortling over her triumph. But she was staying down. One hundred . . . one hundred and twenty-five . . . He peered down anxiously. She wasn't moving any longer. Just seemed to be sitting there—the mermaid again—at home on the bottom of the sea. One hundred and fifty . . . sixty . . . seventy-five . . . And this count slower than seconds—that was three minutes! Panic began to quicken his blood . . . No one could stay down that long . . . Suddenly he remembered nightmare stories of giant shellfish that clamp down on a swimmer's hands. Somewhere he had read how a Marine had been lost that way in the South Pacific . . .

In that same moment he dove, reached her, and groped for her, and they shot up to the surface together.

"Jere—Jere—are you all right?" he asked.

"Of course." She laughed. "I was just getting ready to come up. How high did you count?"

"One hundred and seventy-five."

"Dare me to stay down for two hundred?"

"Frankly," Paul said, "I've had enough diving for one morning. You won't be satisfied till the Coast Guard drags the bottom for you."

"Okay," she said, completely unconcerned. "Do you like conch? The couple who run my hotel are friends of mine. We can take these into their kitchen and start working on them. I lived on these things one season down here when you could've turned me upside down and shaken me and never found a nickel."

That day, Paul felt as if he were gliding through life on skis the way Jere had skimmed the surface of the sea. The lunch on the sun porch of her hotel; the walk through town to the fishing docks; the long talk on the beach; the cocktails at sunset; the fun of drinking together and the marvelous sense of growing intimacy; and, finally, the moonlight dance in the patio and Jere McBride, this crazy, unpredictable, wonderful girl, in his arms at last. His lips were against her golden cheeks and even the smell of her was of some fresh wild berry that one finds on the hills. Later tonight, or perhaps tomorrow, he would ask her. He was already trying it, phrasing it, like a stage bit player with one line to perfect: Jere, you told me that you never turn down a dare. So, I dare you to marry me.

Her lips were brushing his ear, and his skin tingled with the pleasure of it. She was going to kiss him! Only, instead, she was whispering, "Darling, feel like going swimming with me tonight? Let's go swimming tonight again."

"Jere," he said. "I'm still waterlogged. Why don't we skip it tonight?"

"I want to go swimming," she said. "At night I love to go swimming."

"Baby, I—I just can't tonight. I love you, adore you. I haven't told you yet, but I even want to marry you. But if we start swimming out tonight, you know what'll happen. You'll dare me to see which one of us can swim out the furthest—and of course I'll bust a gut trying to keep up with you, and . . ."

"All right, don't swim with me. I'll swim alone. I like to swim alone." She was glaring at him and the wildness was a new kind, and he thought he knew for the first time what the General meant.

"Jere, why get so angry? Tonight let's just dance and have some drinks. Maybe tomorrow night we can swim . . ."

"I don't want you to swim with me," she said. "I'm going swimming and I'm going alone. I'm going now."

For a moment Paul considered following her. But then he thought, *She's high-strung, she can't stay at that pitch all the time without having these moods . . . I'll let her work her way out of it and send her flowers in the morning. By lunchtime she'll be thinking up some new crazy stunt and daring me to follow . . .*

The next morning Paul reverted and slept late. When he went downstairs to breakfast, everyone was talking about what had happened. The Coast Guard was still searching for the body, he heard people say. But she was such a wonderful swimmer, he heard people say. She was always such a happy-go-lucky, such a high-spirited girl . . . It doesn't seem possible she'd do a thing like that, he heard people say . . .

He walked slowly out to the edge of the point and looked across the sea. The sun was high and the waters were smooth. He had no idea how long he had stood there, or when the truth first flashed for him, but when it did he was sure he had known it from that first moment of fear and wonder when she had seemed bent on crashing into the pier. It was so simple now. Jere's courage had been fool's gold, not really courage at all. Only the wish to die. When he cupped his hands to light a cigarette, they were trembling. He stood a long time that morning at the sea wall.

By the time the sun was lowering toward the horizon, the first shock was easing off into a kind of numb submission, a sense of inevitability, of having entered for a few stolen moments into a shadow world.

For now he was no longer sure whether Jere McBride and their first day, their second, and their last, had really happened. Or whether a mermaid, a water gypsy turned mortal for a day, had merely swum home to the green depths out of which she had come. #

Continued from page 39

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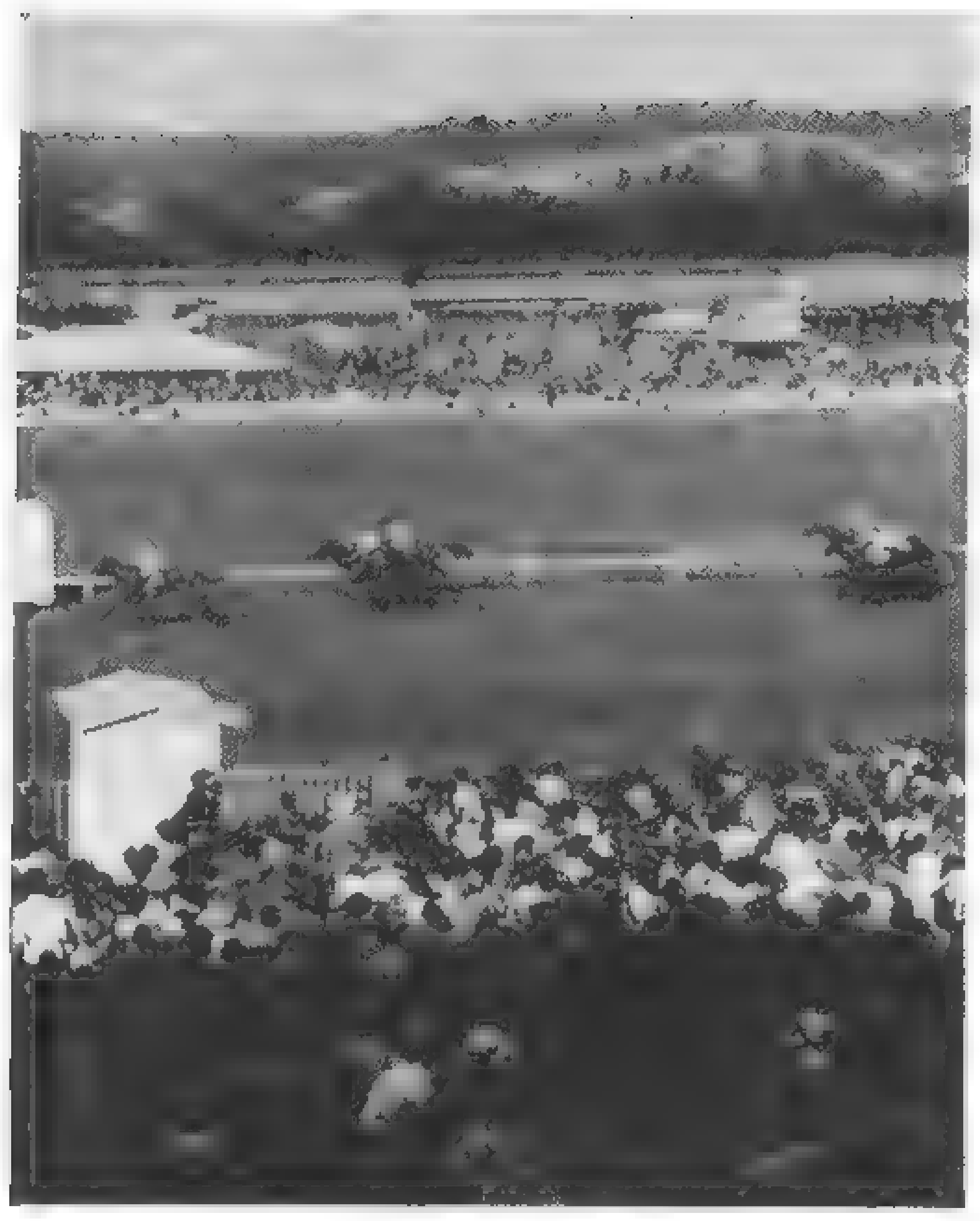

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"TRAVEL BUILDS TRADE AND AIDS PEACE"

All in Good Season

Continued from page 73

can one find a *real* hamburger these days? The genuine hamburger be it known, is distinguished by the fact that it is seasoned with allspice—a spice whose flavor blends with that of beef as does lemon peel with Scotch. (An ancestor of ours used to say that a man who would drink Scotch in any form without a small twist of lemon peel was capable of eating a soft-boiled egg without salt.)

Do you want a real hamburger? Well, then, just trot out and purchase a pepper mill, some whole allspice, and a chunk of lean beef. Grind the beef fine, in company with a small onion—the onion is merely a seasoning and must not dominate. Fill the mill with the brown berries and grind a good supply on the beef, add salt, a little (very little) pepper, mix well, pat the mixture into cakes, and fry them in butter. When the hamburgers are cooked, remove them and grind a small issue of the spice into the butter remaining in the pan, let it cook for thirty seconds, and then pour the precious perfumed oil over the mashed potatoes which should always accompany the classic hamburger steak. Period.

Put the millful of allspice on the table the next time you have roast beef or a steak, and use it instead of pepper. You will find that you have something.

The French—a nation of gracious gourmets—are sparing in their use of spices, but they use herbs and other fresh seasonings lavishly. When they cook green peas, they always add a few of the best and plumpest of the pods; these are not intended to be eaten, but experience has proved that the pea pod tastes more like a pea than the pea itself does and, therefore, the addition increases the flavor of the dish. And, the good French cook always sprinkles finely chopped fresh sweet cicely (*cerfeuil musqué*), or the finely chopped leaves of tender mint, over new potatoes to improve their flavor. Mushrooms fried in butter are also served sprinkled with cicely. Alas! In most of our own broad land, chopped parsley is as far as anyone's imagination goes.

The diversity that may be created by a little imagination in the preparation of food may be illustrated by simple boiled beef, a dish much looked down upon in the United States and greatly esteemed in France. There was founded in Paris, sometime during the late sixties, a cheap but excellent restaurant called the *Table d'Hôte Blonde*, which served boiled beef three hundred and sixty-five times a year. And such boiled beef—boiled slowly in forty-pound chunks, and with the proper vegetables to add flavor. For years, whenever we got a yen for it, we would dive down to the *Blonde* and feast until walking was difficult—all for the equivalent of forty American cents. The *Table d'Hôte Blonde* was a Parisian institution; it survived the Siege of Paris (when circumstances forced it to serve boiled horsemeat or—at one juncture—boiled elephant leg); it survived the First World War (by cutting down on the size of the portions); but Hitler—may he fry!—put it out of business. Today it is only memory.

During the long two years that our family spent in a German concentration camp, our life was preserved—let the world rejoice!—by the food furnished by the never-to-be-sufficiently-blessed American Red Cross. The quantity was adequate and the quality was of the best, but—oh, my!—how it did lack that variety which is just as much the spice of eating as it is of life! Whenever we tired of canned beef, we could refresh ourselves with Spam, and the reverse, the result being that when the family finally trailed back to Paris we raised the long yell, and nobly did friends and relations respond. Package after package arrived, containing, beside those staples which were then unprocurable in hungry Europe, little delicacies and seasonings to delight the long unaccustomed palate. In those days, it did not require much to cheer us up; a bottle of tabasco was cause for joy, and a pot of pickles for rejoicing.

One package contained, among other things, two cans of clear green turtle consommé. Now turtle is one of God's gifts to gourmets, and so we were delighted. But alas! When the liquid was in our plate, we discovered that a woeful lack of enthusiasm had entered into its composition; there was nothing that we could actually criticize, but the stuff had no more personality than arrowroot gruel. However, turtle being turtle, we put our masculine imagination to work and gave the second can a face-lifting that was as simple as it was successful. We added one hard-cooked egg coarsely chopped, a grating of nutmeg, and a couple of teaspoonfuls of brandy; then we warmed the whole in a double boiler, and . . . once again we had something.

Chickens are scarce these days in Paris, where we live. Yesterday, though, we managed to buy a roaster, and, as we carried it home in the subway, we meditated on the manner in which such a treasure should be treated. Obviously, it deserved something more than the banal. Now, while the number of ways in which a chicken can be cooked is limited, the number of ways in which it can be seasoned is unlimited; so we created a new dish.

In a big frying pan, we put some butter, some vegetable shortening, and a couple of spoonfuls of oil, and in this mixture we browned the chicken which we had previously cut into as small portions as its anatomy would permit. The browning process took quite a time because the chicken was juicy; but while it was browning, we put the heart, liver, and gizzard to simmer in half a pint of water; we scraped a big carrot and sliced it paper-thin, sliced about a quarter pound of scallions, and cut up a big green and a big red pimento. We also cut into quarters one small tomato and sliced thin one-half of a small clove of garlic. Then we put the cooked giblets on a plate, cut them into dice, and replaced them in their hot water.

By this time the chicken was mostly brown, so we dumped it, grease and all, into a Dutch oven, added the chopped vegetables, rinsed the frying pan with the chopped giblets and their water, and added that brew to the rest. Then for the seasoning! All we added was a rounded teaspoonful of salt and a heaping one of chili powder; and—just before we clapped on the lid—in went a gill and a half of ordinary red table wine. With the aid of a spoon and a fork, we delicately mixed the mess, covered it, and lowered the gas until an attentive ear could just hear the liquids simmering.

Three-quarters of an hour later—the family being gathered together and the omens being propitious—we fished out all the bits of birdie and placed them on a hot plate; this process demanded care as the meat was falling from the bones with tenderness. To the delicious goo in the pot we added a scanty half pint of boiling water and a tablespoonful of brandy; this we let come to a simmer, and dumped it into the sauce boat before it could boil.

At table, we placed on each plate a thick slice of bread (not toast) that was twenty-four hours old, poised a portion of chicken thereon, and covered the whole with the thick, colorful, and perfumed sauce. The rest was silence, interrupted from time to time by one of those well-bred grunts that are so uplifting to the heart of the creator of such a work of art.

It has long been an established custom among us creative artists that when we produce a great book or a great dish it should be dedicated to someone we admire; so, in accordance with tradition, we have baptized our creation *Salmis de poulet Alphonso XIII.*

We have never moved in the constantly narrowing circle of European royalty, but fate somehow ordained that at irregular intervals during our long life we should metaphorically bump into the late Alphonso XIII of Spain. The first occasion was at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where, hanging onto our mother's middle finger, we were being dragged through the great Machinery Hall. Some steps in advance of us were two ladies and a boy a couple of years younger than ourself, accompanied by a few very obsequious gentlemen. One of the gentlemen was explaining to the ladies the operation of an automatic oven—then a novelty—for the continuous baking of bread. The model on a reduced scale was turning out miniature loaves about the size of biscuits. Thinking he was unobserved, the small boy swiped a loaf, but his mother's eye was alert and she made him put it back and ask for it politely. And our own mother, quick to point a moral, said, "You see, Wallace, not even the King of Spain is allowed to take things without asking permission."

The next encounter was many years later when neither of us was any longer youthful. Alphonso was coming out of a shop on the Rue de la Paix just as we arrived; we politely raised our hat—a gesture which he reciprocated—and that was that. But as we pursued our way, it appeared to us that we had something on the King of Spain; *we* knew who *he* was, while on the contrary . . .

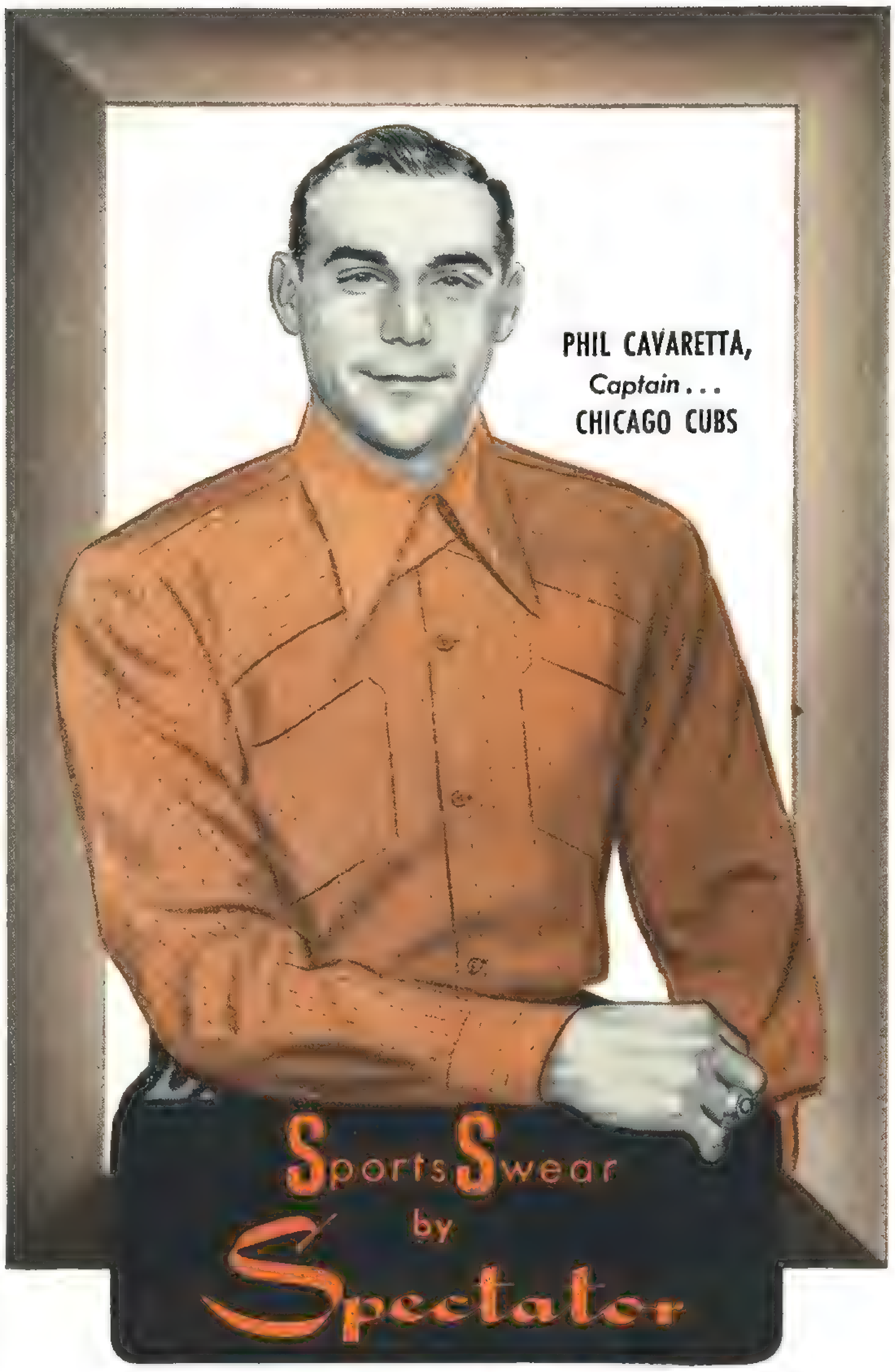
The last time we saw him was several years ago on the Boulevard des Capucines, where, accompanied by our wife, we were standing at the curb waiting for a parade that was due to pass. "Wallace," said our good wife, "who is that man standing under the tree opposite? His face seems familiar."

We looked at the place indicated, and there, standing in the crowd on the curb exactly as we were doing and for the same reason, was Don Alphonso of Bourbon, King of Spain, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Garter, etc. It was our last sight of a very kindly but unfortunate gentleman. And we trust that, wherever he may be, he will appreciate our homage in naming a dish of chicken for him.

But what did we eat after the chicken? Well, in prospecting around the kitchen we had found a large bowl full of cooked but cold string beans. "Hum-m," we had thought. "After a rich, highly seasoned dish like that chicken we will need something cooling and refreshing, and a string-bean salad, if properly prepared, will hit the jack pot."

We put the beans in an even bigger bowl—to save both tempers and tablecloths, we always mix a salad in a bowl that's much too big—and we did not prepare any sauce. We added oil, vinegar, and salt; and then, taking knife and fork, we sliced the beans into short bits to make them easier to eat. Next, we gave them a good stir and tasted one. Salt? Okay. Vinegar? Not quite enough, and the flavor decidedly flat. Well? With a decided but careful gesture, we poured a few drops of tabasco into a big spoon, added vinegar, and mixed the fluid well before stirring it into the salad. This time, it tasted perfect, but the solid mass of dark green offended our sense of beauty. And so we cut a tomato into small chunks and stirred them in, thus adding not only flavor and perfume, but also the color value that our salad had hitherto lacked.

What followed is so vulgar that we doubt if the editor will let us repeat it. However . . . shut the door and let us whisper . . . we ate that salad from deep saucers—and with a spoon. #



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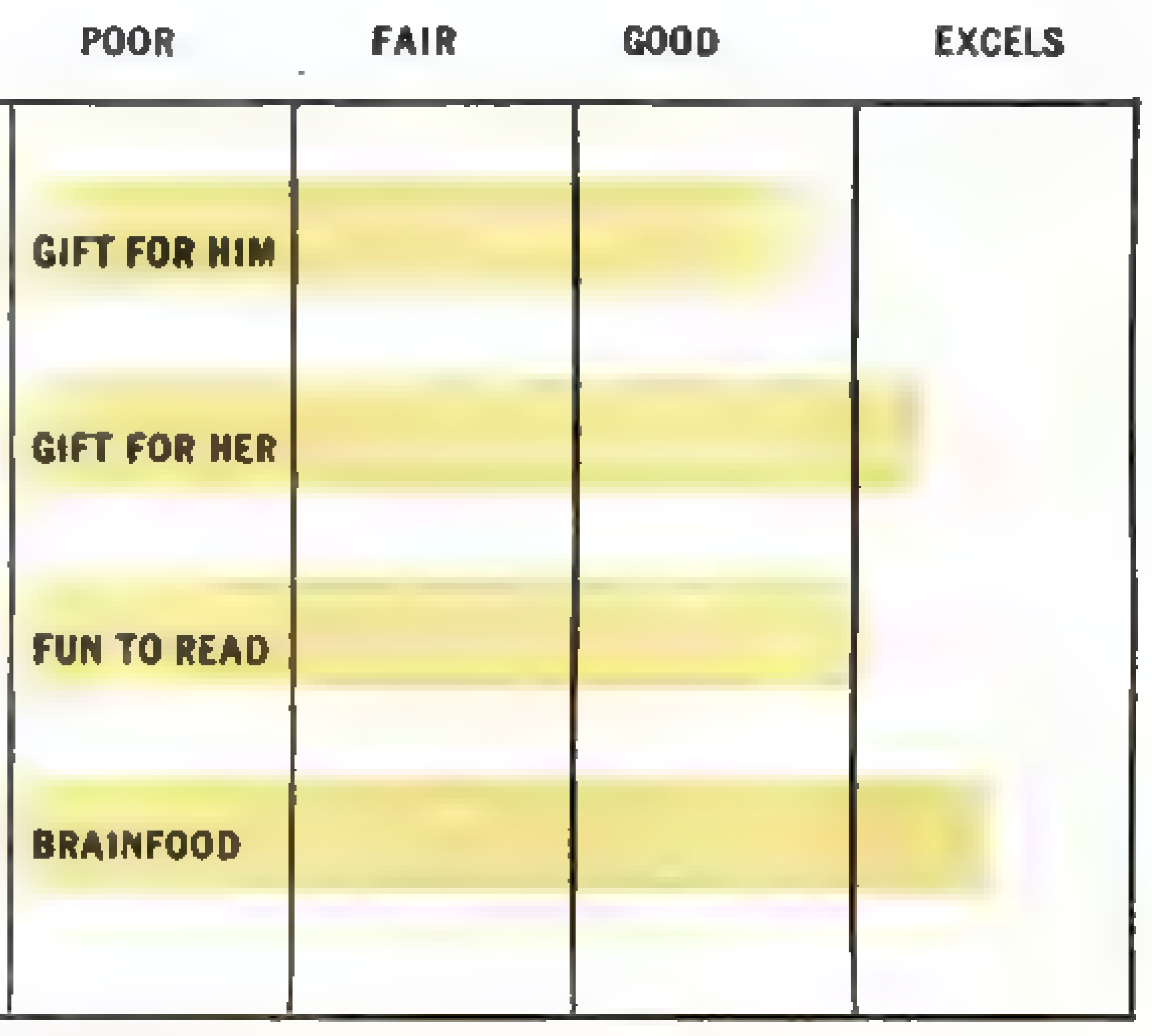
Book Briefs

Recently published volumes of short stories show a variety of talents applied to a variety of subjects: your dish is in here someplace

Innocents

by A. L. Barker
(*Scribner's*, $2.50)

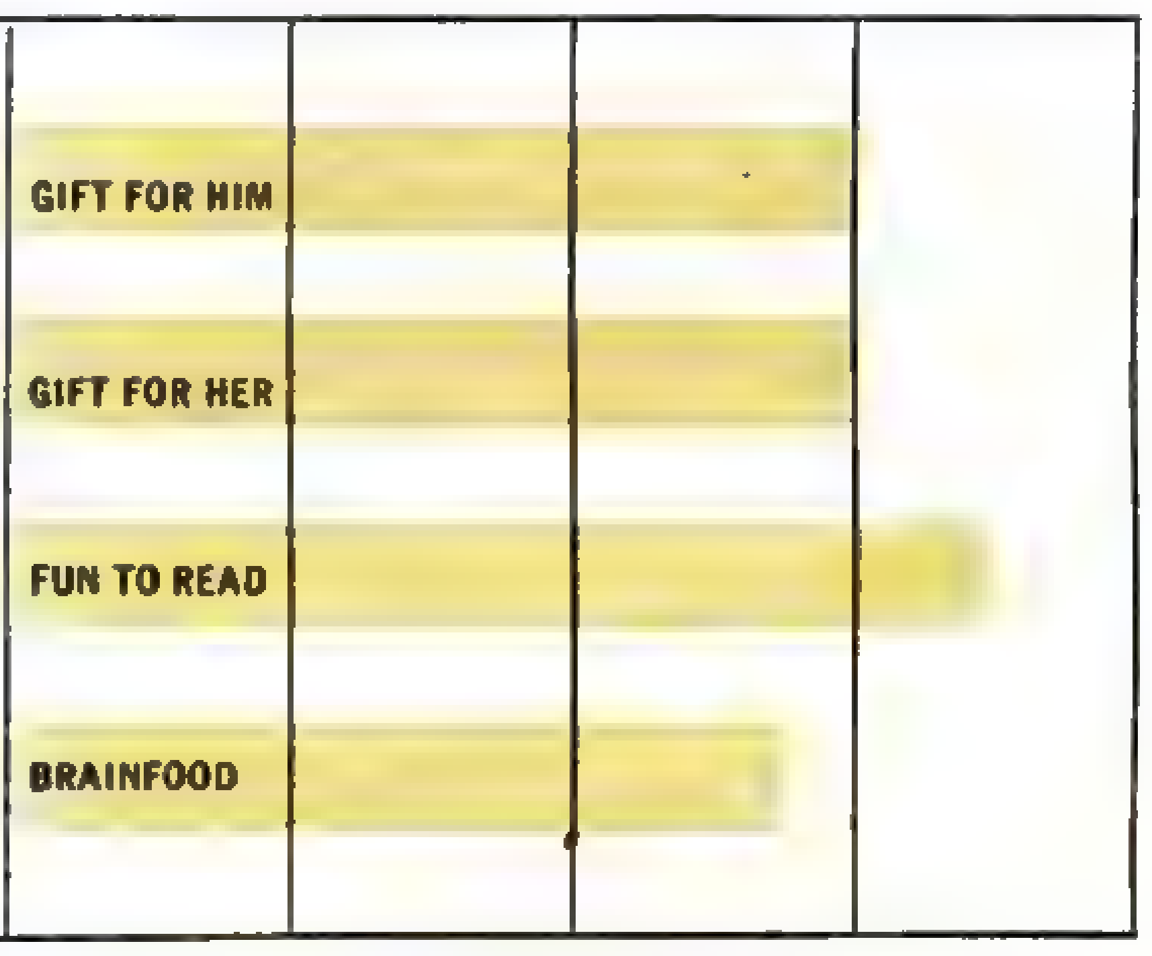
Eight sensitively written stories, most of them about children. Each describes a human crisis and is chiefly concerned with impact of innocence upon sophistication or vice versa. Miss Barker writes as though she loves the language.



Mrs. Egg and Other Americans

by Thomas Beer
(*Knopf*, $5.00)

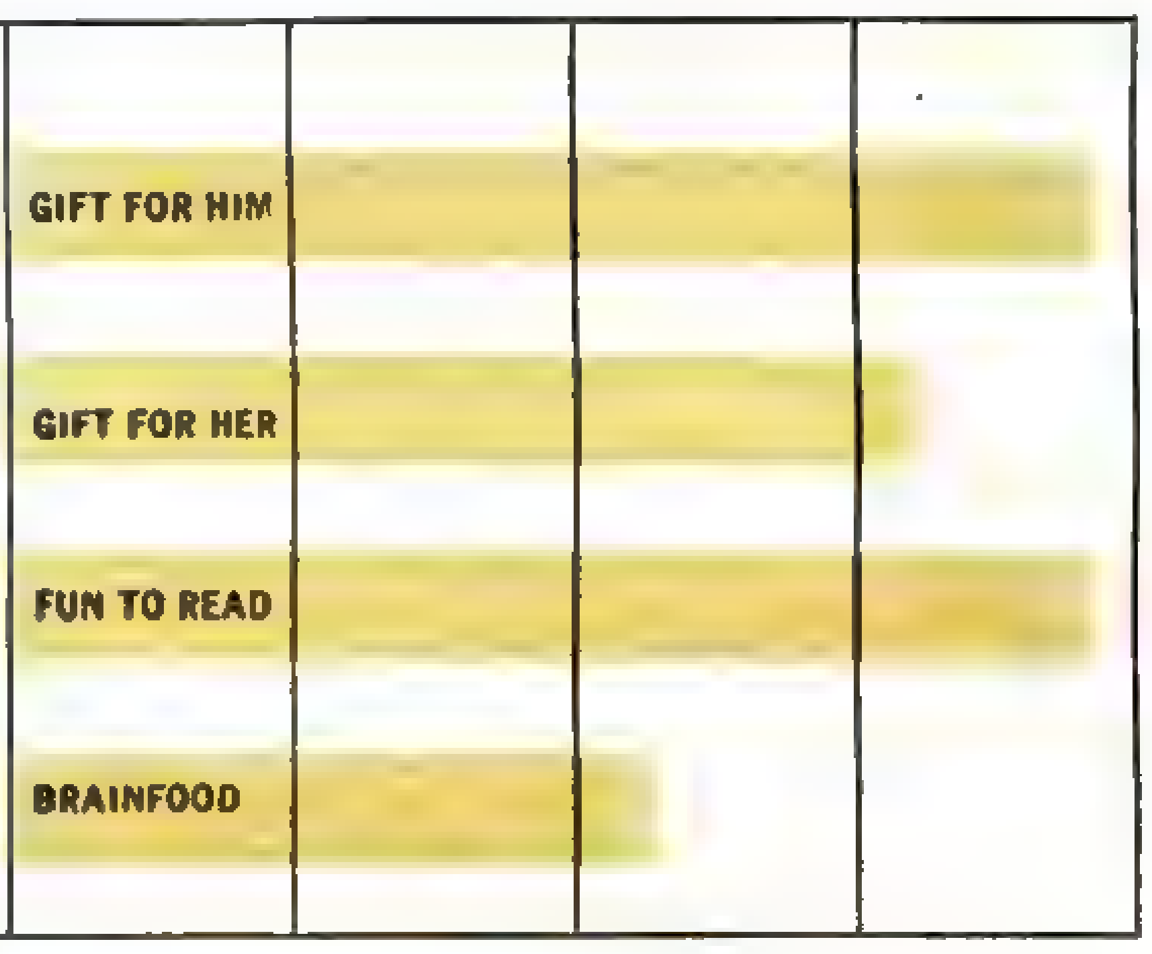
Twenty-nine stories, most of them previously published in the *Saturday Evening Post*. They deal with warm, kindly and lusty-living Americans such as the Egg family. Wilson Follett has contributed a long and thoughtful introduction.



Report for a Corpse

by Henry Kane
(*Simon & Schuster*, $2.00)

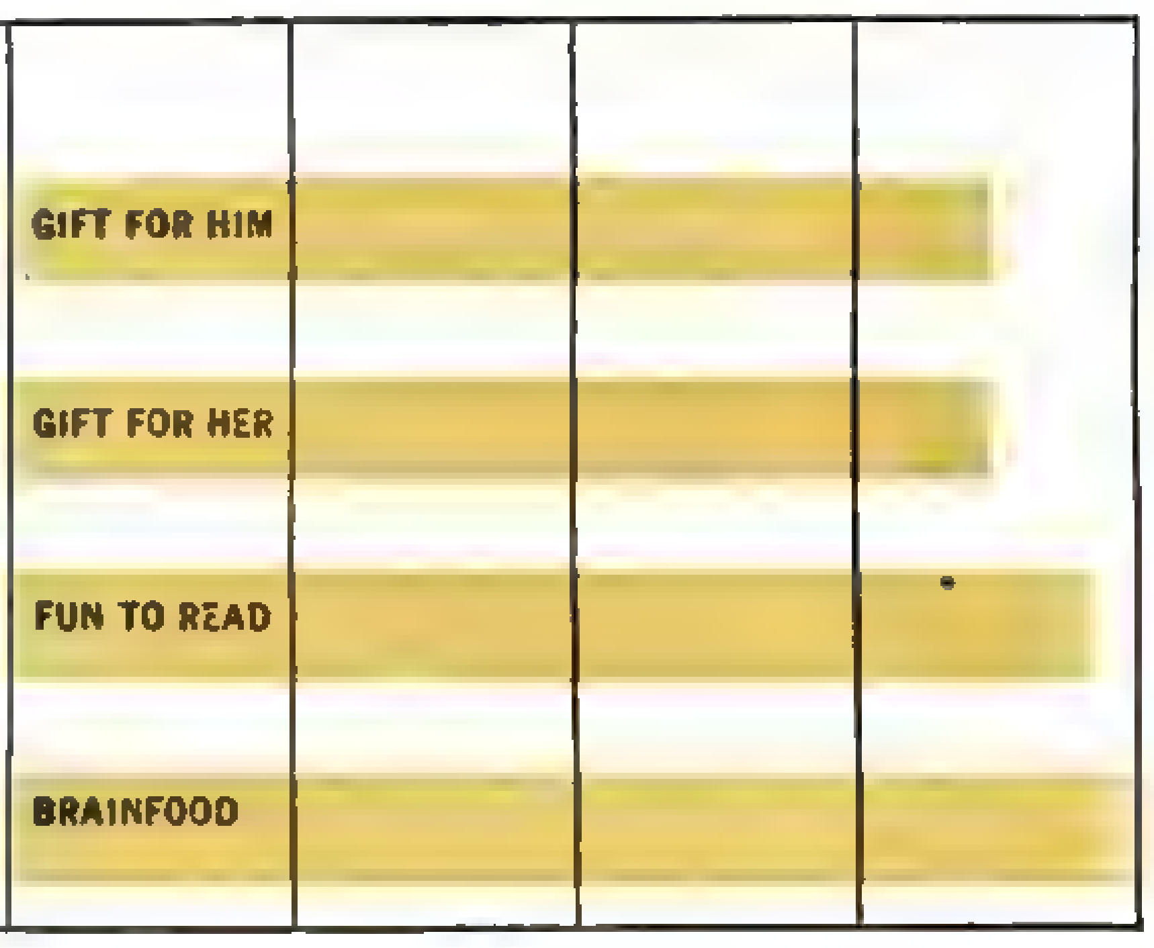
This volume contains six short mystery stories, all of which first appeared in this magazine, and, as the subtitle says, there are divers reports on dames, deaths and desperadoes, with shenanigans and solutions by Peter Chambers.



The World of Aldous Huxley

by Aldous Huxley
Edited by Charles Rolo
(*Harper*, $3.50)

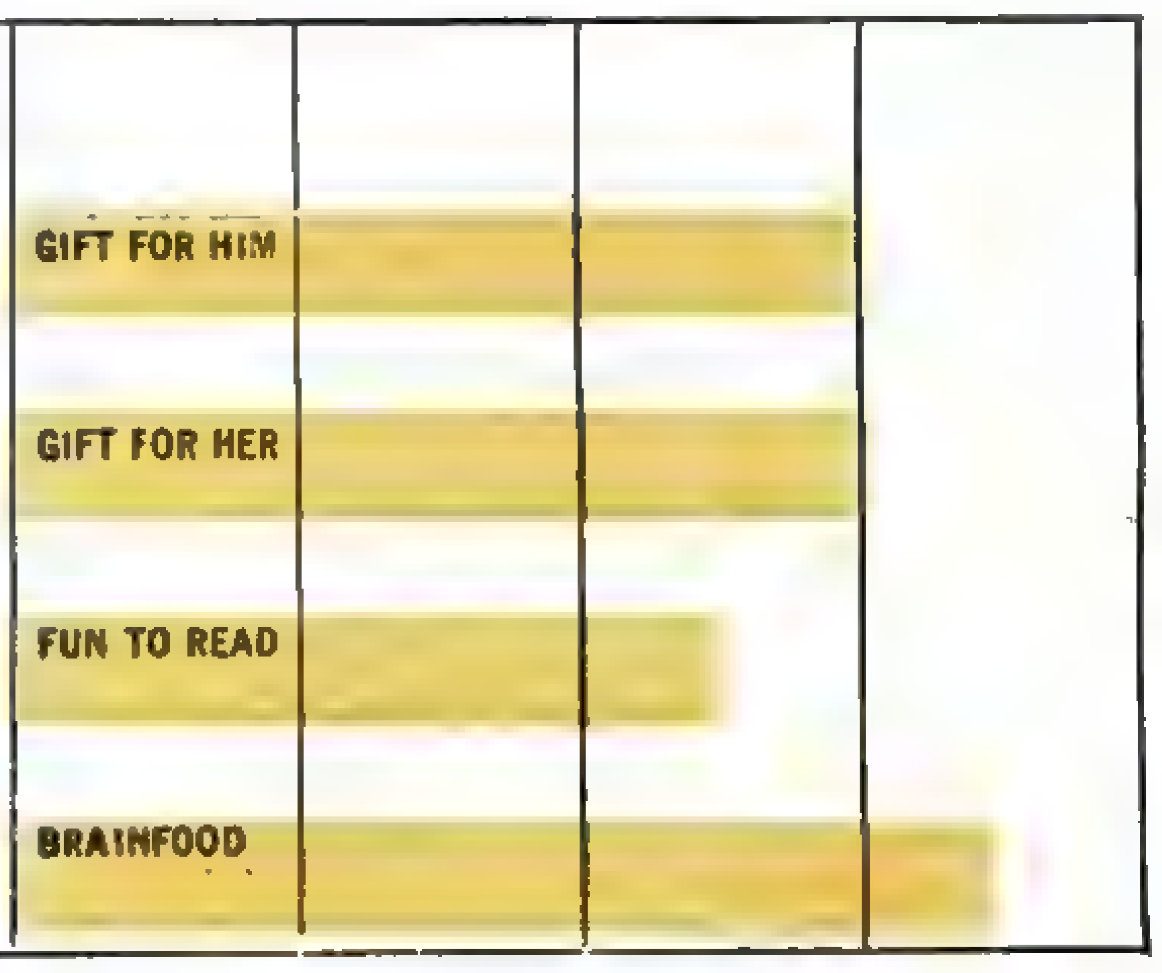
In addition to five stories, the book contains extracts from three novels, seven poems, and eleven essays and ruminations on the world in general. Everything is done with a sharp satiric craftsmanship that appeals to the brain and funnybone.



Modern French Short Stories

Edited by John Lehmann
(*New Directions*, $3.00)

Fourteen stories by Gide, Sartre, Casson, Chamson, St. Exupery, and others. Most of the pieces are not stories in the traditional sense, but slices of life, set down with skill and full of philosophic implication.



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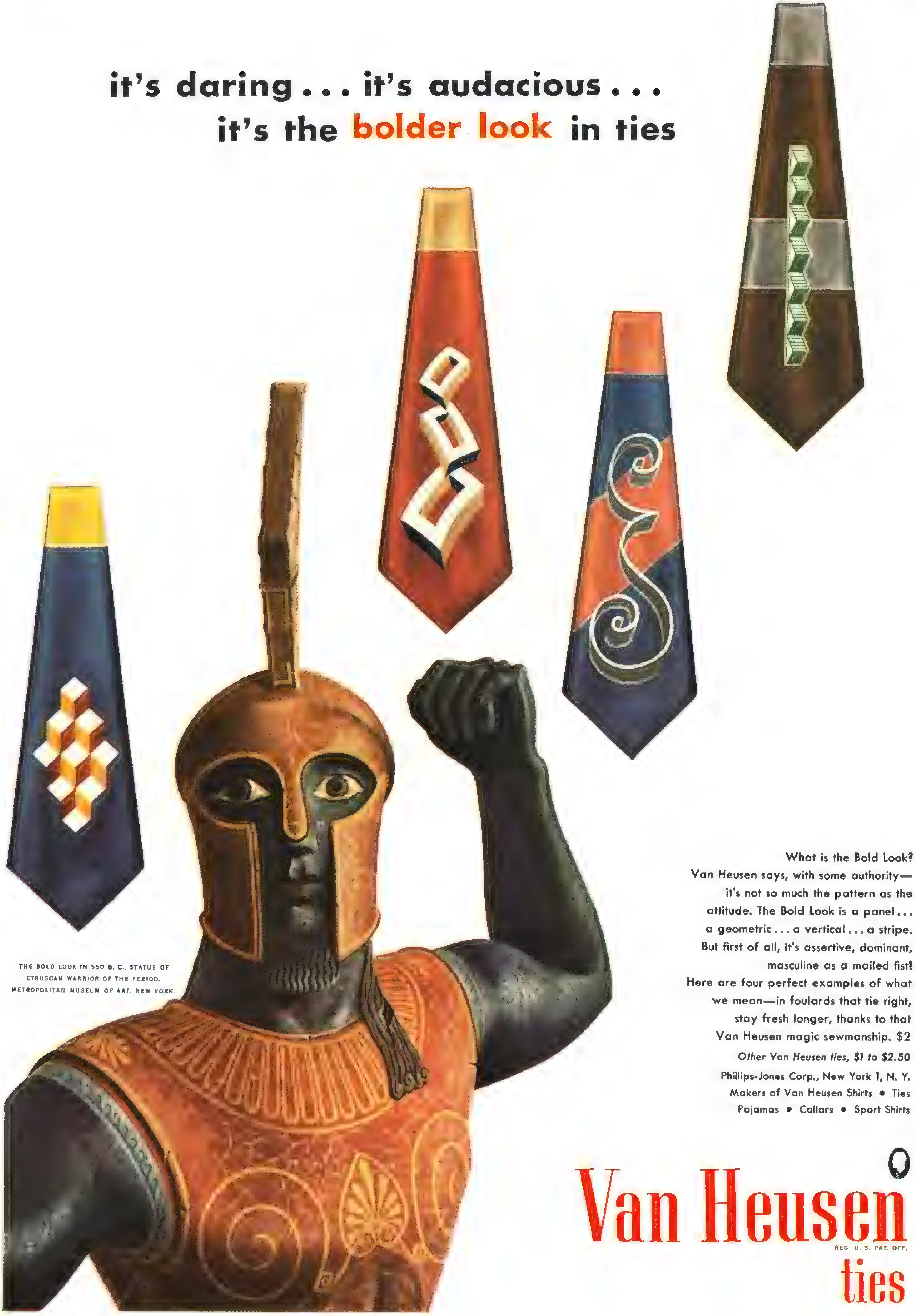

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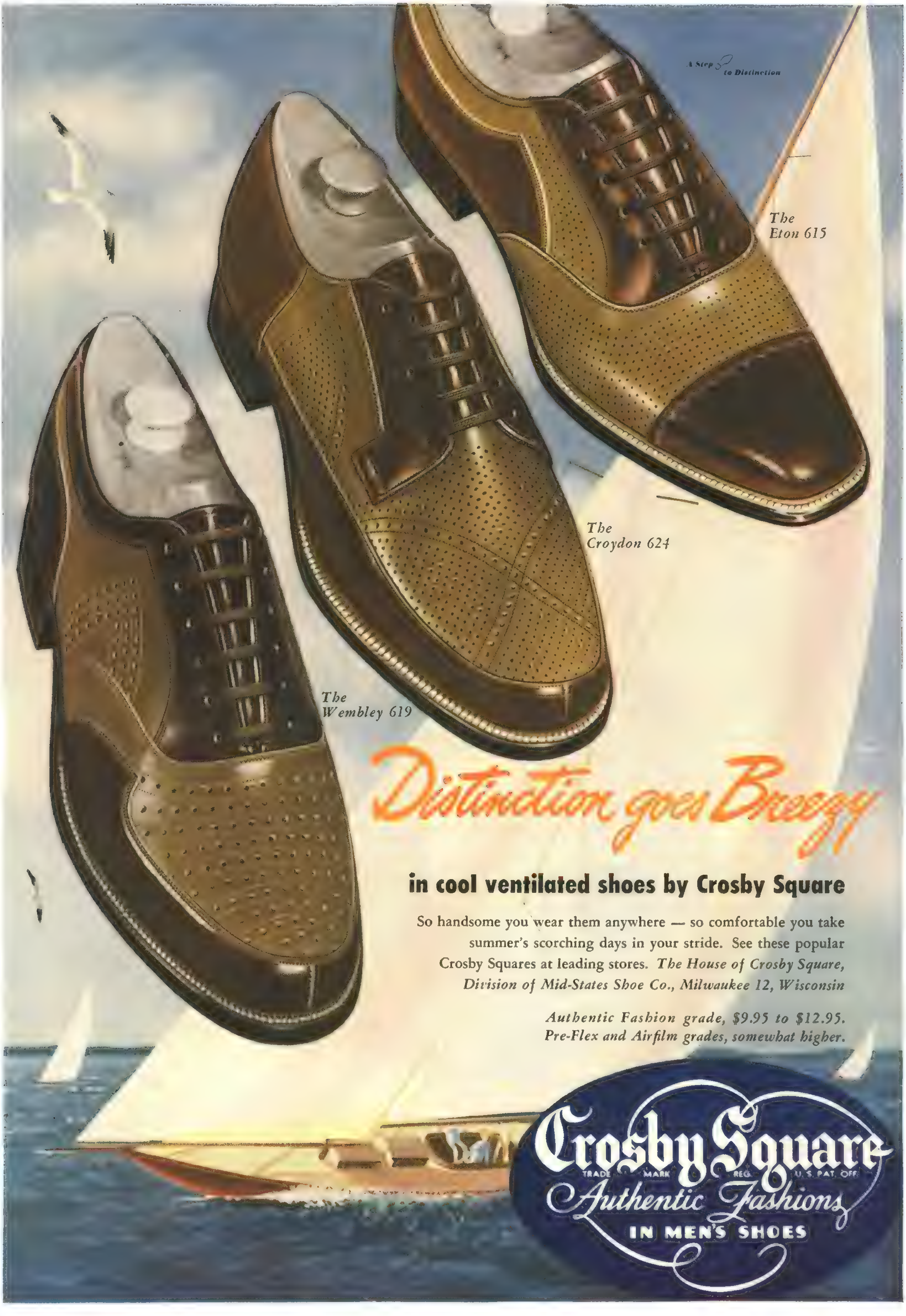
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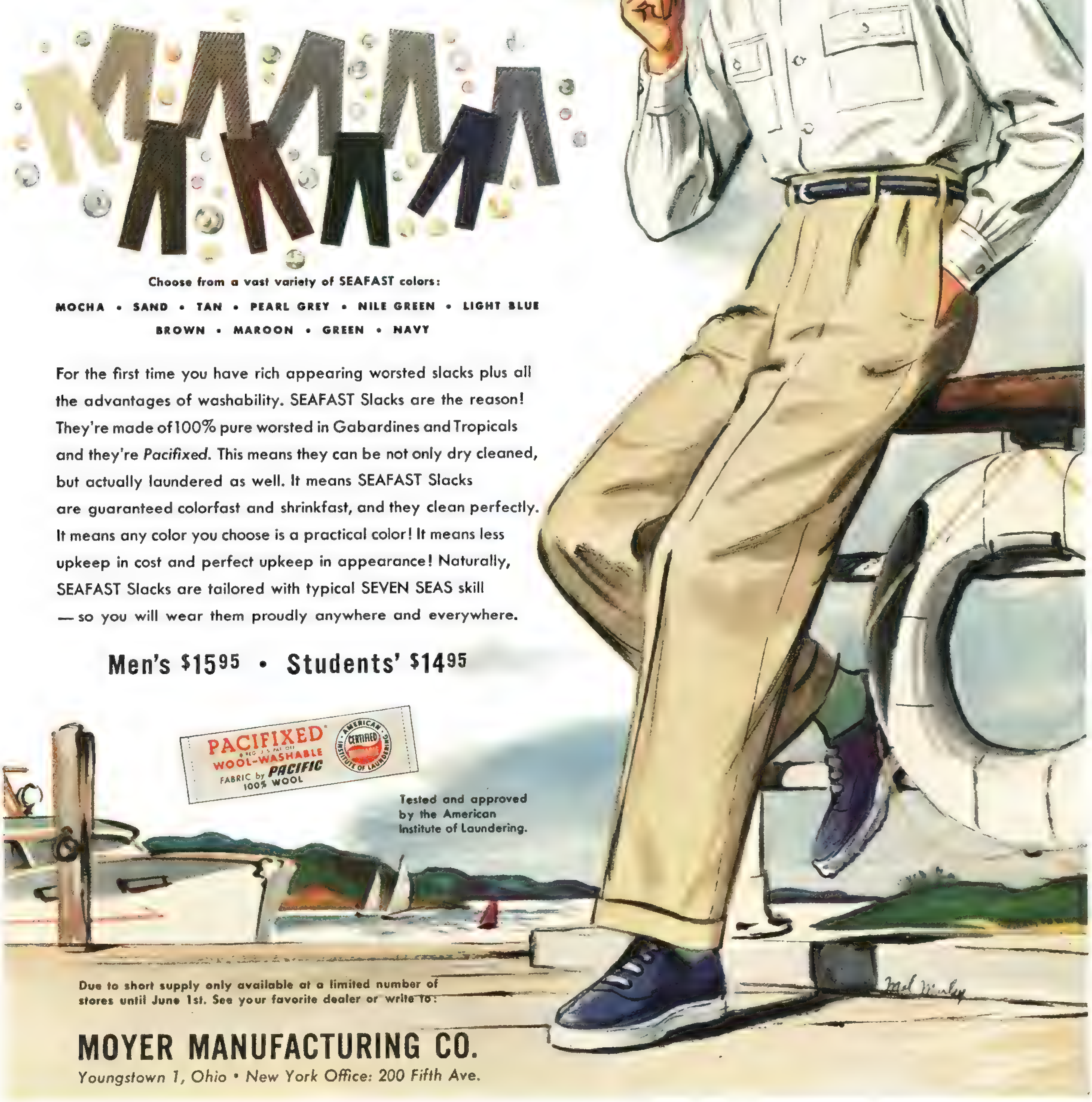

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The Last Shot

Continued from page 43

ing it ten minutes," Brandon said bluntly. "You knew before you asked. No, I'm no good with it."

"Then why—"

"I want it that way," Brandon said. "I'm giving him a fair chance, more than he gave my brother. He can't back down and save face. You want to tell him or do I?"

Meagher was completely serious now. "That's your job. I reckon I ought to stop you, but it wouldn't do no good. You'd just keep on till you got him."

"A good guess," Brandon said.

Meagher nodded and moved through the door, pausing on the sidewalk to look once more at Brandon's gun and shake his head with heavy bewilderment. Brandon waited in the office until the marshal's steps had died away to the south. They were replaced minutes later by the stableman's light, tapping feet; then Brandon stood quickly and faced the stableman in the door.

"That was fast work," Brandon said, "but let me tell you something. Just stay around here this afternoon, and stay away from my horse. I'll be back directly."

Brandon passed the suddenly frightened man and walked south along Bend's short business block. The marshal's office and the jail were on the same side of the street and fifty feet or so south of the livery barn; and standing in a weather-worn rectangular shape on the opposite corner, three stories high and needing paint, was the hotel. Brandon crossed over and entered the lobby, hearing the clatter of dishes and talking voices from the adjoining dining room. Brandon took a faded, dried-out leather chair against the north wall and sat quietly until these sounds had nearly died away. The clerk watched him incuriously from behind a small desk.

Brandon said, "Mr. Cannady in there?"

"I think so," the clerk said. "You want to see him?"

"Please," Brandon said mildly.

"I'll tell him," the clerk said. "He's almost done with dinner."

The clerk went into the dining room and returned immediately, saying, "He'll be right out." Brandon rose from the chair and moved closer to the connecting door, hearing boots scrape and chairs pushed back as the unseen men rose from their table and spoke together for a brief moment. One man left the dining room by the street door and another paused to exchange a pleasantry with the waitress and then entered the lobby. Brandon recognized his man.

"Cannady," he said.

Cannady smiled and extended one hand. "You wish to see me, sir?"

"Yes," Brandon said. "Don't you know me?"

Cannady frowned. "Can't seem to place you."

"My name is Brandon," Brandon said. "Does that help?"

Cannady was not wearing his gun at this noon hour, but one hand made an automatic, involuntary gesture toward his right leg. He stood alert and stiffly, understanding and remembrance masked behind sharp black eyes.

"Brandon?" he said then. "I don't know any Brandons, sir. There must be some mistake."

"Talk is a waste of time," Brandon said. "I'll be at the livery barn this afternoon. At six I'll step into the street. I expect you to do likewise from this hotel. Stop thinking about making a break. I've trailed you ten months. Run for it and you'll get no even chance next time."

"Look here—" Cannady said.

"You hear me," Brandon said stolidly. "Make a break and I'll use a rifle on you in the hills."

Cannady remembered him well enough, even though their meeting in the past had been a quick passage on the main street of Brandon's home town. It was through the close resemblance of Brandon to his younger brother that Cannady saw and compared and remembered. Brandon watched him search rapidly into the past and recall certain facts about the Brandons. As the marshal before him had done, Cannady glanced at the gun on Brandon's leg and noted that it was unpolished by use and riding much too high on Brandon's leg for a swift, accurate draw. Cannady was remembering that the Brandons were peaceable men who no longer used guns in settling their quarrels; and, knowing this, he lost all fear.

Brandon said again: "You hear me?"

"Certainly," Cannady said. "I will accommodate you at six with pleasure. I suppose it would do no good to repeat that your foolish brother pushed me into that fight?"

"I know how it happened," Brandon said. "Save your words. I'll see you at six."

"I'll explain to our marshal," Cannady said. "I don't want interference."

"No need," Brandon said. "I saw him."

Brandon was inwardly pleased to see the sudden fear on Cannady's face at mention of the marshal. No matter what it was, the hunt was finished. Brandon turned and walked from the hotel and north on the quiet street to the office of the livery barn. The stableman came from the alleyway, shaking straw from his thin shoulders, and pottered uncomfortably behind the desk.

"Swallow the talk," Brandon said curtly. "You wouldn't be having any more business around town, would you?"

"I reckon not," the man said.

"Then do your work," Brandon said, "and keep your mouth shut."

A man needed to go back, Brandon thought, and consider everything carefully before he went forth to finish anything. He had

Continued on page 110

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The Last Shot

Continued from page 109

trailed Cannady for ten months with the memory of his younger brother clear in his mind; but now, in the last minutes before the end of the trail, it was only fair and wise to remember everything and make sure he was right. Brandon sat in the dirty office through the long afternoon, watching the town move sluggishly, thinking of his own home and the past.

South of here was another country in a sense, settled and done with the first wild rush of the bad ones such as Cannady. Brandon had almost forgotten how to draw his gun in the past five years except to use it to hammer staples and twist wire and shoot an occasional crippled animal. His own town had settled comfortably into the middle portion of any town's history, growing steadily with the addition of schools and churches and good people. Brandon had grown through the wild years, but his younger brother had come along too late for a real taste of this feeling, and the result showed up in him as it did in all the younger men on the range. Boys will be boys, the old-timers chuckled, watching the younger men ride fast and whoop it up on Saturday nights, taking their excess meanness out in fist fights that left them slightly battered but thoroughly cleansed of that wildness. A few men like Cannady still happened through the towns, though, and it was inevitable for the younger men to appraise them with a feeling of wonder and envy. Brandon's younger brother had been foolish to a certain degree, but he had never considered serious harm to any man.

Brandon had been hazing strays from the river bottom that week and had not ridden into town on Saturday night. His younger brother and the two hands left in late afternoon, after begging him half-heartedly to come along. They rode away in high spirits, dressed in their best, racing to a big night. Brandon watched them go and chuckled with the knowledge and stability of his thirty-five years. He knew the pattern of their night before they made the first move: riding fast down the main street, yelling in sheer good humor, a couple of drinks at the Longhorn, and then the dance. And about five the next morning they would ride into Brandon's river camp with a great deal of unnecessary hullaballoo, waking him and retelling all the fights and flirtations and other gossip of the neighborhood. Brandon's younger brother was interested in a town girl and would moon around for a day, thinking about her. Brandon knew the girl was an empty-headed little fool, but it was useless to give warning. His brother would discover it for himself in due time.

Five old friends rode into the river camp just after three o'clock, and they woke him without shouts or laughter. He sat up in his blankets and stared above the hastily kindled fire and missed his brother's face. They told him what had happened while he slipped into his boots and saddled his horse for the ride to town. His brother had been shot by a stranger named Charles Chambers. Brandon had seen Chambers in town a week ago, in the Longhorn, but had not spoken to the man. It seemed that Chambers had kept company with young Brandon's girl for several evenings prior to the Saturday night dance. Brandon's younger brother exchanged hot words with Chambers on the dance floor, and Chambers said, "Shut up, kid. Grow up and then come around." That was more than enough for a hotheaded fool, even though Chambers wore a gun and knew how to use it. Chambers escorted the girl to her home at midnight and Brandon's younger brother followed. His friends tagged along to watch the expected fist fight. Chambers was in the kitchen with the girl, his horse tied out back, his equipment ready for a long ride. Brandon's younger brother knocked on the kitchen door and shouted at Chambers to come out and fight like a man. Chambers told him to go away, and Brandon's younger brother answered that he was coming in. He was not wearing a gun. When he slammed the door open and stood in the doorway, Chambers lifted a shotgun from beside his kitchen chair and shot him. By the time the other young men reached the house, the girl was screaming and Chambers had gone.

Brandon rode thirty miles to town without speaking. He stayed with his brother until the inevitable happened and then did the only thing a man could do. He knew his younger brother had been foolish and rash, but he had not carried a gun and Chambers knew this. The county sheriff deputized Brandon and wrote out the warrant. Brandon went home and made arrangements for the future. His older brother and two uncles would take care of the ranch work, and the neighbors would help. Brandon started on the trail that night. He had ridden ever since, following the cold trace, the little clues, the gradually warming scent of his man. He had given himself a year; now two months were on the credit side of the ledger.

He had lost weight during this time. He had been a tall and somewhat bulky man, but he had sloughed off his excess weight until he was pared down to muscle and bone—a sober-faced man with a three-day growth of black whiskers partially hiding his square jaw and weather-darkened face. He wore the same heavy leather chaps he had started with, buckled above the knee and frayed from endless days of riding over all kinds of country. Those chaps in this higher grassland were out of place, but sitting quietly in the sun-heated, smelly office, Brandon made no move to remove them and give his legs the additional freedom needed at six o'clock.

People had gone about their daily business during the afternoon, talking on the street, going and coming, moving unhurriedly through the town. A few wagons rattled in from the west and south, and saddle horses lined the rail before the saloon adjoining the hotel. People were pretty much the same anywhere a man rode, he thought, living out their days in the same jobs and pleasures. This town of Bend was no different from his own town so far away; it would grow more in the next few years and add churches and schools and bigger houses. The marshal would put his gun away and walk the streets without fear of men like Cannady who changed their names to suit their purpose. That would be the best time for the town and its people, he thought, and for all towns and all people.

The marshal did not appear during the afternoon. Cannady came from the hotel at four o'clock and drove past the livery barn in a light buggy, turning north on the last side street toward an unseen house. He returned in an hour and entered the hotel. The stableman pottered around the barn, doing nothing and listening closely. After five o'clock, people began drifting downtown and gathering in the saloons and stores. They had got the news on the invisible grapevine and were waiting for the show. He would not disappoint them, Brandon thought grimly, but might surprise them.

Time was short now. He had reviewed everything and could not see a better way to end the hunt. He had been right from the beginning; his heart, beating steadily without excitement, told him that. He rolled a last cigarette and smoked it deliberately, watching the sun fall lower in the far west.

At exactly ten minutes of six, Brandon walked into the barn alley and said, "Go into your office and stay there." He waited until the stableman scuttled past him and ducked through the inner door. Then he went to his stall and patted his horse gently, murmuring, "Easy, boy, easy."

The horse nuzzled his shoulder while Brandon saddled and checked all gear twice. He led the horse into the alley, facing the rear door, and tied the reins in a loose slipknot to the last brace post beside the door. He was standing in deep shadow when he pulled the stubby, double-barreled shotgun from its saddle holster. He inspected two shells and went on to a detailed and careful examination of the shotgun, snapping both triggers and checking the firing pins before loading both barrels and closing the breech. He cocked both triggers, grasped the shotgun by its carved pistol grip, and placed the stock under his arm, against his body, the butt pushed into his armpit, the forearm and barrels pressed firmly against his left leg. The sweat-stiffened wings of his leather chaps and his loose shirt sleeve hid the shotgun from front view. He had practiced this many times and knew exactly how to hold the shotgun. He did not check his revolver in the awkward holster tied against his right leg.

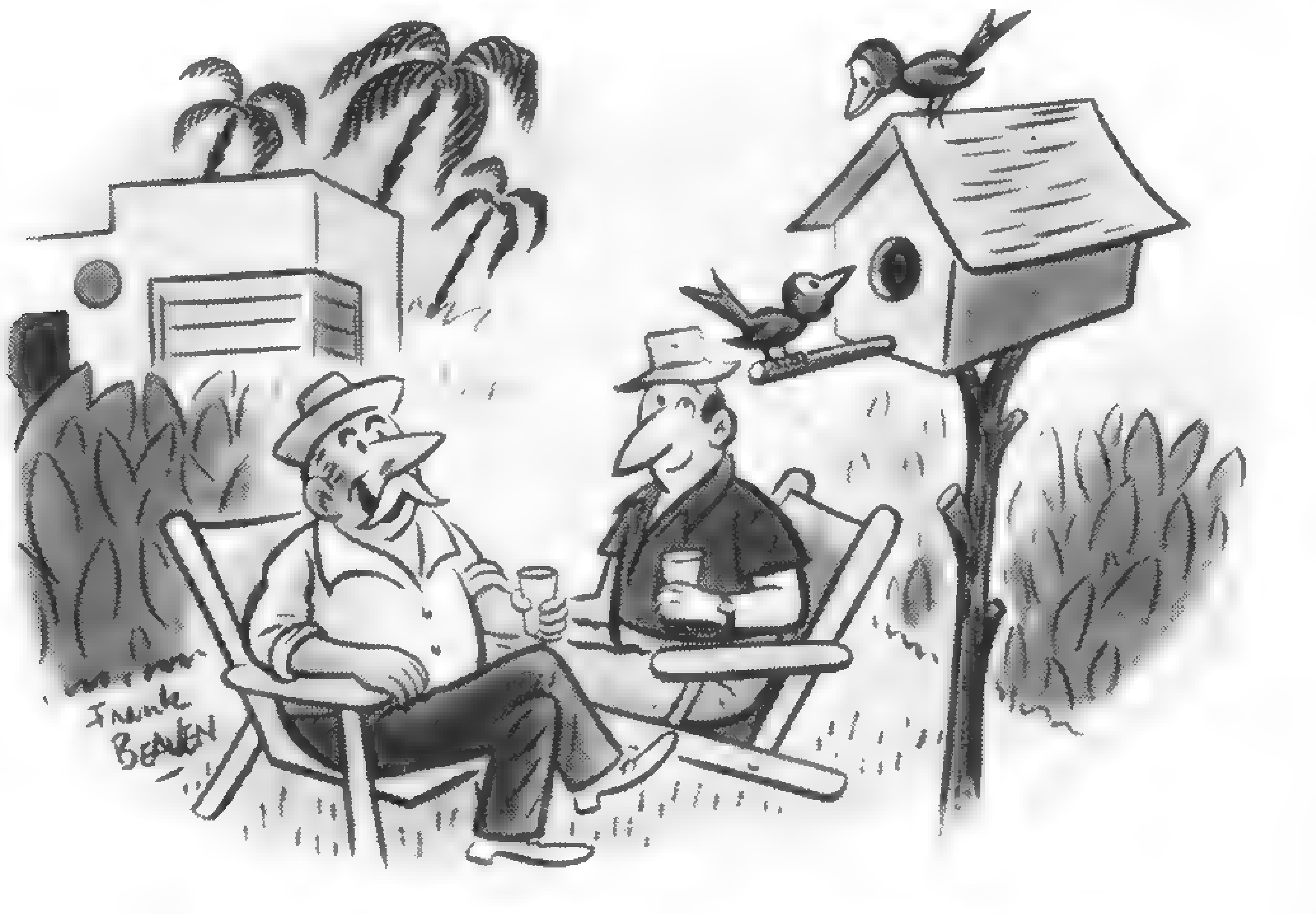
Brandon walked slowly to the barn door facing the street and paused, looking north and south. He saw the stableman's expectant face framed in the office's one dirty window, jerking back quickly as Brandon looked his way. Brandon walked into the street, to the exact center, and faced south; and at this moment Cannady stepped briskly from the hotel veranda and faced north in the center of the street. Brandon estimated the intervening distance at about one hundred steps. The street was empty, but people stood behind every window and door, and one kill-hungry man was straddling the saloon roof.

Brandon walked twenty steps down the street and stopped just before he came abreast of the marshal's office. Meagher stood in his doorway, hands on hips, staring moodily at Brandon. He called in a gentle voice: "You won't reconsider, Brandon?"

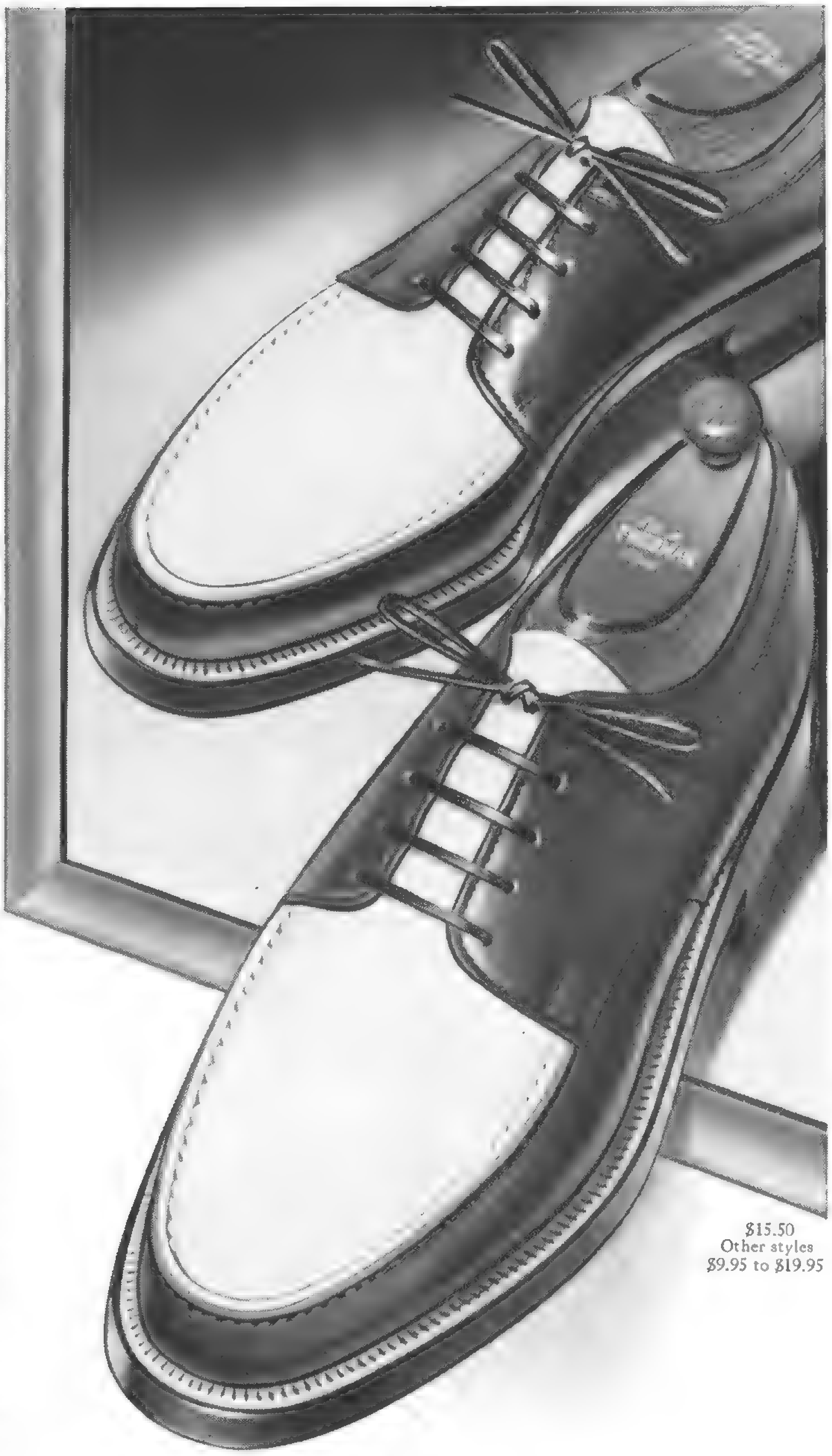
"Sorry," Brandon said. "Stay where you are."

Brandon waited in this spot and saw Cannady laugh and move forward quickly, right arm hanging in a fixed arc at his side. In this

Continued on page 112



"I wonder if he knows that his old lady is running around with a bluebird?"



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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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The Last Shot

Continued from page 111

moment, Brandon saw a girl come from the hotel and stand on the veranda. She was a slender and delicately-featured woman with dark hair, and she lifted one hand to her mouth and leaned stiffly against the weathered, knife-whittled railing in a position of fear. Brandon saw her, knew who she was immediately, and thought of the girl in his home town and of other girls who must be living in other towns, remembering Cannady and nursing the thinly healed scars of old, bitter memory. He could see them as they lived, forgotten by Cannady; but, watching this woman, he understood why Cannady had stayed on in Bend. She was the woman Cannady had searched for; and, having discovered something as good and decent as she was, he had pushed his old life behind and began a new one. But too late.

Brandon stood without arm movement, watching the distance between them decrease to sixty, fifty, nearly thirty paces. Then Cannady stopped, his face clear and right in the first soft evening shadow. "Make your play, Brandon," he called sharply.

"Come on," Brandon said. "Come on."

"An old trick," Cannady said. "I've come my half. Your turn now, Brandon. But I'll tell you something. Take five steps and stop. Then go for your gun."

"All right," Brandon said. "I'll call that bluff. I knew you were a coward before. Now I'm sure. I'm wondering which step you'll draw on to catch me off balance. You wouldn't be thinking of that, would you?"

Brandon did not wait for words. He walked forward stiffly and, reaching his third step, tensed his left arm as his leg lifted and moved forward into the fourth step. He stopped suddenly and dropped into a crouch and swung the shotgun up from behind the leather chap, level with his hips, right arm coming across and steadying the barrels. He pulled both triggers at the apex of this swift movement, just before Cannady made his draw. Through the heavy, simultaneous reports, the smoke, and the recoil, Brandon saw the buckshot sweep Cannady from his feet and smash him face down in the street's brown dust. The half-drawn gun spun from lax fingers as Cannady screamed. Behind Brandon, the marshal called hoarsely and came in a heavy, angry rush, shouting: "I knew you had something figured, you—!"

Brandon reloaded the shotgun as he turned to face the marshal. He said coldly, "He won't die. I shot him in the legs."

People were running into the street. The town doctor came through this thickening crowd with his black bag and dropped on both knees beside Cannady. The marshal spoke with a raging fury: "A damned shotgun. Look at his legs. He'll never walk again. You know what buckshot does close up. He'll lose both of 'em. Brandon, you're under arrest. Drop that gun."

Brandon lifted the shotgun and stopped Meagher's hand midway in its flight to the holster. Brandon said, "Listen to me, Meagher. He shot my brother in the legs with a shotgun. My brother had no gun. My brother's alive, sure, with one leg. You can check on that, Meagher. I told you I would shoot him. I didn't say kill him. I didn't say what with. This is how I've wanted it for ten months; this is the way it had to be. He's no good, Meagher. He's a coward and a killer, and I want him like this for the rest of his life, and I hope he lives a hundred years."

"I—" Meagher said, and turned away, head low on his chest. "I believe you, Brandon. Everything else checked like you told me."

"I'm riding," Brandon said. "You figure on stopping me?"

"No," Meagher said. "Not now."

Brandon lowered the shotgun and stepped beside the doctor and the man, groaning now in the street's thick dust. Brandon said, "Will he live?"

The doctor did not look up. He said, "Of course he'll live, without the right leg, maybe part of the left. Get a stretcher, you fools. I've got to move this man."

Brandon stepped back and watched them carry Cannady into the hotel. Only then did he turn and say, "Walk along to the barn with me, Meagher."

They pushed through an angry crowd of uncertain, babbling people, into the darkness of the barn alley. Brandon pushed the shotgun into its saddle holster and untied his horse. He said then, "Thanks for understanding, Meagher."

"I got to," Meagher said. "I got to thank you, too. I knew what he was when he came up the street. I've seen a lot of them in my time, Brandon. When they get ready to draw, they show a lot in their eyes."

"*Gracias*," Brandon said softly.

He mounted and leaned forward in the saddle, a last thought stirring and bothering his mind. He said, "That girl he was marrying tomorrow. I hope you give her the straight of it."

"I will," Meagher said. "That's why I'm thanking you."

"You know her?" Brandon asked.

"My daughter," Meagher said. "You better ride, Brandon. He had a few friends in town. I got to get home."

Brandon began words and shut them off deep in his throat. He rode from the back door of the livery barn, east from the town into open range, then south toward the distant rising ridges. Two hours later, stopping beside a small creek to blow his horse and listen, he drew the shotgun from his saddle holster and dropped it into the creek before riding on. #

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Ringmaster's Master

Continued from page 53

Miles White's assistant) whose name Anderson can't quite remember, he calls "The Little Boy Without a Name Called Fred" or, when he has done a particularly good job, "*Dear* Little Boy . . . etc." The girls in the chorus are likely to be named after shows in which their boy friends are appearing (thus, "Love Life," "Mister Roberts," "Annie Get Your Gun"). He has dubbed a beautiful show girl, outrageously, "Man Mountain Dean," and another, "Water on the Brain." Choreographer Dick Barstow's nickname, "N.P.," was arrived at one day when he complained to Anderson that he was still being called by his real name—a vaguely unfriendly thing. "Very well," said Anderson. "Until I think of something better, you're 'N.P.'—short for Name Pending."

Anderson pretends—a second facet of the myth—to despise the beautiful show girls who invariably grace his productions. Last season, as he was preparing to leave for Sarasota, Anderson said: "I've been telling the girls how much I am looking forward to working with the elephants. Elephants never forget; show girls always do. Elephants are punctual, have a sense of discipline, a feeling for rhythm, and no jealousies. In fact, elephants are no trouble and are furthermore very handy at pulling wagons and tearing down tree trunks." To prove the sincerity of his belief in these sentiments, he proceeded to name all the circus elephants after show girls. The girls weren't amused: only at the last minute were they dissuaded from picketing Madison Square Garden with signs saying, "John Murray Anderson's Elephants Unfair to Show Girls."

Another part of the Anderson legend is confusion. He lives in a swirl of appointments, telephone calls, and hectic dashes for taxis. Merrily he goes about promoting disorder, even at his own rehearsals. He hates to have the routines too firmly set too soon. He likes to keep actors puttering around, and so he experiments with outlandish ideas that often lead to his most brilliant conceptions. However, a state of chaos is not his natural habitat; and when, eventually, he brings together a beautifully integrated show, it's likely to look as though it jelled from the very start.

His skill with lighting effects is probably Anderson's most impressive single ability. Yet even here he uses no system. He lights by trial and error. While directing a scene in *League of Notions*, a London production, he became so enamored of a lighting idea that he abandoned the actors. The sketch emerged as a bedroom skit with the performers represented by one pink and one white spot of light.

Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey's winter quarters and rehearsal grounds at Sarasota cover several hundred acres. A giant tent and cabin city, it has private railroad yards, supply depots, blacksmithies, a hospital, and a huge cookhouse and mess hall.

Anderson arrives on the scene toward the end of February, and the circus goes into rehearsal the next morning. For six weeks thereafter the place is jumping with trapeze artists, bears, jugglers, clowns, and show girls going through their assorted paces—animal acts in the morning, elephants from twelve to one o'clock, aerialists until four, then an hour or so of work on the four big production numbers. Months before these rehearsals, Anderson and his staff have worked out their plans. Before Anderson came on the scene in 1942, the circus had been simply an aggregation of independent acts. Now not only the acts themselves but their length and the costumes worn are synchronized with one another.

Anderson gets his biggest kick out of supervising the elephant acts. Every noon he appears at their rehearsal, shouting, cajoling, and cursing at the huge beasts as they amble through their routines. His favorite elephant is a certain Modok. "There isn't anything in the world Modok can't do," he claims. On the other hand, he abhors Little Ruth—so named because she is the largest of the circus elephants. According to Anderson, Little Ruth is "perfectly horrible," mean and unco-operative, a harborer of wicked plans to louse up the entire act. "In fact," Anderson says, "she's the next worse thing to a show girl."

Anderson delights in whimsical schemes for these pachyderms. Several seasons ago, for instance, he devised an elephant ballet. Enchanted with the idea of elephantine ballet skirts of pink canvas, he talked "The Eagle" (John Ringling North) into hiring Balanchine to direct the choreography and Stravinsky to compose a special score. Stravinsky produced an ultramodern composition dedicated "To a Young Elephant." It sounded fine to everybody except the elephants. As soon as they heard the opening bars at the first musical run-through, they began to trumpet like mad—usually a sure sign of fear or anger and impending stampede. Everyone for acres around, including Anderson, dove for cover. But there was no stampede; the elephants merely continued to trumpet. "It was quite a nice effect," Anderson reports. "The elephant groans added a jungle quality to the music."

Were it not for John Murray Anderson's inexhaustible vitality, he could never have jammed his widely varied experiences into a single lifetime. Born at St. Johns, Newfoundland, in 1886, he was bitten by the theatre bug at a very early age. He was sent to school at Rugby (England), Edinburgh (Scotland), and Lausanne

Continued on page 114

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Ringmaster's Master

Continued from page 113

(Switzerland), where he studied accountancy. His schooling over, he pursued this profession for one wretched year; and then: "I popped myself into bed and stayed there for twelve months so I wouldn't have to go back to accountancy." Already, he knew that somehow he wanted to be associated with the theatre, not with tedious columns of figures. So he took acting lessons with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and studied dancing with Louis D'Egville and operatic singing with Sir Charles Santley—all more or less simultaneously. His singing teacher, in particular, looked on Anderson's aspirations with a jaundiced eye. "Candidly, Anderson," said Santley, "you sing like a bullfrog."

Anderson was undismayed; he did, however, strike off on a temporary tangent by becoming an antique dealer for a while. He borrowed $1500 from an uncle, brought a load of antiques from Newfoundland to New York, and opened a shop in Manhattan. His store had everything but customers. As testimony to this sad fact, a large part of his original stock (including a Franklin chair, a William IV fireplace, and a Queen Anne refectory table) adorns the penthouse apartment at 34th Street and Park Avenue where he has lived since 1924 with his brother, Hugh.

It wasn't until he turned to the field of the dance that his fortunes began to improve. For a spell, he was New York society's favorite dancing master at twenty-five dollars an hour—an eminence achieved in large part through the engineering of his friend, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. He soon married his beautiful dancing partner, Genevieve Lyon of Chicago, and together they taught the *haut monde* the intricacies of the Bunny Hug, the Castle Walk, and the newfangled Tango. Then Mrs. Anderson became ill. The couple moved to Arizona, then Colorado. Running short of cash, Anderson gave dancing lessons at the Copper Queen Mine in Bisbee—but this time at twenty-five cents an hour. The western trip was in vain, though; after a few months, Anderson returned to New York broke, disheartened, and alone.

For some time after his wife's death Anderson knocked around rather aimlessly. He danced for twelve dollars a week at Bustanoby's Restaurant. He staged amateur theatricals at the swank Bar Harbor (Maine) Swimming Club. During World War I, he served with George Creel's Committee on Public Information. He danced a season at the Palais Royal, Broadway's first high-class gin mill; and, the following season, directed the floor show. He wrote a one-act play, *Redemption*, and proudly sold it to David Belasco—who transformed it into a vaudeville sketch.

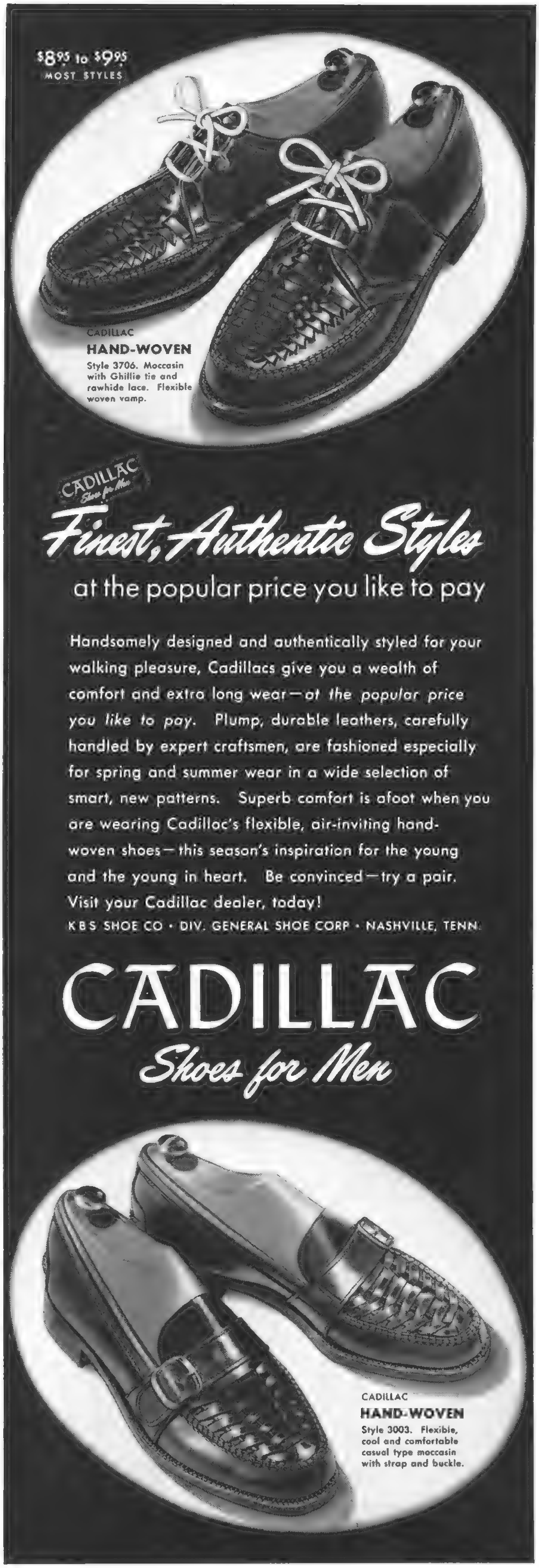
The ten-strike that brought Anderson overnight fame was the *Greenwich Village Follies*, a hit revue that, starting in 1919, ran through six successive editions. Anderson conceived and staged the productions, designed the principal effects, and wrote large portions of the books. The critics raved, and the public swarmed down to Sheridan Square to see what the young bohemians of Greenwich Village had cooked up. They had cooked up an agreeable potpourri of youth, style, and simplicity, for this was *early* Anderson. "I loathed ostentation then," he says nostalgically. "I wouldn't allow spangles or chiffon on my stage . . . Now look at me: I wallow in the stuff!"

After this first great triumph, Anderson blossomed forth in a manner befitting such a master of overstatement. He was swamped with offers. He accepted twice as many as he could expect to manage; and, somehow, he managed. He staged shows simultaneously in New York and London. He did revues, movies, musicals, pageants, and floor shows. As director of presentations for Paramount-Publix Corporation, Anderson created fifty-seven elaborate picture-house stage shows in a wild three-year sprint. He staged several shows for the Radio City theatre which occupied the site of the present Center Theatre; and, although he'd never even taken a snapshot before in his life, he directed Paul Whiteman in the all-color movie musical, *The King of Jazz*. He wrote the lyrics for more than fifty songs. And for two years he drew a $3500-a-week salary in Hollywood as a director—but refused to direct any of the pictures he was offered.

In the Fall of 1933, Anderson met a little guy named Billy Rose, who wanted him to stage a condensed, movie-house version of the musical hit, *Crazy Quilt*. That began an association which, à la Picasso, might be called Anderson's "rose period." In '35, the producer-director team took over the old Hippodrome Theatre, painted it red and gold, ripped out several rows of orchestra seats to install a circus ring, and presented a spectacular circus-musical, *Jumbo*, starring Jimmy Durante.

The Rose-Anderson combine followed *Jumbo* with the $750,000 Casa Mañana revues for the Fort Worth, Texas, Centennial. Anderson also directed the Centennial's outdoor show, which involved several hundred bison; the story goes that he tried to stop a stampede by running out onto the prairie and shouting at the thundering herd, "Go back, go back! You're ruining the whole damn scene!"

Together, Rose and Anderson produced a huge show at Cleveland for the '37 Great Lakes Exposition. "We used Canada for a backdrop and Lake Erie for a stage," Anderson recalls, rubbing



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his hands with delight at the thought. Then, presenting a form of entertainment that reached out to even vaster audiences, Anderson staged Rose's *Aquacade* shows both at the New York and San Francisco fairs—swimming extravaganzas that put more beautiful girls in tight, wet, white bathing suits than anyone had ever before envisioned. When Rose went into the night-club business, Anderson staged the floor shows. He has directed all the entertainment at the Diamond Horseshoe since its opening in 1938.

Between Rose assignments, Anderson has managed to squeeze in a good many other productions: three editions of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, three Nancy Hamilton revues, the aquaballet for M-G-M's *Bathing Beauty*, and all the floor shows at Nicky Blair's Carnival. But most unforgettable, at least to the staff of New York's Doctors Hospital, is Anderson's direction of *Laffing Room Only*. Its rehearsals were conducted at the hospital, where the producer, the late Harry Kaufman, had a room on one floor and Anderson lay recovering from a serious operation directly below. Those famous zanies, Olsen and Johnson, served as a relatively sobering influence in the midst of pandemonium. Anderson nicknamed everyone and everything in sight. He called the bitterest medicine "Honeysuckle," the sweetest nurse "Paregoric." At all hours of the day and night, he could be heard shouting for his assistants or members of the cast.

There has been a good deal of speculation, in sundry circles, about just what mysterious force has enabled Anderson to keep going at such a pace on such a scale. One school of thought holds that Anderson is going to live forever. A few years ago, a friend of the director gave him injections of Russian Dr. Bogomolets' supposedly life-lengthening elixir, anti-reticular cytotoxic serum. The fact that Dr. Bogomolets died shortly after discovering the formula didn't dampen Anderson's enthusiasm for the stuff. He insisted that his closest friends share the limited supply of "life shots," too.

A more tenable theory is that Anderson can keep going at breakneck pace because he is fascinated by people: his work provides him with an endless array of human beings, hence an ever-changing set of interests. He has a remarkable talent for making and keeping friends; and there's nothing he'd rather do. Wrapped in a shapeless camel's-hair bathrobe, a cigarette between his lips, he holds almost continuous court in his apartment. He spends hours on the telephone talking to and about his friends.

Jumbo was an important milestone in Anderson's career: by introducing him to four-legged animals and vice versa, it led, seven years later, to his selection as mentor for the biggest circus of all by John Ringling North.

And being ringmaster of the circus is Anderson's idea of Seventh Heaven. With fifteen hundred assorted, fascinating people in the cast, Anderson can pursue his hobby of studying his fellow man to his heart's content. "You never know whom you'll find in the circus," Anderson says, beaming. "There are college boys, runaways, and political exiles; even Schiaparelli hangs around. I especially recall one day that the late Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean came to a Sarasota rehearsal. She and I were walking past one of the tents, and there, sitting on a pile of manure, was the most disreputable-looking roustabout you've ever seen—just a pile of old rags, staring off into space. As we went by, the scent of Mrs. McLean's perfume wafted over to him. He looked up and sniffed. He sniffed again. 'Ahhhh!' he said. 'Arpége, by Lanvin!' "

The circus has first call on Anderson's affections these days. But he has a dream of doing the "perfect show," which to him means an intimate revue—amusing, simple, sophisticated. He envisions employing all the advanced stage techniques he's ever thought of, sets by some *avant-garde* designer (perhaps Noguchi) and probably no curtains at all. Certainly no show girls. "And," he adds, "severely plain costumes. I feel, frankly, that the time has come for me to reform."

There is no question that Anderson is qualified to execute his dream. There is just one flaw in his plan: he's been talking about it for twenty-five years, and it hasn't yet advanced beyond the talking stage.

Meanwhile, the reality of the circus keeps him amply occupied. Although the seventh and final week of rehearsal, held in New York, is a mad rush of costume fittings and the checking of production details, the opening-night audience is aware only of a wonderfully smooth-running swirl of beauty, color and splendor.

Packed to capacity, Madison Square Garden thrilled last year to the climactic spectacle, " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas." The music drifted into the soft ballad strains of *Dear Santa Claus*. A vocalist sent the tuneful song echoing through the auditorium, and the entire cast joined in. As the Snow Queen and her maidens entered on a glittering float, snowflakes began to float down. The elephants were dressed as huge Christmas trees, the midgets were Santa's toy-factory workers. The reindeers' antlers were candelabra ablaze with light. A hundred chimes peeled out to herald Santa Claus' descent through the snow flurries.

And somewhere up in the gallery, hoping there would be no missing white horse, John Murray Anderson nodded his head in time to the music and hummed tunelessly to himself, his eyes glistening, a look of benign satisfaction on his face. ⋕

Continued from page 53

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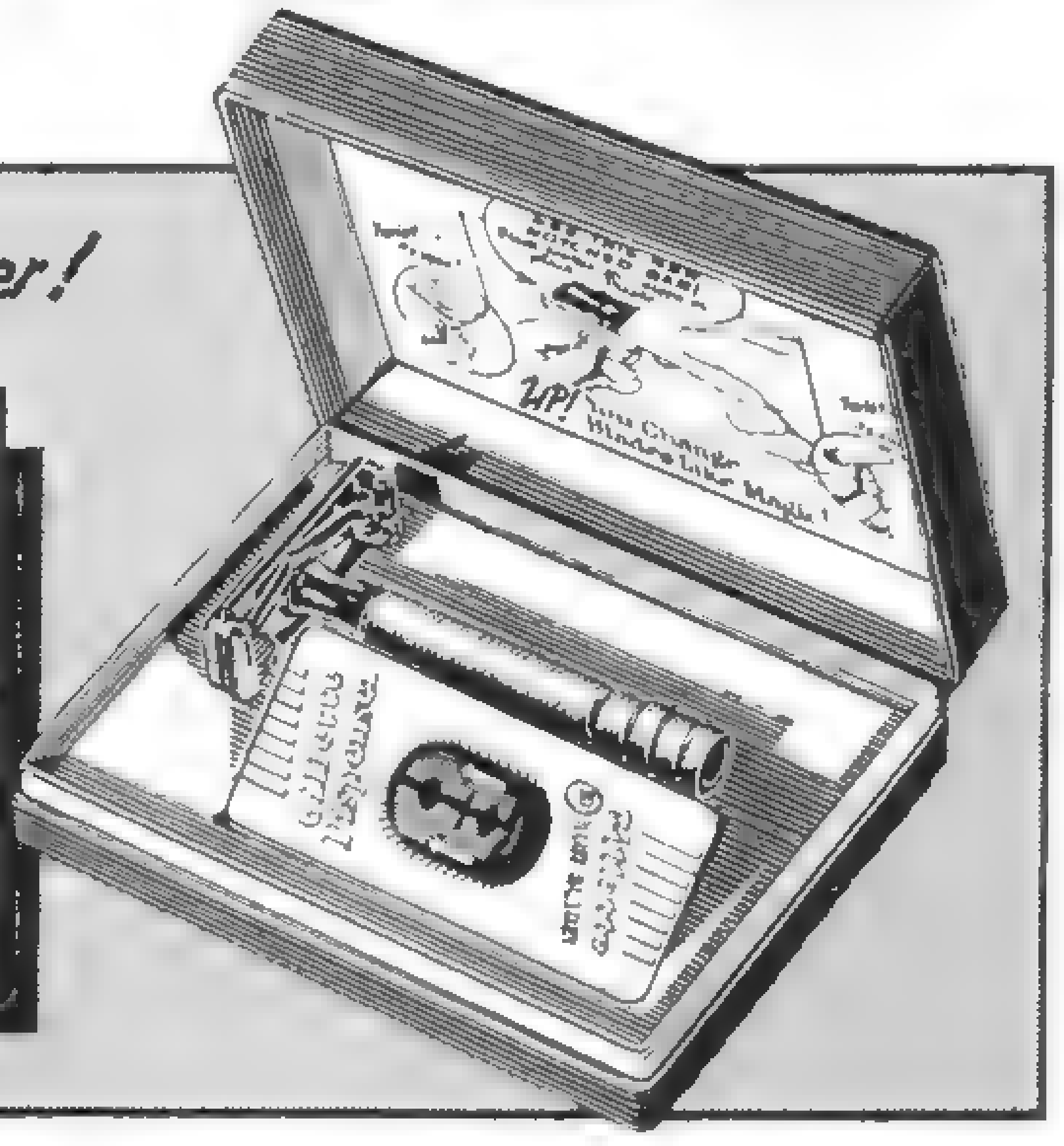

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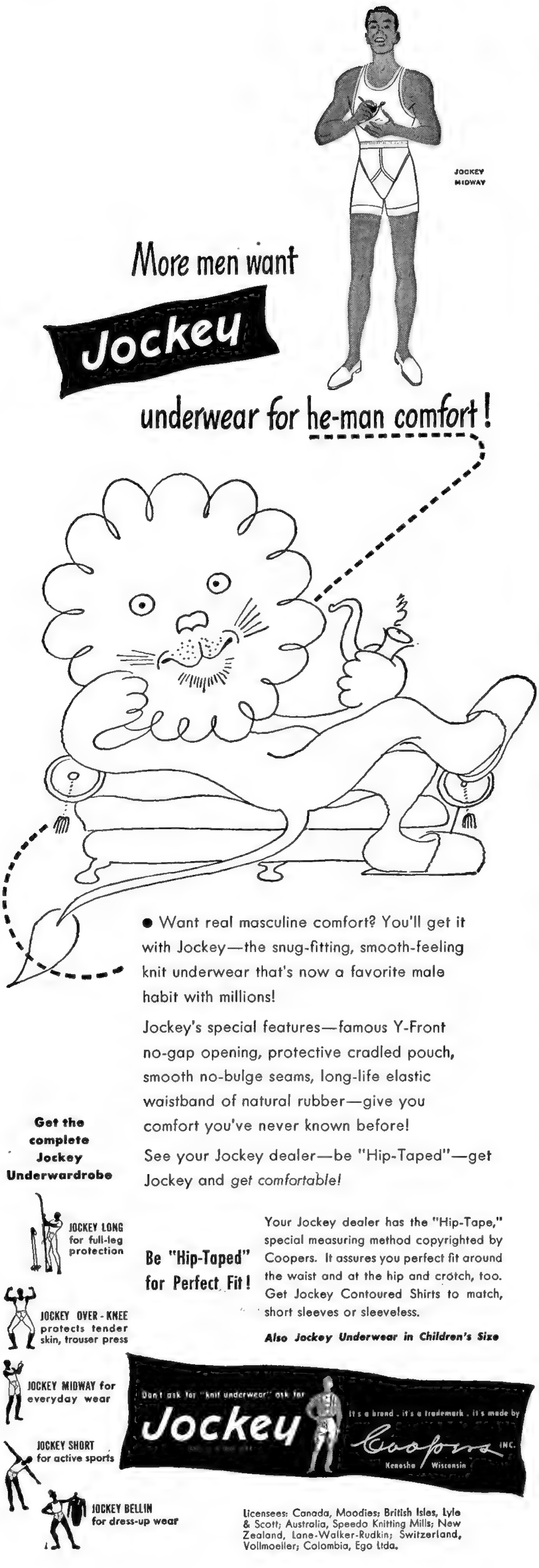

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The Milkman's Darling

Continued from page 46

dreams are dreamed by disk-jerkers. In late afternoon, she awakes. She dresses. At seven-thirty Pierre arrives. We dine. After the dinner we go to the theatre, emerging at eleven-thirty. The lady then wishes to dance. *Eh bien*, on the Boulevard Raspail I am known as Pierre, the man of infinite patience. We dance. By one-thirty or two o'clock at the latest, the lady's cheek is pressed tightly against mine, the lady's eyes are filled with mystery and magic. If I were to mention the bottle of champagne which is on ice in my apartment, the phonograph which plays twelve records without the touch of the human hand, I know what the answer will be."

"I know, Pierre," I gurgled. "In her warm, soft, intimate voice, she'd say, 'I'd love to see your place, Pierre, but I have to be at the station at two-thirty. My program goes on at three.' "

"You have hit your head upon the nail," said Pierre sadly. "And so, after taking Melanie to the station to begin her nightly conference with the engineer, I go back to my apartment, to hear that voice describe again the preparation for the aching heads, and to know I must go through the whole thing again next day."

"A very unhappy history," I said. "Tell me, wasn't there any way of beating the schedule?"

"My dear boy," said Pierre, "as you grow older you will realize the truth of the proverb, 'A kiss without preliminaries is like a potato without salt.' "

"I never heard that proverb."

"I just made it up."

"Well, here's another one for you. Preliminaries without a kiss are like salt without a potato."

"*Vous pouvez le dire encore, mon frère.*"

"Hah?"

"You can say that again, brother," smiled Pierre. "It is for this reason that I do a wicked thing. One evening after dinner Melanie and I approach as usual the theatre. But wait! Consternation! Ten thousand devils! The tickets in my hand are for the following night! No other seats are available for this performance. What can one do? I suggest a near-by cinema. We attend. Time, at last, is on my side. We emerge at ten-thirty. We dance. It is only twelve-thirty when Melanie is looking at me with lightning in her glance. Then the floor show commences. I whisper in Melanie's ear. In a twinkling we are in a taxi. It is only ten minutes to one when we arrive. There is more than an hour—a great richness of time for Pierre. I click the switch of the machine which plays twelve records without the touch of the human hand. I pour the champagne and turn to Melanie. 'Speak to me,' I say. Her reply will not be engraved on tablets of stone. 'I hope you don't think I'm the kind of girl who just comes up to a man's apartment,' is, I believe, the exact wording. 'Melanie Folger,' I say, 'we have but one life. How sad that we should pass so much of it without love, without tenderness, when these are all about us, ready to be found. Why, it is as if the streets were paved with gold, and we refused to pick it up.' "

"Very pretty, Pierre," I said.

"Yes, is it not?" said the Frenchman. "From my last book. The words had their effect. 'I never thought of it like that,' whispered Melanie. 'Don't get up, Pierre. I'll find my way out.' Her answer surprised me. I reminded her it was only one-thirty. There was at least an hour before she must go. And then came the blow."

"The blow?"

"I will describe it to you in two words. Daylight saving."

"This was the night Daylight Saving Time went into effect?"

"Precisely. April 28th. At two, Melanie informed me, the clocks of New York would be advanced one hour to three o'clock, when her program went on the air. It was necessary for her to leave at once. I pleaded, I cajoled, I implored her to stay another few minutes. Alas, the demands of the monster radio are inexorable. She departed, leaving me a shattered man. This is what your detestable Benjamin Franklin has done to Pierre Dubois."

"Look," I said, "I followed the story fine right up to the last crack. What the hell does Franklin have to do with it?"

"It was he, the horrid Franklin, who first thought up the barbaric custom of Daylight Saving Time. I looked it up."

"I'm sure old Benjamin didn't mean anything personal by it," I said. "Besides, tomorrow is another day. You can pull that theatre-ticket hocus-pocus again."

"Unhappily," said the Frenchman, "when Pierre Dubois—how do you say it?—makes the pitch, the pitch is made. You will judge the condition of Melanie Folger when she left my apartment by the fact that this pig of an engineer proposed and was accepted in the space of the first record on her program. It is the wedding of these two I am about to attend. Melanie insisted I come. Without my influence it never would have happened, she assures me."

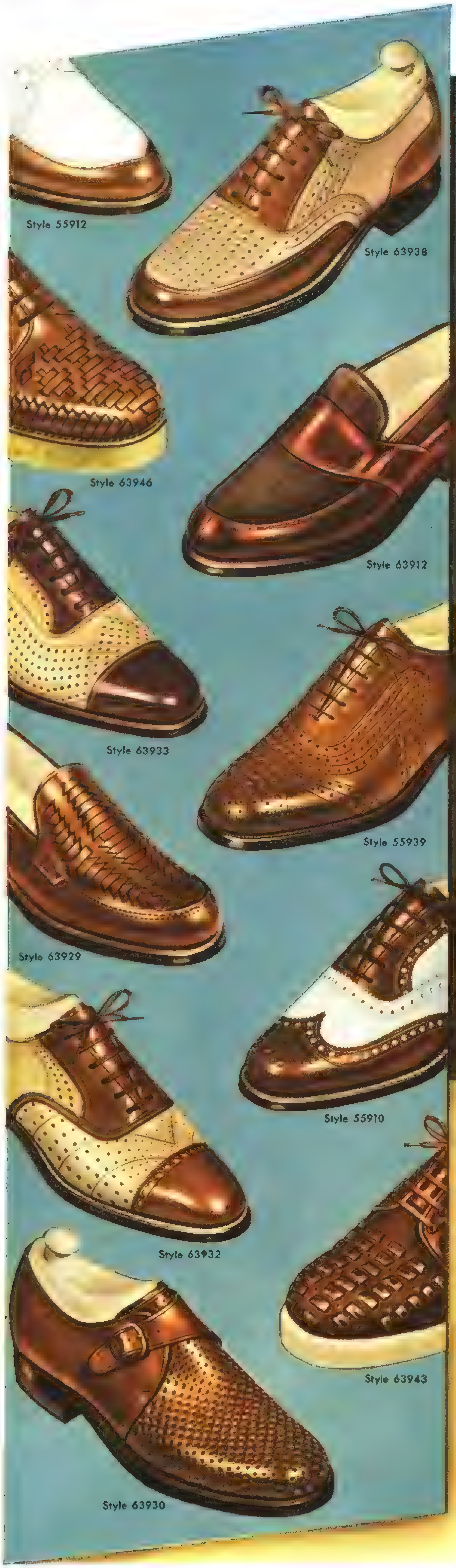
The taxicab lurched to a stop at the Municipal Building.

"Unlucky Pierre. I hope the ceremony isn't too tough on you."

"I will have courage," smiled the dapper Frenchman. "There will also be at this wedding Melanie's roommate, Nina Rowe, for whose face the Greeks would cheerfully have obliterated Troy, Persia, and half of Africa. The streets, my friend, are paved with gold, if one will pick it up."

"Nina Rowe, Nina Rowe," I said. "Isn't she in radio too?"

"On a dramatic program," twinkled Pierre. "But that one goes on the air at noon." #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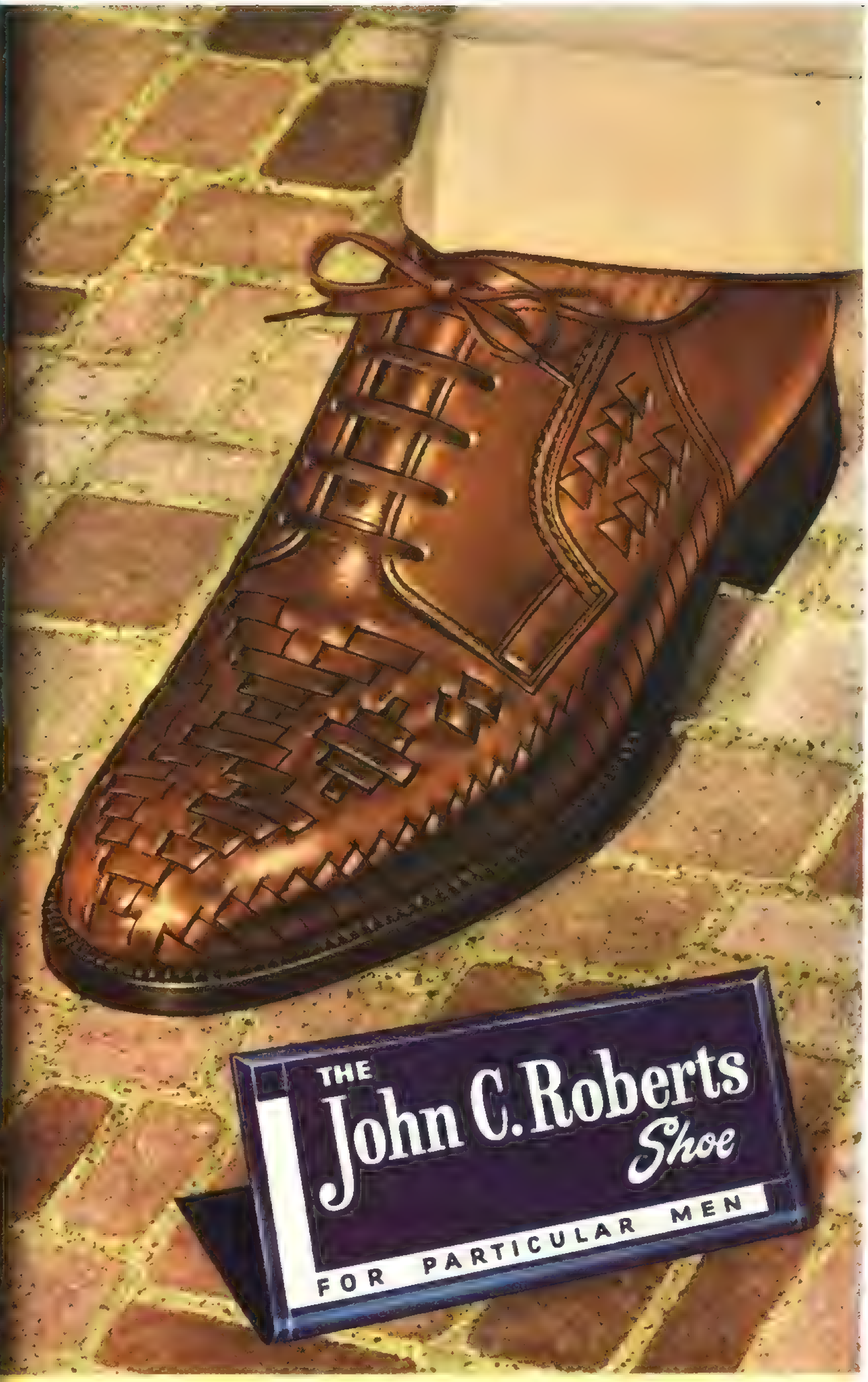
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Why Be Afraid of Ulcers?

Continued from page 41

concede, though, that they have many patients who don't resemble the conscientious, emotionally tense prototype. Short, stocky, obese people get ulcers. Easygoing folk are usually safe—but there are conspicuous exceptions.

Physicians all agree that ulcer happens when the mucous lining of the duodenum or stomach loses its ability to withstand the digestive action of its own digestive fluids. They agree on the "when" —but there are dozens of widely accepted theories, as to "how" or "why." Luckily, despite widely varying theories of cause, there are a half-dozen basic techniques for treatment...and they all have been used with success! Most physicians combine three or four lines of treatment in their "regimen," or over-all plan of attack.

In words of one syllable, nobody knows exactly what causes peptic ulcers—but almost everybody knows how to *cure* them. A physician's injunction to the patient usually runs like this:

"Physical and mental rest is basic. A trip to Bermuda is often as good as three weeks in a hospital. No physical strain; plenty of rest. No emotional stress to stimulate the gastric flow. Cut out tobacco and alcohol; be wary of coffee. No coarse foods, which are abrasive. No spicy foods, which irritate. No acid foods such as pickles, rhubarb, sauerkraut. Eat slowly; do *everything* at a leisurely pace. Don't catch cold or get run down; your resistance is lowered. And stop fretting about things, even if I have to give you sedatives to keep you numb up in the top story.

"Now, on the positive side—it's best to eat lightly but often and regularly; catch a snack in the middle of each morning and afternoon. Stick to bland foods. Fill yourself full of milk and cream, in as many varied forms as you can concoct. Take the medicine I prescribe, regularly."

And here he'll probably come to the heart of the problem. "If you have any real emotional problem—jealousy, or frustration, or a guilty conscience, or loneliness —you've got to face it squarely, not try to forget it. Maybe I can help, maybe you'll need to talk to a psychiatrist or your minister. Emotional indigestion can give you an awful bellyache."

If you suspect you're headed for an ulcer, read again the doctor's counsel above and meet the suggestions there at least halfway; they may carry you over the thin spot in the ice. Especially if it's in the spring or fall. March and the first two weeks of April, and from the middle of September through October, are the periods of most ulcer flare-ups. Don't begin dosing yourself with bicarbonate of soda or alkalizing preparations. In one inexpensive visit, your family doctor can steer you away from a lot of trouble.

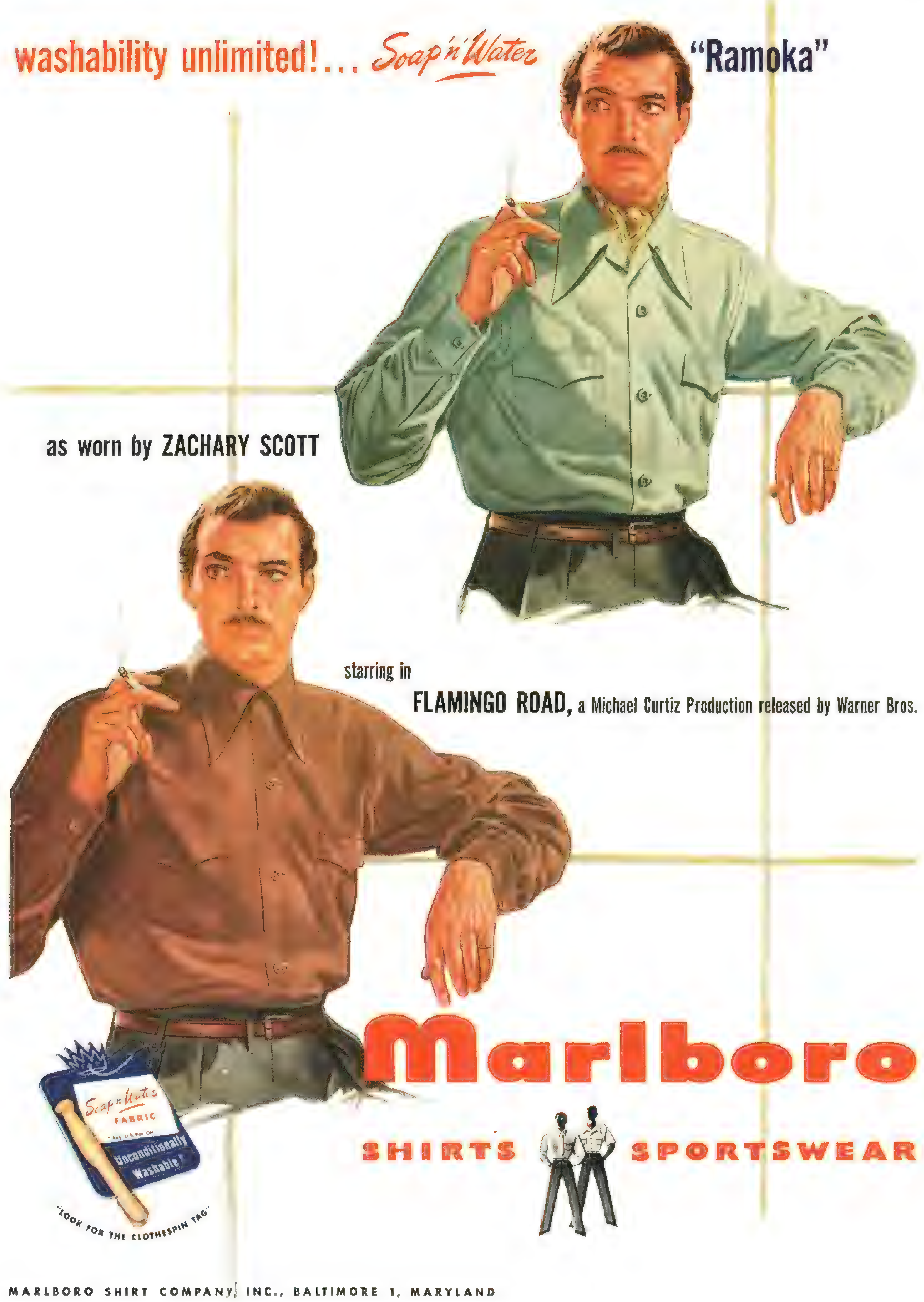
For many years, the "old reliable" cure for ulcers, developed by Dr. Bertram Sippy, was milk and cream every hour on the hour, alternating with a mixture of alkaline powders on the half-hour. (The logic of this is sound and still furnishes the basis of modern treatment: neutralize the excess acid, which stops the pain and the corrosion too.) The original Sippy regimen has a drawback, though. After two weeks, the patient can get awfully sick of milk. Also, those alkaline powders, if carried too far, can *overneutralize*, or alkalize, the stomach, which sets the parietal cells to pouring out more acid than ever —a condition known as "acid rebound." And, furthermore, dumping large quantities of soluble alkali such as bicarbonate of soda into the system (as people are likely to do, if they dose themselves at home without a doctor's supervision) can lead to severe "alkalosis," a condition that raises merry hell with the kidneys and your health in general.

There is surgery, of course. But overwhelmingly, the standard medical treatment today is based on *safely* controlling excess acid, and inactivating pepsin, by "neutral" antacids—which, incidentally, don't get into the blood stream because they are not absorbed in the system. The most widely used of these are compounds of Aluminum Hydroxide, Aluminum Phosphate, or Magnesium Trisilicate in the form of a viscous liquid known as a "gel." These gels have many advantages. They lie in the stomach for hours, waiting to take the edge off acid, as it appears. They do not counteract acid beyond Nature's own wise limits. They inactivate pepsin by coagulating it into a harmless form. They lay a protective, soothing blanket over the raw surface of the ulcer, and permit healing from within. (Incidentally, no medicine will *heal* an ulcer. All cure is based on shielding the raw spot from further damage, while the body repairs itself.)

With these gels, recovery is often dramatic. Most ulcers disappear in a short time—with the patients going back to work, and living on a fairly liberal bland diet, which includes chicken and lamb chops, in three weeks or less!

Peptic ulcer can be cured. It's only the tendency, or predisposition to it, which is really hard to cure. Some people will always have to walk on eggs, emotionally and gastronomically. But, then, this restriction is no worse to live with than a bad back, weak eyes, or a knee that forecasts weather.

So cheer up, if you're worried. Ulcer is no harder to head off than a forty-two-inch waistline or a case of taut nerves. And if you *should* come up with one, you can still get well enough to lead as vigorous and productive a life, in your own field, as Darwin, Huxley, and Napoleon did in theirs. ⧺



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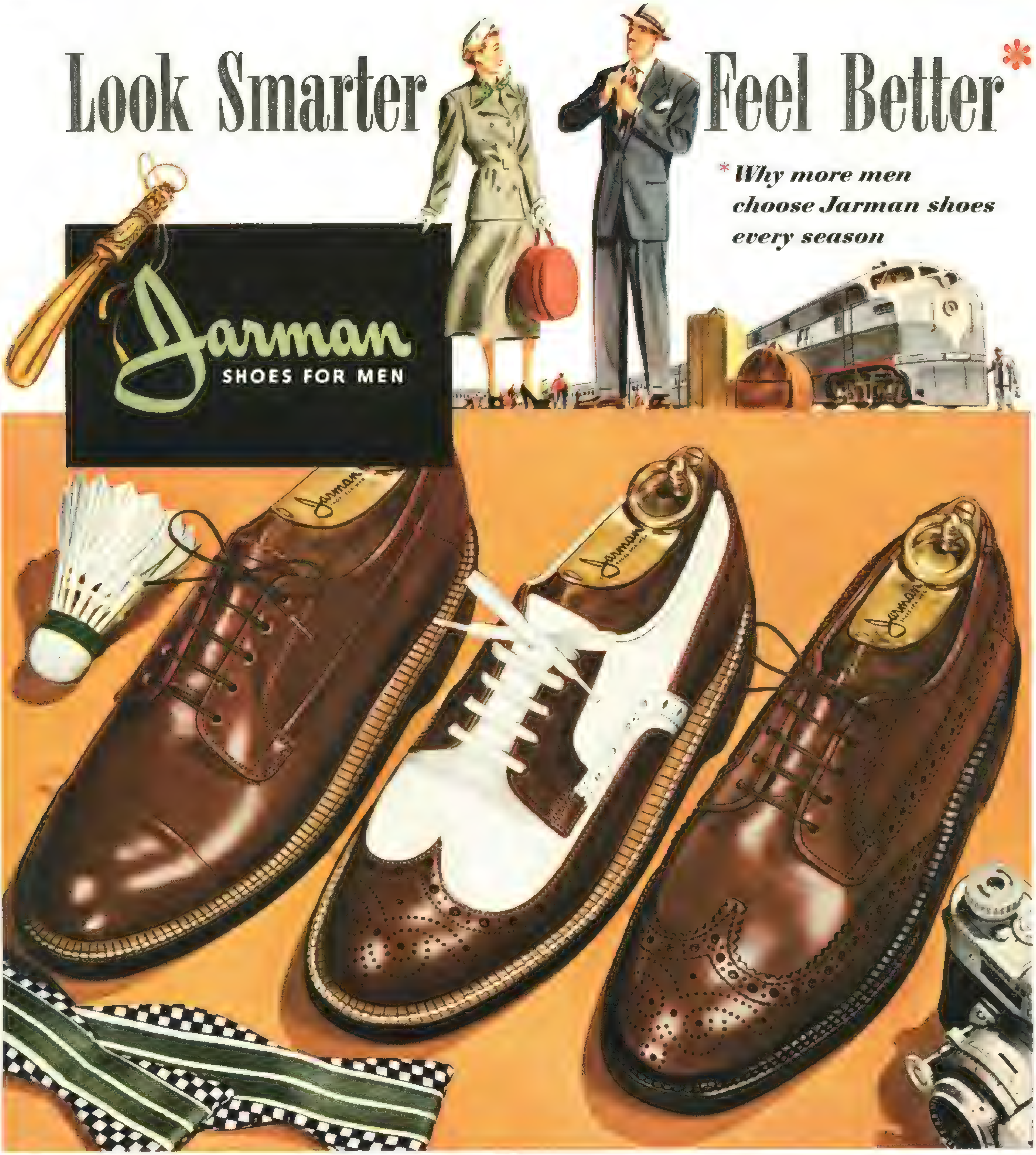

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Billingsley Brought the Stork

Continued from page 57

flinchingly, which on more than one occasion he used to do during Prohibition years.

Billingsley is, in short, an authentic and absorbing example of the paradox at its most utterly confusing. Although, for example, he is so steeped in the vagaries of his complicated profession that the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* commissioned him to write its article on the history of cabarets, he nevertheless has sometimes been guilty of an altogether astonishing naïveté. Once, for instance, after weeks of puzzlement over the slim profit he was making on beef, he suddenly discovered that several of his waiters had devised a garbage can with a false bottom into which they dropped steaks which were later to be retrieved and taken home. On another occasion, he noticed that a waiter who had his hat and overcoat on and was about to leave for the day was perspiring noticeably. Billingsley suggested he take a few days off and get rid of what was obviously a high fever. Weeks later he learned that the employee, far from being ill, was in the habit of stealing a pound of butter each night and concealing it under his hat.

In what has come to achieve the stature of a classic of Billingsley's occasional ingenuousness, he once found himself bowing affably night after night to a dignified-looking man who never departed until the club was closing. Billingsley is deeply touched by the devotion of those who patronize the Stork exclusively, and one evening, as he said good night to the man, he turned to a waiter and nodded toward the departing figure.

"I guess he's just about the steadiest customer we have," he said proudly. "Remind me to send him a bottle of wine the next time he comes in."

"He'll be in tomorrow night," said the waiter.

"He will? How do you know? Did he make a reservation?"

"No, Boss," said the waiter. "But he's one of the waiters."

Inasmuch as Billingsley has never failed to profit from his errors, such incidents could not conceivably occur in the Stork Club nowadays. For one thing, he has representatives of the Burns Detective Agency on the premises twenty-four hours a day. Part of their assignment is to keep a vigilant eye on any employees who might have larcenous inclinations. One detective who was hired to work behind the bar in order to check on the honesty of the regular bartenders liked the work so much that he threw up his job and remained on at the Stork.

For another thing, Billingsley now makes it a point to be able to recognize each of his employees by name. As soon as anyone is hired, he is photographed and a copy of his picture, with his name written on the back, is sent to Billingsley. The next morning, Billingsley sets the picture before him as he shaves and studies it until he knows the man's name and features beyond any possibility of error. That evening, he greets the man by name—a gesture that makes for an extremely cordial relationship between employer and employee. Billingsley has also adopted other devices which enable him to maintain the loyalty of his help. One of them is the awarding of a ten-dollar prize each day to the employee whose number turns up on the spin of a wheel that is upstairs in the waiters' quarters. Being nothing if not shrewd, however, Billingsley has managed to turn this device to his own advantage as well as to his employees'. Since the breakage amounts to over $30,000 a year at the Stork, he is constantly endeavoring to find means to lessen it. One method that has proved remarkably effective is to have anyone who has been palpably careless forfeit his chance to play the wheel for one day.

There was a time when the operation of the Stork Club presented a few more problems than it does today. One night during the Prohibition period, after he had repeatedly refused to yield to the outrageous demands of racketeers, he was informed that the entire kitchen in the Stork would be ripped out and demolished. A few hours later, he was alone in the kitchen when the door swung open and two men entered. They had obviously been sent there by the racketeers. Before they had a chance to speak, Billingsley boosted himself up on top of the icebox and thrust his hands into the side pockets of his coat. The effect was instantaneous. Assuming that he had the draw on them, the hoodlums backed toward the door, and turned and bolted.

Billingsley's diffident manner is deceptive. Although he disdains to carry a revolver and has never employed a bodyguard, he has yet to side-step an issue, even if the consequence of such firmness might be his own death. Such issues occurred with alarming regularity during the hoodlum years of Prohibition when various mobs were trying to cut themselves in for a percentage of the Stork's profits. One night during that era, Billingsley was riding home when he suddenly realized that he was being tailed by two cars. As he reached Park Avenue and Fifty-first Street, the two cars pulled up on either side of him in such a way that he had to stop. Without waiting for a word to be spoken, he opened the doors on either side of him, thrust his hands into his coat pockets, and glanced from one car to the other. "Go ahead and shoot," he said, "and then we'll all be killed." The cars immediately sped away.

Billingsley's most recent encounter with the underworld occurred one night when he was summoned to the entrance of the Stork. Standing outside the vel-

Continued on page 122

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Billingsley Brought the Stork

Continued from page 121

vet rope was a scowling individual who was famous for eliminating his enemies by shooting them through the center of the forehead. He jerked his head toward Frank Harris, who was in charge of the door. "This is the tenth time he's stopped me," he said. "This time I get in or he'll be lying here with a slug in him."

Billingsley pursed his lips and surveyed him scornfully. "Listen," he said, "if you're so tough, stay here ten minutes." He then turned to one of the captains and directed him to call the police.

The killer watched uneasily while the captain went to the telephone; then he glanced sheepishly at Billingsley, wheeled around, and hurried out. He has never since tried to get into the Stork.

Billingsley has always had to slave for everything he has achieved. Although he is now on almost chummy terms with a good many intellectuals, he himself never progressed beyond the fifth grade. One of nine children, he was born on March 10, 1900, in the back room of a grocery store in the town of Enid, Oklahoma, where his parents had settled after migrating from Kentucky.

As a child, he had to earn his own spending money and this has unquestionably conditioned much of Billingsley's behavior today. When, for example, he gives away one-hundred-dollar bills on Balloon Nights, he is achieving something more than superb public relations for his enterprise. He is also indulging in a quite understandable gesture of thumbing his nose at the past. By the time he was seven, he and his older brothers were showing a tidy profit from selling beer to a group of neighboring Indians, who, like all of their race, were not legally permitted to purchase alcoholic beverages. When he was sixteen, he and his brother Fred owned an Oklahoma City drugstore which derived its chief revenue from selling liquor to anyone with a doctor's prescription. Two years later, he moved on to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he made a conspicuous success in the wholesale liquor business. Pocketing his earnings from this undertaking, he went to Detroit and soon owned three thriving grocery stores.

In the early twenties, Billingsley settled in the Bronx section of New York, where he invested his savings in real estate and a chain of drugstores. Four years later, he opened a speak-easy at 132 West Fifty-eighth Street. How he hit upon calling it the Stork Club eludes his memory, but it was a remarkably propitious choice. (Billingsley's attorneys have been successful in prohibiting other cabarets the use of the name, but new places are constantly trying to imply an association with the establishment on East Fifty-third Street.) Business grew so big that Billingsley moved to more commodious quarters on Fifty-first Street near Park Avenue. It was in these two locations that he experienced the majority of his disputes with the underworld. In 1934, scarcely a year after Repeal, Billingsley set up at 3 East Fifty-third Street.

The Stork Club became an almost immediate hit when Walter Winchell, who has been going there ever since, praised it in his syndicated column. In the course of some fifteen years, it has grown to be, in Damon Runyon's phrase, "the Mermaid Tavern of our time." Since it does not advertise, has no floor show, and is open from noon until four in the morning (three on Sundays) three hundred and sixty-five days a year, it has also become the most remunerative place of its kind in the world. Billingsley's chief expenditure out of an annual gross of more than two-and-a-half million dollars is the $250,000 or so that he spends on gifts for his customers. These benefactions range in value from a $5000 automobile to a giant safety pin costing around a dime. He also gives away thousands of Stork-crested neckties which are regarded by those who wear them as irrefutable testimony to their having been tapped for café society. While other cabaret owners occasionally present gifts to favored patrons, Billingsley does so on a grander and more imaginative scale than anyone else. His resourcefulness is the chief reason for the fabulous success of his establishment.

It would be impossible to conceive of the Stork Club without Billingsley, for the two are virtually indistinguishable. It is possible, indeed, for a steady customer to detect, merely from the appearance of things around the club, whether or not Billingsley is on the premises. When he is absent, for example, the Cub Room, which seats around a hundred people and is probably the most exclusive restaurant or night-club precinct anywhere in the world, seems to forfeit just a bit of its tone and people who would not get beyond the bar if Billingsley were around somehow manage to gain admittance. (The Cub Room is so exclusive, in fact, that the captain who guards the entrance to it is referred to by his colleagues as St. Peter.)

Over the years, Billingsley seems to have learned more about his metier than anyone else who pursues the same calling. If, for instance, the dance band in the main room of the Stork rarely plays in schmaltzy style, it is because Billingsley has observed that people are inclined to drink more quickly if the music is peppy. He has also noticed that it is sheer waste to fill a cocktail glass to the brim, since there is bound to be a certain amount of the drink spilled. He has discovered, too, that it is a sound investment to send a round of free drinks to a party that appears ready to leave. Almost in-

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variably, the people decide to remain on for several additional rounds at their own expense. This does not mean, however, that Billingsley is kindly disposed toward every individual who comes into the Stork. He looks upon table-hoppers with loathing. Such people, whose chief aim appears to be a circuit of the club to chat with other patrons rather than to remain at their own table, strike him as one of the biggest hazards of the night-club business, and whenever possible they are seated where they cannot annoy people.

Since the service at the Stork is prompt, courteous, and remarkably efficient, Billingsley's standards of behavior and appearance for his employees are of more than ordinary interest. He insists, for example, that his waiters and captains be clean-shaven and keep their hair cut fairly short. He spends around $5000 a year for printing weekly instructions to the help. A collection of the more pertinent would constitute a textbook on the art of running a restaurant at maximum efficiency.

"Headwaiters T—, J—, and F—, and all other employees," one of these memos directs, "will refrain from putting their hands on customers or forcing customers to shake hands, or answer questions. Simply be pleasant and bid them the time of day, coming and going, and that will be sufficient."

Billingsley is at his most indignant, however, when he notices any of his personnel dressed sloppily. The service elevator displays this framed admonition to the help: "Shame, shame, shame on some of the captains for letting their personal dress and appearance run down to such an extent. Shame on them for allowing some of the waiters and bus boys working under them to serve food when they look so unpresentable. Don't you know that captains are supposed to see that all waiters and bus boys wear clean shirts, ties, jackets, and trousers, and that they keep their hair cut closely and are clean shaven?

"It is also the duty of the captains to see that the waiters and bus boys have their shoes shined, trousers pressed, that their hands and fingernails are kept clean. Now please don't make it necessary for me to repeat myself."

Although Billingsley maintains that the Stork Club is anything but snobbish, he nevertheless adheres to certain standards when passing upon the desirability of potential patrons. It is apparent that he is partial to attractive-looking people who preserve a decent measure of restraint while drinking. His obsessions are drunks and table-hoppers.

Billingsley's insistence that his customers conform to his specifications appears to make the Stork even more popular than it might be if the ground rules were less stringent. From time to time, Billingsley has deemed it prudent to bar certain people for conduct unbecoming patrons of the Stork. The fact that many of these people happened to be celebrities of sorts has never influenced him to temper his decisions. One of them, who was barred for table-hopping and talking too loudly, is a famous cartoonist. Another is a girl whose name appears regularly in the gossip columns. Billingsley does not nurse a grudge, however, and frequently welcomes back exiles who have mended their ways.

Some people have made valiant attempts to get themselves barred from the club, possibly on the theory that any association with the Stork, even a tart one, must be counted worth-while publicity. But Billingsley, who informs people of their banishment in a formal wire ("YOUR PRESENCE IS NO LONGER WELCOME IN THE STORK CLUB") sent the day after their sacrilege, has no intention of acting as a press agent for anybody.

Although he employs several press agents, Billingsley himself is responsible for the bulk of the priceless publicity the Stork receives in the nation's newspapers. More often than not, his approach is a model of subtlety. When, for example, celebrities are photographed in the Cub Room, he sees to it that there is a Stork Club ash tray—glazed black ceramic with the name of the club printed in bold white letters—displayed prominently on their table. Thus, when the picture appears in the papers, there is no need for the caption writer to explain that the subjects enjoy the atmosphere at East Fifty-third Street, just off Fifth Avenue. Billingsley is equally astute about the publicity value of such matters as exhibiting glamorous or famous patrons in locations where they are most likely to be observed by lesser fry. Table fifty in the Cub Room, by all odds the most desirable spot in the Stork Club, is located so that its occupants can be seen by women on their way to the powder room. At it, Billingsley displays such glorified communicants to his shrine as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Brenda Frazier Kelly, Morton Downey, James Mason, Anita Colby, Henry Fonda, Steve Hannagan, Charles Boyer, Walter Winchell, Ann Sheridan, Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby, James A. Farley, Dorothy Lamour, and Ernest Hemingway.

Despite the fantastic success of his enterprise, Billingsley never relaxes in his endeavors to improve matters. When, for instance, he found that business was falling off slightly on Sunday evenings, he inaugurated a divertisement known as Balloon Night, which has subsequently attained the status of an institution in the social life of Manhattan. Around midnight on these occasions, all the women in the Stork squeeze onto the dance floor and gaze up greedily at a net full of balloons which is suspended from the ceiling. The net is suddenly pulled away, and, as the balloons float downward, the dance floor assumes the complexion of a backstage chorus girl brawl. Each balloon

Continued on page 124

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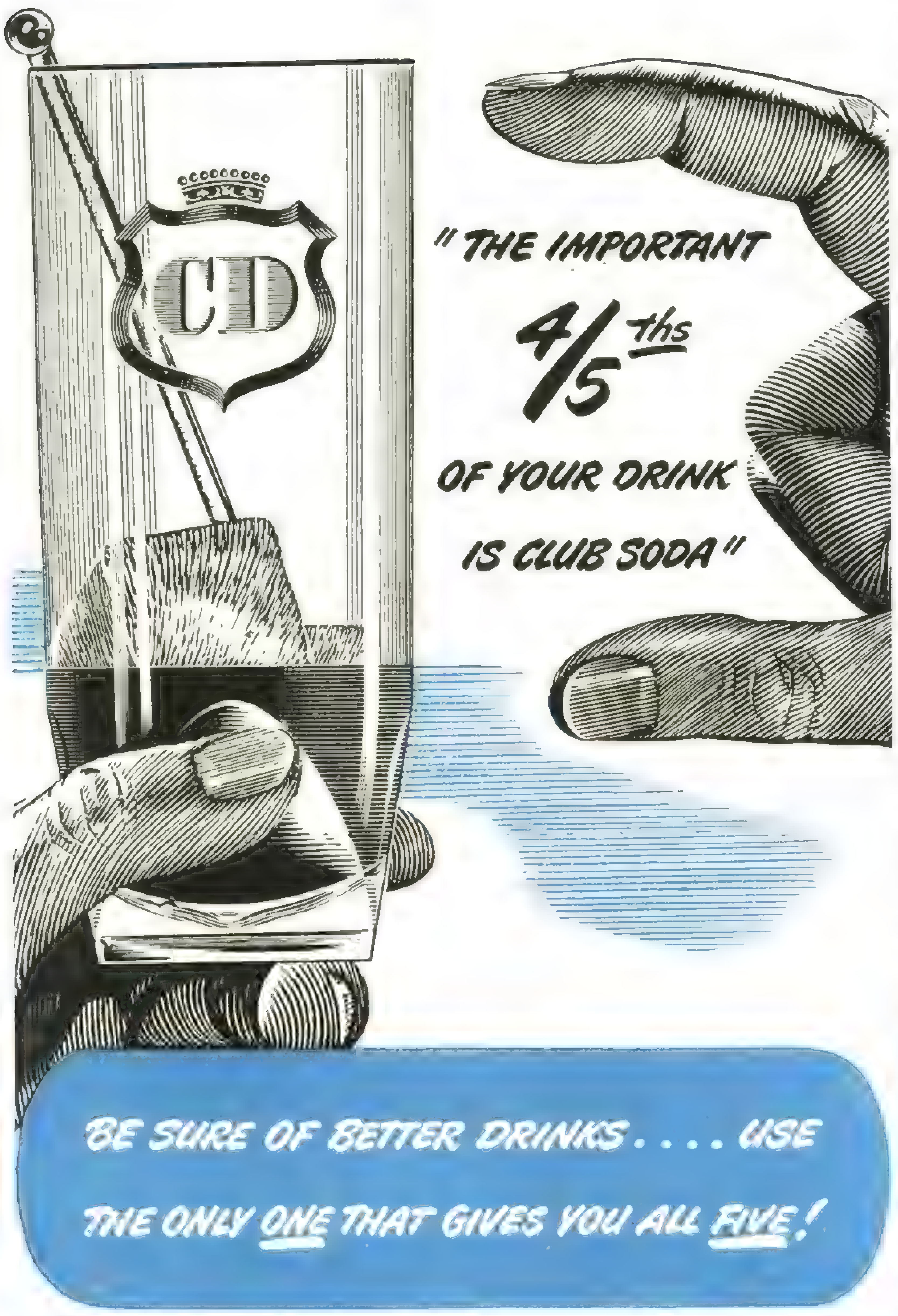
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Billingsley Brought the Stork

Continued from page 123

contains a slip of paper bearing a number that entitles the holder to anything from a one-hundred-dollar bill to a pedigreed puppy, from a bottle of Napoleon brandy to four seats for *Mr. Roberts*. The fact that many participants are imposingly rich does not appear to abate their eagerness to pull down a balloon. The ferocity of the competition is attested to by the fact that all contestants are requested to leave their jewelry with their escorts to avoid having it ripped off by clutching fingernails.

Although the cost of these affairs runs extremely high, Billingsley has found it worth-while in view of the attendant publicity and added revenue brought him by the greatly increased business. More recently, when he observed a number of empty tables on Sunday afternoons, Billingsley started serving brunch, specifying in his announcement that he would be delighted to have parents bring along their children, no matter how young. The project has been a huge success: it has greatly increased Sunday business, provided the family with a pleasant place to be on maid's afternoon off, and acquainted the younger generation with a place they will certainly patronize when they come of sufficient age.

Billingsley, who lives in an enormous Park Avenue apartment with his wife—the former Hazel Donnelly, whom he married in 1925—and their three daughters—Jacqueline, twenty-one; Barbara, twelve; and Shermane, four (in whose honor he has named the three shades of lipstick that he gives out)—has only four compelling interests. One is his family; another, Le Galion perfumes; the third, the Stork Club; and the fourth, the acquisition of a deep sun tan. He is enormously successful in his handling of all four preoccupations. He is also extremely possessive toward them. "There's only one way to get Sherm really sore," a friend of his remarked with forgivable hyperbole a few days ago. "That's to show up at the Stork with a deeper tan than his." People strolling along Fifth Avenue during the summer months are sometimes startled to observe a lone figure standing on the northeast corner of Fifty-third Street with his eyes closed and his head reared back to allow the full impact of the sun to strike him in the face. It is Billingsley, tarrying a moment in order to catch a sunbeam or two.

Billingsley, who doesn't smoke and has taken only an occasional drink in recent years, spends most of his time at the Stork. When he isn't circulating among the tables, he is usually resting in his three-and-a-half room apartment on the third floor. Even then he keeps in touch with every section of the club via a two-way telephone system. He knows the importance of his own presence on the scene. In several instances, his absence has occasioned him a measure of embarrassment. Irving Hoffman related one such instance in *Tales of Hoffman*, the column he does for the Hollywood *Reporter*. "The James (*New Yorker*) Thurbers," he wrote, "having frequently been the recipients of Billingsley's lavish gifts—in spite of the fact that they'd never visited the Stork Club—decided the other night to dine at the spot. 'Mr. Billingsley seems to be a perfectly wonderful man,' said Mrs. Thurber, 'and I'd like to tell him how grateful we are for his many kindnesses.' Mr. Billingsley was absent from the club when they arrived, and the headwaiter at the rope—who has instructions to turn away all those whose names or faces are unfamiliar—greeted the couple with: 'So sorry—we can only accommodate those with reservations.' The dismayed Thurbers thereupon trotted over to Tony's to sip their brandy and ponder upon the odd occurrences that take place in Manhattan."

More recently, Bill Goodwin, the radio announcer and sometime motion-picture actor, had a similar experience. What made his case unique, however, was the fact that he had just been signed by Paramount to portray Billingsley in the movie *Stork Club* and had gone there for the express purpose of chatting with the owner and studying his mannerisms.

By and large, though, Billingsley is a tactful host, with a pronounced flair for making people feel at home under his roof. His administration of the Cub Room is a case in point. Although it holds hardly a hundred people, this long, narrow room is frequented by any number of individuals who have no particular love for one another. Elliot Roosevelt and Randolph Churchill, for example, are often seated opposite each other. So, for that matter, are Walter Winchell and Leonard Lyons and one of their major aggravations, Bennett Cerf. Despite the proximity of such persons of diverse or even opposing interests, however, the Cub Room has yet to see them flare up into hostility. That some of them haven't is due largely to Billingsley's soothing personality.

If Billingsley devotes most of his waking hours to the Stork Club, there are nevertheless moments when he seems suspicious of the grandeur he has created. He appears totally unimpressed, for example, by the fact that the Stork Club cuisine is almost unanimously conceded to be magnificent. When, for instance, he decides to have a snack at the table of a friend who has already dined, he usually inquires, "What'd you have to eat?" When the friend informs him, Billingsley's light blue eyes grow suddenly wary. "How was it?" he says in a voice edged with misgivings. "Any good?" ###

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The Sound of Murder

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tary. I'm having both of them brought in for you. Mrs. Catman, the widow, and that Carl are an item, and Lewis was wise. He'd talked to his lawyer about a divorce. That Carl couldn't afford to take Mrs. Catman out for hamburgers even, so if Catman had got the divorce, Mrs. Catman wouldn't have been able to pay Carl's freight."

"That's a story I've heard before, Dom."

"Yeah, me too. The gun was Catman's, all right, and he kept it in his dresser drawer and the prints on it are his. We got a guy who saw him alive at three in the afternoon."

"We pegged him later than that, Dom."

"Probably spring fever, I guess"

"Sure, but this guy talked to him. He delivered a new typewriter and picked up the old one. We also got a guy who called Catman at seven-thirty and didn't get an answer. We checked the cab, and Mrs. Catman left the house at a quarter of seven like she said. Oh, and here's some pictures I had the crew take of that den this morning."

"Why, Dom?"

"A couple of the flash jobs they did last night didn't come out very good."

"Were you at the house this morning?" Harris asked.

Dom nodded. "Nothing had been disturbed."

Harris was studying the new pictures. "Something was, Dom," he said quietly. "There was a piece of paper in the typewriter last night. It isn't there now. See?" Harris pointed out the empty roller in the picture.

"Steve," Dom explained. "He went over the machine for prints this morning. With so much motive around, I figured we might as well give it the full treatment."

"What did you find?"

Dom grinned. "Nothing, but we might have."

"You did," Harris told him. "Let's go out and see the widow."

On the way, Harris stopped and picked up Carl at his apartment. At the Catman house, Harris and Carl went into the living room and Dom went into the den alone and closed the door.

Mrs. Catman seemed less tense than she had in the first interview, but Carl was still nervous. Harris led them through the story again and they repeated it almost word for word from the first time.

When they'd finished, Harris nodded to himself. There was a tense silence before he said, "Which one of you killed him?"

Carl's head jerked around at the question, but Mrs. Catman betrayed no emotion. Neither answered the question.

"I think *you* did." Harris indicated the woman. "*He* wouldn't have had the guts."

"I don't think I have to stand for this," Mrs. Catman said.

"If you didn't kill him," Harris said, "you wouldn't have lied. I think you got the gun from his dresser upstairs and walked into the den and shot him. I think you did it and you pulled Carl into it because it gave you a hold besides money over him. Lewis was going to divorce you, and he had grounds. You wouldn't have got any money. How much did you do, Carl? Did you wipe the gun and put his prints on it?"

"Don't answer, Carl," the woman said. "He's trying to trick you. He's guessing. He can't prove anything because there isn't anything to prove."

"I can prove you both lied," Harris said. "Come out here."

They followed him reluctantly into the hallway. Harris stopped before the closed study door.

"You heard Lewis working in there yesterday?" he asked.

"Of course," Mrs. Catman said. "He was typing."

Harris opened the door, and there was a short, high-pitched, ugly scream. It wasn't the woman; she stood straight, but she was staring as if she'd seen a ghost. Carl had screamed. He'd screamed when he looked in through the open door and saw Dom. Dom was sitting in the swivel chair typing with two fingers, and there was no sound.

"Noiseless," Harris said. "It was delivered yesterday while you two were at the country club. You didn't notice it, but it will hang you."

Carl made a break for the front door, but Harris brought him down with a flying tackle, and Dom was out of the chair and beside Mrs. Catman before she could move. It wasn't necessary though. She stood staring at the typewriter until Harris led her out to the squad car.

Later, Harris told Dom: "With the paper in that machine, we couldn't see the word 'silent' on the carriage until the new pictures came in. It was simple enough to have worked."

"Yeah, and it still might."

"No," Harris told him. "With the wedge we've got now, we'll break Carl down. He'll talk to save his neck, and he'll sink her."

And Harris was right about that too. ♯

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The Unwilling Virgins

Continued from page 37

to foist monogamous marriage on any such society.

Nature's plan of giving women tougher, more resistant bodies to offset the hazards of childbirth and to balance the handicap of muscular inferiority in the struggle for food worked fine until man started to monkey with it. Clever mechanical devices have made muscles almost obsolete, though, and medical science is steadily reducing the dangers of pregnancy and childbirth. In the last twenty-five years alone, this risk to womankind has been cut by more than four-fifths. In fact, the combination of women's biological stamina and medical progress has caused most diseases to show a larger decline among women than among men. Thus, as the years roll by, Death continues to play favorites and relentlessly turns back three times as many widows as widowers, to compete in the marriage market. And don't think widows aren't keen competition.

It isn't as easy as it used to be, then, for a girl to find a mate these days. And her life is made even more difficult by the reluctance of so many men to marry. There are about four million men over forty-five (bachelors and widowers) who are apparently satisfied to get along without women—apparently.

When you add up the whole column of factors, you get a pretty discouraging total. Hordes of hopeful moppets skipping rope and playing hopscotch on the sidewalks today will find, on growing up, that they are part of an army of six or seven million women forced to go through life without husbands—whether they want to or not. The pressure that these millions of covetous she-wolves can bring to bear on the institution of marriage may be enough to wreck it. That amount of frustrated mother-instinct could reduce a cooler planet than ours to cinders in no time.

Don't look to science for help. Medical research has made seven-league strides in conquering the diseases of childhood in the past few decades. But with each new advance, female babies profit more than males. With the female's extra margin of vitality, every improvement in hygiene, medical care, and living conditions helps more girls to survive than boys.

In a certain South American country, where unfavorable hygienic conditions kill off a quarter of all babies in their first year of life, only six per cent more girls survive than boys; but in enlightened New Zealand, which provides nearly ideal conditions for baby culture, infant mortality among females is twenty-five per cent less than among males. In our own white population, the female-versus-male survival ratio is much higher than it is in the handicapped and underprivileged Negro population.

A simple count of noses shows that America can't rear enough home-grown men to go around—*unless* some of them go around with more than one woman. But American women are not going to accept this dark picture of things to come without doing something about it. Millions will not be denied a satisfactory sex life and motherhood without a fight!

But just what can be done? Those extra gals are solid flesh and blood and they're here to stay. Since it is unlikely that science can help them, at least in the foreseeable future, the answer must be sought in sociology.

There aren't many choices, and all have been tried before—for this problem is by no means new to the world. Infanticide—the killing of a certain proportion of girl babies at birth—works in certain parts of the world, but murder is frowned upon in America, where you can't even drown puppies without getting some organization of do-gooders on your neck.

The only other solution that I can think of is some form of legalized or socially accepted polygamy. Multiple marriage is practiced in many parts of the world today, and it often works smoothly. If we weigh the factors involved carefully, after the initial shock of the idea has worn off, it seems quite likely that it could work well here, too.

Although women are better fitted than men for survival, men have their innings when it comes to sex. Most men have sufficient biologic reserve to keep a number of women bearing children at any desired rate. There are, as we all know, wide differences between male and female sex drives, and most women could probably lead entirely happy lives with half the attentions of which their husbands are capable. At any rate, lots of women are doing just that right now—whether they know it or not.

The difference in the reproductive span of men and women is another biologic fact—a fact too often ignored in our strictly monogamist society—which actually favors polygamy. Although women are capable of bearing children between the approximate ages of fifteen and forty-five, the time consumed in education and shopping around for a mate generally lops off at least five years from the lower end of the span. The physiology of aging cuts another five years from the other end, so that few babies are born to women before age twenty or after age forty.

For practical purposes, therefore, a woman's fertile period is only about twenty years, compared with forty or more for a man. From a strictly physical point of view, then, it would seem rather wasteful to allow one woman to monopolize the entire reproductive potential of one man. Biologically, at least, a woman is entitled to only half a man.

Should such considerations be

given any weight in determining what we ought to do with our family life? One glance at the long-term decline of the birth rate —despite its upswing in recent years—and the soaring divorce rate gives the answer. We either count biology in, *or else.*

But are women in general ready or willing to accept legalized or socially approved polygamy? The answer is a shrill and emphatic "No." Fortunately, the majority of women will never be called upon to answer that question. The man shortage will never be that acute. That a minority will embrace a kind of polygamous relationship gladly is proved, however, by the hundreds of thousands who have already defied conventions by accepting the socially disapproved variety provided by "left-handed" apartments. These girls may never have heard of the numerical inequality of the sexes, but the common observation, "If there isn't something wrong with him, he's already married," shows that they are feeling its effects.

The unsatisfactory feature of these alliances is that they seldom result in children because of the social stigma attached to illegitimacy. That women and women's clubs are leaders in the movement to lift the curse from the illegitimate child may betray the direction that feminine thought is taking. Maybe the next step will be a nation-wide movement to "share the man."

Of course, not all men are physically, psychically, or financially equipped to head two families, but *some are.* Herein may lie the greatest single social contribution that polygamy would have to offer.

In general, men would adjust to the rigors of polygamy more easily than women because so many men have always taken monogamous marriage with a grain of salt anyway. But the superior man who took a No. 2 wife would really have to *be* superior to keep peace and tranquillity in his little harem. He would certainly find that he needed the wisdom of a Mister Anthony, the agile footwork of a prize-fight referee, and the tactful discipline of a Phil Spitalny.

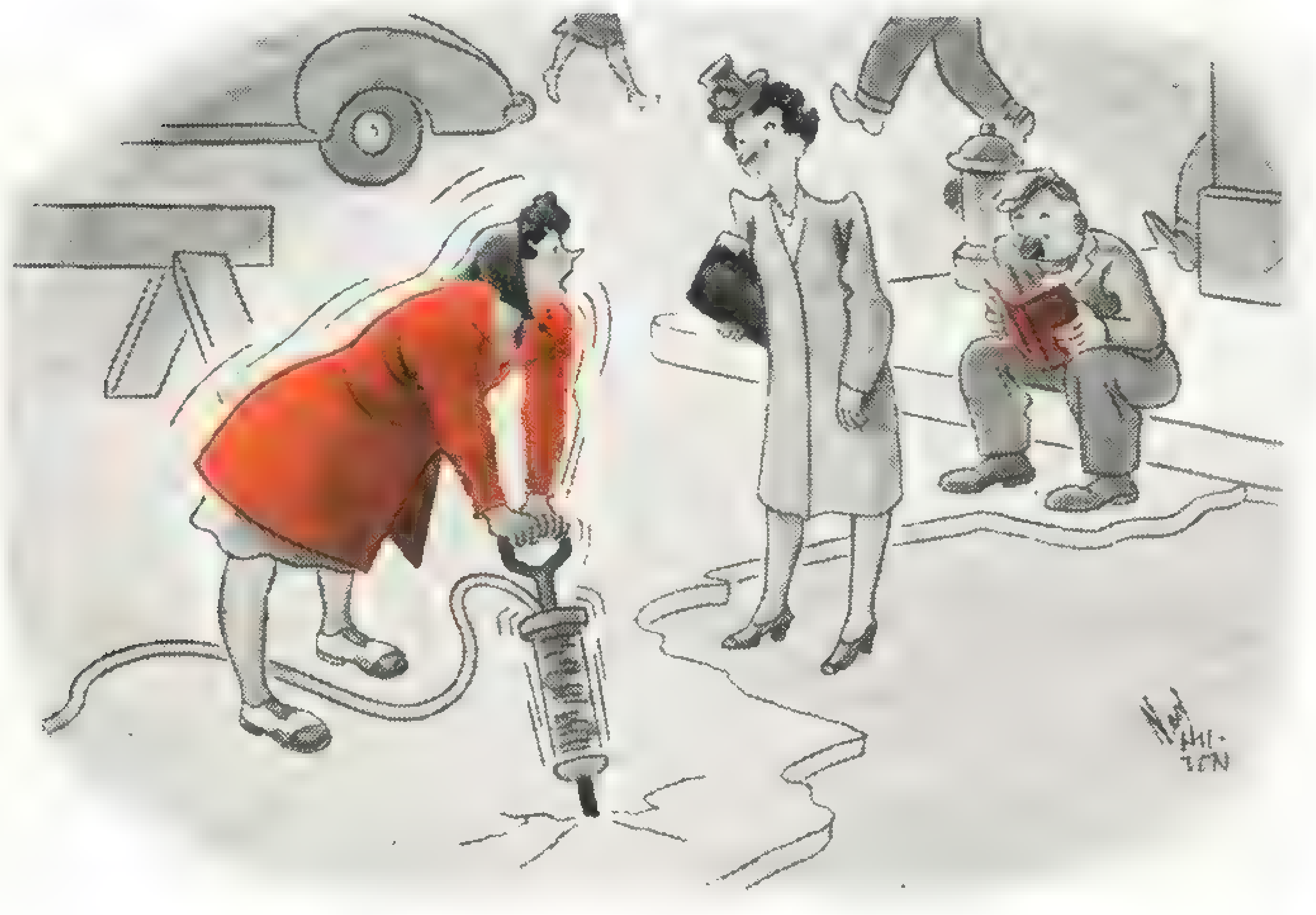
But women could help; and it's my impression that lots of them would want to. Naturally, every girl wants to have a man all her own and for keeps; but when millions begin to realize that their choice is half a man or none, many of them will make a conscious effort to adjust their thinking to the new conditions. There are thousands of discriminating women right now who have demonstrated that they would rather have a half interest in a real man than a supposed exclusive on a second-rater.

One intelligent woman who knowingly shares her husband with a younger "wife" in a separate establishment points out that she has retained the very things most important to a woman of her age—economic security, companionship with her husband, and the warm feeling that she still belongs to someone. She thinks that her position is indescribably better than the "emptiness of divorce" and that "*If it were the thing to do,* the majority of women would feel as I do."

At any rate, she says, she would rather have a happy, well-adjusted husband around half the time than "a crabby, frustrated neurotic around all the time." And she actually sees more of her husband than many wives see of their "exclusive" husbands.

This woman is sold on polygamy. Her only regret is that the other woman has refused to move in with her. She would welcome more opportunities for social activities and the greater freedom from household responsibilities that would be hers if they were all living together in the same home. She swears that if the relationship with the other woman could be legalized, she would be ready to do some baby sitting!

There is seldom an ideal solution to a human problem. Affairs of men are settled by seizing the best that offers and making the best of it. What to do with our bumper crop of females is a harrowing problem. From where I sit, it looks as if there might be less T.N.T. in polygamy than in the pent-up fury of six or seven million unwilling virgins loose in the land. ⌗



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The Tragedy of Comedy

Continued from page 44

cinating one. Well, last November, Moss Hart, Mr. Kaufman's erstwhile collaborator, brought a new play about theatre people to Broadway. The play, called *Light Up the Sky*, was a smash hit; but even its stanchest advocates could hardly call it "endearing"—unless hard-surfaced, brittle snarling can pass for humor.

There's a good deal of gaiety in *Light Up the Sky*, and it has plenty of bright lines to tease laughter out of good-natured audiences. There are different kinds of laughter, though. Nothing seems funnier to a small boy than the cruel mishap of one of his friends; small boys are apt to be fairly ruthless and savage in their humor. It seems to me, however, healthy adulthood generally manifests itself in an inability to laugh at the unfortunate or grotesque. The mature man laughs because he is *in* sympathy with humanity instead of *out* of it. *Light Up the Sky* is a cruel play. Quite apart from the fact that it palpably caricatures some well-known Broadway figures, its overtones are bitter and destructive. Almost every character in the play is cynical, self-centered, crass, hypocritical.

Mr. Hart seems to be laughing *at* his brain children, not *with* them. When I remember the Kaufman-Hart plays of several years ago—the kindly souls of *You Can't Take It With You*, the good-natured hams of *Once in a Lifetime*—I can't help wondering whether the war and its aftermath have made us all irrevocably incapable of easy affection. Perhaps after what we've gone through the only kind of laughter we can know is the contemptuous kind.

Or else, maybe, the nostalgic kind. There's a type of comedy that depends for its effect on the re-creation of our half-forgotten pasts. We laugh at graduation pictures of ourselves. Our stiff collars and tight-fitting jackets seem "funny" to us because they shock us into a realization of the inexorable processes of time and decay. It amuses us to see a man cranking a Model-T Ford because we used to crank one ourself and (but don't say this aloud) my God! How we'd like to be doing it again! *Life with Mother*, the Lindsay-Crouse sequel to Guess What, is a case in point. In spite of its great success, several critics have indicated that they don't consider it much of a play. The Day family have become rather stereotyped by now, and the present episode's plot borders on the purely farcical. It's the little things we laugh at: Father cranking an old-fashioned telephone and gesturing into it as he shrieks: icebox troubles: outmoded courting techniques; a little boy's recitation of a hackneyed poem in the manner of nineteenth-century "elocution" schools.

Basically, none of those things is truly comical. In all likelihood, *Life with Mother* will fall flat as a pancake in fifty years, when our grandchildren of the postatomic age will be snickering at reproductions of our naïve attitudes toward television and air-conditioning. The nostalgic laugh is an easy one to cater to. It's less cruel than the cynical guffaw of a *Light Up the Sky*, since it presupposes an affection for the dead past. But the affection is tainted with ridicule. The ridicule in *Life with Mother* is mild enough, but it's there; and there, too, is even a kind of bitterness—not in the play, perhaps, but in those of us who, seeing it, wish we could be back in the good old days, cranking that innocent telephone.

There is one popular type of modern comedy that some of us find particularly hard to take. Fundamentally, it isn't comic at all, but it moves briskly and makes people laugh because it treats serious problems with superficial good humor and wit. I refer to such plays as *State of the Union* and *Born Yesterday*, both of which achieved phenomenal success a couple of seasons ago, and this season's *Goodbye, My Fancy*—written, curiously enough, by Fay Kanin, sister-in-law of the author of *Born Yesterday*. The theme of all three of these is the same: the battle of liberal idealism against entrenched, self-seeking conservatism. That's certainly a valid theme, and George Bernard Shaw, among others, has done wonders with it. But Shaw knows complexity when he comes face to face with it. He refuses to state the problem in rough-and-ready black-and-white terms; his wit illuminates the crevices: he never recommends an easy solution for insoluble conflicts of human nature.

Goodbye, My Fancy, however, is a phony. It pretends to have a serious message, but this boils down to the sappiest of bromides: there are good people and bad, and the good always win out if they keep their banners flying. This sweet cipher of a sermon is bloated to a point where it sounds like a clarion call to men of good will—as if all men could be patly classified as reactionary (i.e., bad) or liberal (i.e., good).

But it's not just a sermon. The author knows that if it were just a sermon it wouldn't *sell*. ("Sell" is a naughty word, by the way, since, in all these plays, the cen-

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tral character eventually sacrifices material gain to an ideal.) And so the bitter pill is thickly candy-coated with wisecracks—with generally distressing results. Though some of the comic inventions in *Goodbye, My Fancy* are mildly amusing, they aren't funny enough to justify the long, puerile serious passages, which aren't serious enough to make up for the laboriously interpolated gags . . . The play is a big hit, however—and probably worth seeing because it serves to introduce Madeleine Carroll to the Broadway stage. Miss Carroll is a damned good actress who is also a lovely woman. In a believable role, she would be someone to applaud.

Another good actress, Tallulah Bankhead, has given up acting this season. Instead, she is simply being her own irrepressible self in a revival of Noel Coward's *Private Lives*. *Private Lives*—never a very funny play, not even back in 1931, when we first saw it—is the shallowest kind of posturing drawing-room comedy, brought to life only when its crackling dialogue is recited by people of consummate charm. Miss Bankhead has undeniable charm, but it's not quite the perfect kind for this flicked-eyebrow, waving-wrists sort of thing. She never flicks an eyebrow or waves a wrist—not limply, at any rate; instead, she tears her way in and out of *Private Lives* like a whirlwind through a lace-paper doily. She is a one-woman three-ring circus—which is certainly not an unamusing spectacle. But I don't know. . . After sitting through her performance, some friends of mine claimed to have been reminded, somehow, of the late John Barrymore acting the buffoon and burlesquing himself, toward the end of his tragic life, in *My Dear Children*—a play that titillated the vulgar, delighted seekers after cheap thrills, and broke the hearts of those of us who remembered Barrymore as Hamlet. There is, of course, no parallel between the careers of Barrymore and Bankhead; but the fact remains that a full evening of a great actor's doing cartwheels to capture his audience's attention hardly constitutes a full evening of splendid laughter.

The only other new comedies on Broadway at this writing are *The Silver Whistle*, in which the Theatre Guild has been astute enough to star Jose Ferrer, who is fast becoming America's most versatile actor, and *The Madwoman of Chaillot*, a superb translation of Jean Giraudoux' fanciful little masterpiece. Both plays are a trifle too talky and philosophical to be hilarious.

Back in the late thirties, when the world seemed to be falling apart, S. N. Behrman wrote a play called *No Time for Comedy*, whose story, as I remember it, dealt with a young playwright who couldn't write funny plays any more because of the temper of the times. Perhaps this is no time for comedy either; the world is too much with us. *Love Life*, one of the season's few successful musicals, tells as grim a tale as any so-called musical comedy would dare. Over the course of the past hundred and fifty years, marriage, it points out, has degenerated to a stage where the only hope for a working relationship between a man and a woman lies in their ability, literally, to walk a tightrope. Miniature vaudeville skits interrupt the action, and they are funny by contrast with the story; but they have no connection with it, except as rather vague—and extremely cynical—commentaries on modern life. If it weren't for Nanette Fabray, whom some authorities consider the most enchanting musical-comedy star since Marilyn Miller, *Love Life* would be a poor bet for people in search of a good time. *With* Miss Fabray—well, I for one would be delighted to see her in *Zaza* if she ever decides to do it.

I can't stop pondering a particularly nagging question: if things have reached such a pass that this is no time for healthy comedy, then why are there so many superb comic spirits around? Miss Fabray has everything. Bobby Clark is funnier than ever—or would be if he had good material. Ray Bolger can tease laughter out of a ghoul merely by stretching his legs. Beatrice Lillie makes her mediocre lyrics in *Inside U.S.A.* seem terrific. And then there are such comparative newcomers as William Eythe and Carol Channing of *Lend an Ear*, (a delightful little revue, by the way), and Peter Lind Hayes, who is a killing mimic, though in one of the season's early failures, *Heaven on Earth*, he was the one who got slaughtered.

The fault, I'm quite sure, is the fault of the men and women who now write for the theatre. Most of them would seem to me to be hacks. But what has happened to the people of talent and taste? Has the universe turned so sour that they no longer get a kick out of being alive?

I have a suggestion that will probably tab me as a lowbrow, but I'm going to offer it anyhow. Let's petition Mr. Al Capp to write us a play. Mr. Capp's comic strip, "Li'l Abner," comes closer to being uproariously funny than anything else I've read or seen in a long time. What if his exuberance *does* sometimes carry him outside the bounds of good taste? He has a fertile imagination, he despises platitudes, and—best of all—he's in love with Dogpatch and the incredible folk who inhabit the place. Which means that he likes himself and the world he lives in. He's not so sentimental about it that he won't occasionally give the world a good swat in the tail, but he uses a whip that tickles—a mark of the genuine comic spirit.

I'd like to see Mr. Capp's Shmoos on the stage. I think *they'd* make me laugh! #

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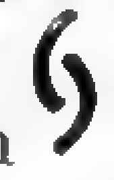
Brands from Hell to Texas

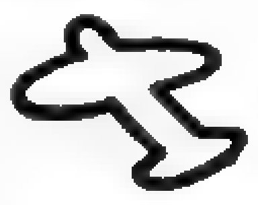
Continued from page 71

(Colorado alone had 12,000 as early as 1885), and pride in each of them is comparable to the pride that a Texan has in Texas.

Nevertheless, we pleased the dudes. In addition, the war came along, sending some millions of eager young trainees to our western states. They discovered brands. Among my souvenirs is a photograph of the plane used by Col. John H. Bundy, commanding officer of the Eagle Pass, Texas, Army Air Field. On the fuselage, this cryptic legend is painted:

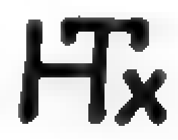
¿QUIEN SABE?

This brand—  parentheses hooked into each other—has been famous for nearly a century; yet it is of casual origin. The story has it that away back there one roundup day, a Yankee cowboy and a Mexican cowboy hazed out a steer with that design on its side. "Hey, what brand is that, Pablo?" the Yank asked. Pablo shrugged, spread his hands expressively, and replied, "¿Quién sabe?"—literally, "Who knows?" but idiomatically, "Nobody knows, nobody can be sure of anything." Thus, the mispronounced *Kin Savvy* brand grew into folklore, and eventually landed on the plane of a colonel who, doubtless, was sure that nobody could be sure of anything.

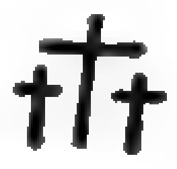
Brands do express the feelings of their owners or their users, not only in their designing, but in the way in which they are applied. Many have been placed on warplanes and private planes, and at least a few planes have been branded on cattle. Even before the Japs hit us, William Heid, a rancher near New Salem, North Dakota, was quietly warning them with a sign on his steers: 

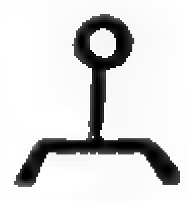
Since war's end, that *Bomber Plane* brand has moved into dozens of other places. I have seen it burned over bars and etched on glassware. I saw it last September adorning a necktie.

Some gent is always cooking up a new way to use brands off the cattle and make a slug of money out of the idea. Branded neckties first appeared about twenty years ago and are still steady sellers. My good friend Barry Goldwater, a Phoenix merchant, burst out one season with bolt goods and sports outfits covered with brands. The girls of the Golden West took to Goldwater's fabrics in a shrieking stampede; and soon the same cloth began to appear on us virile males. Today, there are branded shoes, belts, billfolds, handbags, suitcases, sandals, hats, scarves, shorts, sport jackets, and bathing suits.

In Montana, California, Colorado—all over the West—you can find homes whose owners have gone slightly berserk burning and painting on the *Four Sixes*, the *XIT*, the *Hashknife*, the *Bar B Q* (people invariably think that one clever as the devil), the *Chamber and Two Corncobs*, the *45 Connected*, and so on. Old Hades Temple used to sign his hands' pay checks not with his name—for he couldn't write—but with his  The "HT" were his initials, and the "x" proclaimed that, by gosh, he came from Texas.

Certain rest-room doors in Globe, Arizona, were branded with hot lead—from the accurate guns of cowboys who stood at the bar and shot back between drinks. A man who could outline his ranch brand in ten shots or less was considered sober. But it was considered ill-mannered to shoot while the rooms were in use.

Before I came along, lesser genuises, of course, were prompted to do brand research. Some of their work was laudable, but much was laughable. One such scholar said that branding originated in California. Another had "proof" it began in Mexico. A third announced that firebranding was introduced by Stephen F. Austin, Father of Texas, about 1830. Still another traced branding back to Hernando Cortes, the *ranchero* who is said to have brought the first cows and the first cowboys to this continent, about four centuries ago. It is a fact that a church in New Mexico has this, the prettiest brand to my notion, burned over its door:  That was Cortes' *Three Christian Crosses or Holy Trinity* brand, and it is still being used. But it was *not* the beginning of branding.

The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, given to thorough research, has proof that ranchers were firebranding their cattle at least 2000 years before Christ. Ancient Egyptian tombs picture not only brands, but cowboys doing the branding; there has been some change in the boys' costumes, but little in their techniques. In those days, ranchers liked to design their brands from the sign or name of some god. In 1949 we still honor whatever is closest to our hearts. The *Me and Emma* brand (MAE connected) is a memorial to a young love; the *Broken Arrow* honors a fine pioneer man crippled by Indians; the *SUE* is for somebody's sweet Susan, not for a lawsuit; and the most famous cowboy in history, Will Rogers, possibly chose his brand from childhood memories of long evenings he spent gazing into his home fireplace with the andirons silhouetted: 

No other national tradition, no slice of folklore, no parcel of Americana, is more beautiful or more genuine than that reflected in our cattle brands. They bespeak a heraldry of the range. The iron itself is a fiery scepter in the hands of a saddled knight; indeed, our cowboys represent America's *only* knighthood—as honest and honorable a knighthood as any Europe ever knew. Moreover, the burning of steers with that red-hot iron is not cruel. The brand is about the size of your open hand.

In proportion, that much pain on a steer's hide is about like touching a glowing match head to your thumb. And the animal's sensitivity is not so acute as yours.

Because a brand promptly becomes a man's very personal property, and because so many ranchers have entered business, we have countless thousands of different brands. True, there are duplicates, notably in Texas where brand registry is by counties, but in general a brand is respected as the exclusive and inviolate property of a family.

Monograms, devised of the ranchers' initials, are far and away the most numerous among actual designs. A fellow named Jack Kirk will form *JK Connected* and imagine he is original; JK but when he goes to the registry office, he may discover that Jim Kirby, Jasper King, Jake Kock, and Jude Knappenberger all tried it and failed because Joe Kelly already had it registered. Thus we have the *J Slash K*, the *J Bar K*, the *J K Bar*, the *Boxed JK*, the *Circle J K*, and so on.

Better brands, the storybook kind, come not from the vanity, but from the soul. Usually these are picture brands. The *Broken Heart* meant just what it pictured—a rancher's broken heart. The *Two Hearts* referred to a pioneer love. The 6666 began when a penniless cowboy had a wild night of poker. He sat down with five borrowed dollars—so the story goes—and then couldn't lose for winning. By dawn he had all his opponent's cash. But the opponent owned a ranch stocked with cattle and offered to bet that against the boy's pile—a single hand to determine the winner. The cowboy won again, with four sixes. Right after breakfast, he went to his new spread and began rebranding all his critters with that lucky 6666. In time, oil was found on his land, and the 6666 appeared on countless derricks, trucks, and tanks.

The 45 brand in one state was created when a lad used a .45-caliber pistol to catch a rustler on his dad's 45th birthday. But a successful rustler himself used a *48* brand for years, until they finally made him the *honore* at a necktie party. He had been stealing Bar S cattle and burning over their brands thus:

-S 4S 48

Not all brands can be given names. Truth is, those pyroglyphics on our walking rump roasts can be as baffling as Sanskrit. Ordinary numerals and letters of the alphabet take on new characteristics in brand talk; they can be *toppling* and *tilting* and *rocking* and *swinging* and *running*—the *Running W* is the brand of this continent's largest ranch, the King outfit in south Texas. They can also be just plain *lazy*, even as you and I, in which case they lie on their backs; thus you can readily translate that *2 Lazy 2 P* which I called naughty in the beginning.

Many brands, by the way, aren't printable. The ladies' rest room of a big filling station in El Paso, Texas, is decorated with shocking brands. But, happily, the shock does not register on most patrons. When a customer innocently asks the proprietor about them, he blandly says they are Indian symbols. One tourist schoolmarm diligently copied them to take home to her classes in Massachusetts, but I have not heard the outcome of *that* incident. There's also the story of the snooty college professor who was airing his erudition around a campfire one night. "The transcendentalism of Kant tends to affirm the existence of *a priori* principles of cognition," said he, at what seemed like an opportune moment. An old leather-skinned cowpoke nodded gravely, and added, "Yais, suh, and it was two *Pio Pico* paints got in th' *Pigpen* remuda last week and drove everything over to th' *Buzzard On A Rail*." Neither one knew what the hell the other was talking about; but the cowpoke's information was much more vital to the welfare of America.

In general, there are four divisions of brand designs—the initials, the numbers, the geometric figures, and the pictures. The *TJA*, the *45*, the *Double Diamond*, and the *Pine Tree* are respective samples of each of these. Combinations are endless. I know one checker at a big stockyard who has memorized thousands of brands, and most cowmen get so they can read off all the brands likely to turn up in their regional roundups. In addition, these men usually gather other branding lore for use as conversational meat.

They tell about Peter Coffin, whose brand is the outline of a coffin with a P inside it. When they finally buried Pete, they put his iron in with him. And they tell about the two good men who fell to arguing in Texas about the ownership of a range bull. One man killed the other. Incensed cowboys roped the innocent bull, made a steer of it, and in huge letters across its side burned this now-famous brand:

MURDER

I can listen for hours to brand stories, but the one that always goes over best whether I tell it or you do is the story of pretty Lillybelle Plunkett. In pioneer times she came West with her pappy, and cowboys for counties around rode in to court her. One suitor got in the habit of bringing a fat calf as a gift each time. He branded the calves *L I L*, for Lillybelle. Rival swains then sought out even fatter, finer calves, branded them L I L, and presented them.

And did charming Lillybelle then choose one of the romantic cowboys? Not she. That gal wrote back East to her old sweetie, who came out, married her, and established a prosperous ranch with her prize L I L cows! #

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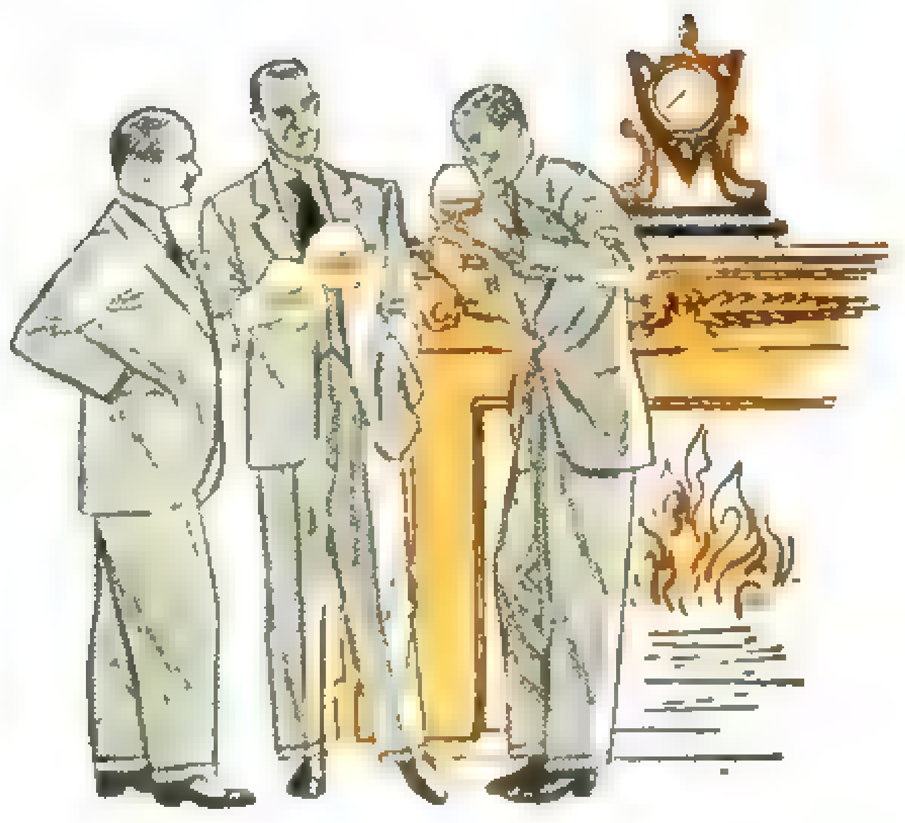

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"Only Chumps Have Friends"

Continued from page 60

don't know where it's hid. All I got was first search on him. What he had in his pockets when he died. I spent that on the funeral. But you must be out of your mind."

"I must be out of my mind?" the man asked. "Why?"

"You trusted a man like that with five thousand dollars," Mrs. Drop Dead said.

"I won it off him," the man said. "But how about you? You married him."

"I had to marry him," the widow said. "I had a little business. I was a horse player. I bet my business into him. He let me go. Gave me unlimited credit. I owed him so much, he made me marry him. But I got even with him. I ruined him."

"You ruined him—how?" the man asked.

"With the funeral," she said.

"I heard it was a fine affair," said the bewildered player.

"That's what must be driving him crazy," she said. "Nothing was on the level at the funeral. The preacher wasn't even a preacher. He was a broken-down actor. All the people who were there—every one of them—were hired. No one sent him flowers. I bought them and put phony cards on them."

"I don't get it," the player said. "If you hated him . . . why did you give him such a send-off."

"There was only one thing he was ever proud of—being a bookmaker," the widow said. "He always said, 'Show me a bookmaker people like and I'll show you a jerk.' He said only chumps have friends. If he wasn't dead already, it would have killed him to see all the people in the joint being sorry he died."

Ask the Internal Revenue Department, Lady

One of the chorus girls at the Copa night club in New York was introduced to Bob Feller.

"Bob Feller?" she asked. "The name's sort of familiar. What business are you in."

"I'm a ballplayer," the great pitcher replied.

"Amateur or professional," the little lady wanted to know.

The Shortstop

The average journalist who covers baseball indicates in his pieces for the newspapers that he is a cynical and hard-natured scholar of the game. They suggest they are not concerned with the personality of the muscular young men they write about, but the attitude of a player has a lot to do with what his historians think of his ability. It gets into the literature and all the statistics don't square an impolite athlete. It should be noted that Lou Boudreau, the shortstop and manager of the Cleveland Indians, did not capture the hearts of the guys riding around on the trains with him when he dropped a hint that he was a qualified censor and that all essays on his team should be checked by him before publication. Naturally, this suggestion was ignored, but it caused a lot of talk around the press boxes in the American League and a lot of fellows figured back away from this guy.

I have found Boudreau to be a frank and honorable man to do business with, and even when you throw him a change-up in an interview he will attempt to answer it. Down the years Boudreau has rectified this original impression, but I would not describe his attitude as servile when handling the visiting press. He is a guy filled up to the nozzle with opinions and lets them drop without trying to evade responsibility.

But the most passionate baseball fans I know are baseball reporters, and Boudreau has convinced them all he is the very best infielder working between second and third base in either league. It approaches treason, but I eavesdropped on a Brooklyn writer who furtively conceded that Boudreau was almost as good as Pee Wee Reese. Naturally, this heresy did not appear under the by-line of the Dodger biographer. But he whispered it in the press room at Ebbets Field, and this alone establishes Boudreau as an exceptional man.

No matter what they do or where they go, a baseball writer talks of the sport he appraises, and most of the football gatherings break up in the fall with the baseball guys sitting in a grave huddle working at their favorite pastime. It is the unofficial all-time all-star team written on a tablecloth and argued about endlessly in all seasons. It is impossible to sit down four baseball writers in the same room with a bottle of whiskey without one of them eventually getting around to this charade. In my time, I have soiled much linen and have been denounced by lyrical profanity because I believe that Joe Di Maggio should play center field on that team. My opponents are always Tris Speaker or Ty Cobb admirers and my pleas are loud but unsuccessful. There have been ignorant bums who disgraced the profession by insisting all Babe Ruth could do was hit and did not belong on the all-time all-star team. But up to this year I have never heard a guy disputed when he put Hans Wagner down. Now there is a slight pause and at least one man praises Boudreau and then subsides. But the bickering is not loud, and no one has been slugged for what would be considered a sacrilegious offense before Boudreau showed up. I don't believe Boudreau was Wagner's equal and I do this on the advice of my elder. I never watched Wagner, but I have been looking at Boudreau since he came up and this is the best I ever saw. There have been others who courted my fancy and good as they come was Frankie Crosetti, of the Yankees, the second-best shortstop I ever watched. Marty Marion used to do and so will Reese and don't skip Phil Rizzuto. Shortstops are like mothers. Everyone believes his is the best. I go with Boudreau.

There is never a ball game that Boudreau plays without pain because his feet have been flattened by a basketball and the bones of his ankles appear to be flabby. Before every game he tapes them up and bandages hold them in place. When he moves, he waddles, and he is not fast at all. It is the theory of some that basketball almost destroyed the finest shortstop since Wagner, but Boudreau does not go along with this and insists he is a better infielder because of basketball.

"I learned to start quickly playing basketball," said Boudreau, who is a graceless man, but very agile and alert. "I get a quick jump on the ball. That comes from basketball. Breaking sideways to get away from the guard—that's good training for an infielder who has to get to the ball fast. In basketball all the moves are sideways and that has helped me a whole lot. The moves a shortstop makes are sideways, too."

DANGER
EXCAVATING

"W—w—well a—a—another d—d—d—day a—a—a—another d—d—d—dollar"

I asked him how he decides to play a hitter, because he runs the whole ball club and when a ball is hit into his zone he always seems to be going for it before it is batted.

"I don't know what makes me play certain hitters a certain way," he said. "It's just experience, I guess."

I remarked that he usually came up with the ball when he had to fall to get it, but the lightly tapped grounders hit directly at him gave him the most trouble.

"The easy ones do it to you," Boudreau said. "The ones coming right to you. The hard ones you are moving at and you have to keep your eyes on the ball as you go for it. But on the easy ones you don't follow the ball into the glove with your eyes. You instinctively relax. Take your eyes off it. The real reason you miss those kind is you don't follow the ball into your glove."

The appreciation of Tommy Henrich is a guarded enjoyment in New York. It is used by many people to prove that they understand the game of baseball. They do it as though they belonged to an unpopular sect and might be considered eccentric for announcing such a belief. It was as though a gourmet intended to astonish you by announcing that apple pie was a palatable dessert. Henrich is one of the finest ballplayers of this generation and everyone associated with the sport concedes this.

I believe that Carl Hubbell, the great Giants left-hander, paid Henrich the nicest tribute I ever heard one ballplayer give another.

"Watch what the Yankee pitcher does the next time there's two out and Henrich is playing right field," Hubbell said. "When a fly ball is hit to right, the pitcher walks off the mound and starts for the dugout. That's how much confidence they have in Tommy."

Coming back from the Preakness, Eddie Arcaro, the jockey, listened to a guy talking about love.

"Love is a lot of baloney," the guy said.

"Don't knock the favorite," Arcaro admonished.

Once when Casey Stengel was managing the Dodgers he came into the lobby of the Netherland-Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati where one of his pitchers sat asleep in a chair. The left-hander, drowsy with lager, was slumped with his head on his chest, his mouth ajar, snoring loudly.

"Give your life to baseball," Stengel said. "Give your whole life to this game . . . and once every four days your whole career depends on a bum like that."

But it should be different with the Yankees because for the first time in his life Casey Stengel gets a shot at managing a first-division team.

I was with him the night he met Joe Di Maggio for the first time last winter in Toots Shor's restaurant in New York. All night long, Shor was writing down on the tablecloth the line-up which Stengel would put on the field. Shor, an enthusiast, who makes everyone a cinch as long as they patronize his inn, insisted that the Yankees were a lock to win the American League pennant this season.

When it came time to close up the joint, Casey ripped off the tablecloth and started to walk out with it.

"Where you going with that?" Shor bellowed.

"I'm taking it home," Stengel said.

"You got a hell of a nerve wrecking my joint," Shor said.

"I'm entitled to it," Casey insisted.

"Why?" Shor asked.

"I won my first pennant on it, didn't I?" Casey asked. ##

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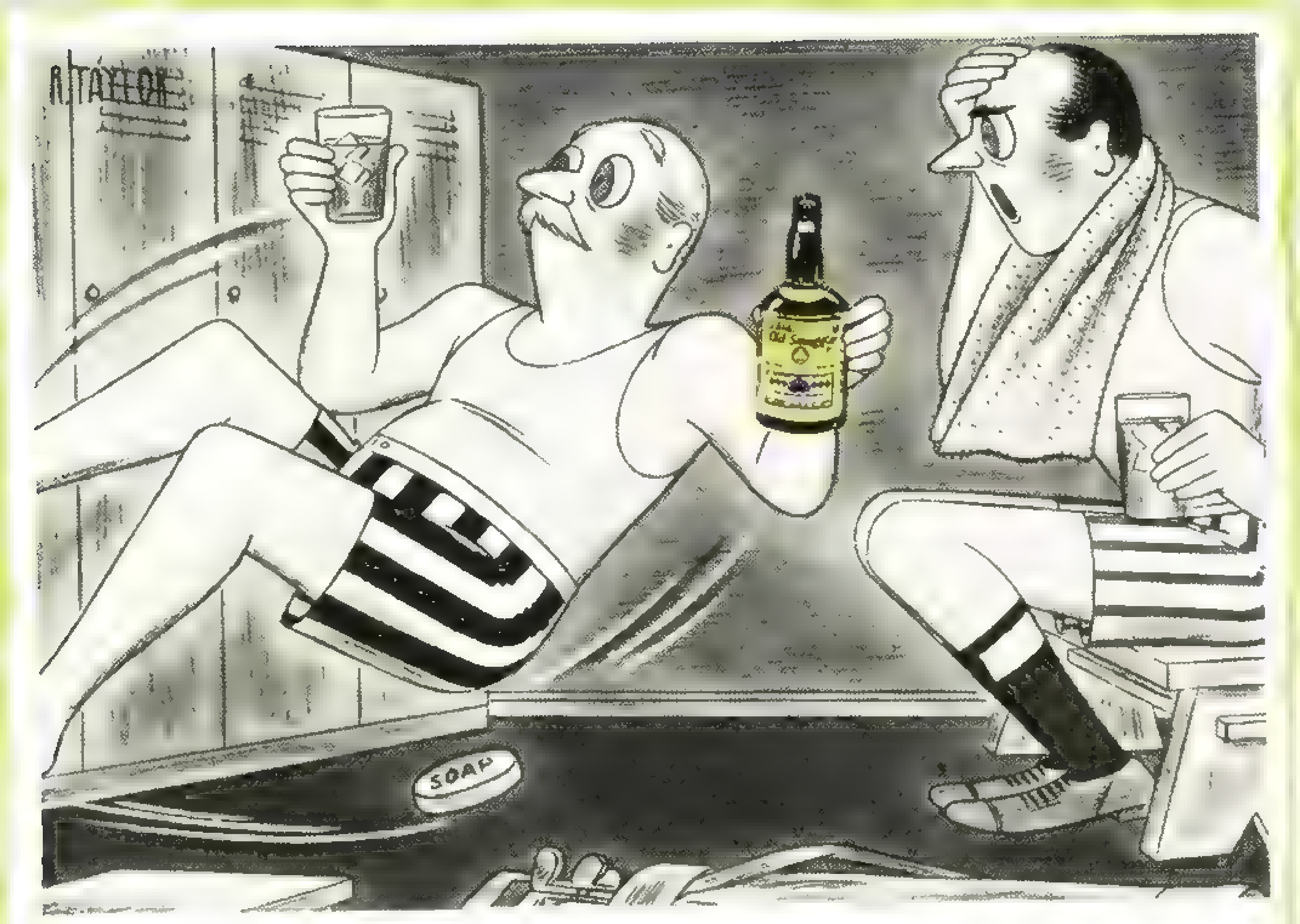

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Remembrance of Kings Past

Continued from page 78

stadium Rickard erected in Jersey City on the property of a man named Boyle, remembered to this day as "Boyle's Thirty Acres."

I recall the vicissitudes through which this bout went. In my possession is one of the copies of the contract Rickard distributed among the writers when the match was signed. On the back of the legal-looking cover, written down in ink, are listed some of the developments in connection with the fight.

To begin with, Rickard undertook the bout with two partners. They were William A. Brady, who had managed Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries as world heavyweight champions and then became a leader in theatrical productions, and his London associate, Charles B. Cochran. The trio tried to sign the fight on a percentage basis. But wily François Descamps, manager of Carpentier, would have nothing of this. Nor would Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager.

Rickard, secure in the conviction he had a million-dollar gate attraction, finally consented to guarantee a $500,000 purse for the battle, $300,000 to Dempsey and $200,000 to Carpentier, an arrangement that astounded the sport world. Many expressed the opinion that Rickard was insane. Brady and Cochran may not have subscribed to this conclusion, but they did not share Rickard's confidence in the success of the bout on such a financial scale.

They withdrew, leaving Rickard alone with his project. Indeed, Kearns was none too sure of the bout's success. He demonstrated this when he insisted on a $300,000 guarantee. His percentage of the $1,789,238 the fight drew would have amounted to more than $600,000.

Rickard survived a plethora of difficulties and anxieties to promote the venture, which attracted world-wide attention. Not the least of these was his own fear of a fatality. Carpentier was a legitimate light-heavyweight, matched with the most killing fighter of modern times. Tex later recalled how he visited Dempsey's dressing room and requested the champion to "go easy with this young fellow out there today and give all those nice people a show."

Dempsey did start to "go easy" with Carpentier, or as easy as a fellow who did not know the meaning of restraint could go. I say this advisedly and from experience because I know Dempsey's good-natured embraces when he was being playful with friends were bone-crushing experiences. When Carpentier tagged Dempsey with a solid right to the jaw that made Jack blink, in the second round, all "go easy" impulses left the champion. He was a tiger after that, and his killer instinct was not satisfied until he had battered Carpentier helpless with vicious short-arm body blows at close quarters and set up the knockout punch that sent Carpentier on his ear.

Away from the jurisdiction of Rickard, and against the promoter's advice, Dempsey undertook his next title defense against Tommy Gibbons, St. Paul challenger, at Shelby, on July 4, 1923. Kearns prevailed upon Rickard to let this match proceed unhampered when a syndicate of influential Montana citizens, taking a leaf from the Rickard book, decided they would attract attention to Great Falls and Shelby with a heavyweight title bout.

"I can stand here if I want to— it's a free country, ain't it?"

Banks crashed in the wake of the battle, and lives were blighted. On the eve of the fight, Kearns had to take over the box-office receipts in an effort to salvage what he could of a $200,000 guarantee for Dempsey. The night before, one of the associates in the promotion visited Kearns' suite in the Park Hotel, Great Falls, with the depressing news that Dempsey's $200,000 guarantee was not in sight. Kearns threatened to withdraw Dempsey from the match, despite the fact that for six weeks the champion had been in training and writers from all over had been attracted to a battle locale which defies description.

Great Falls was a booming town, but Shelby was little more than a whistle stop on a railroad trunk line. A frame hotel was improvised (that is the correct word) to take care of correspondents who attended Gibbons' workouts. Accommodations there were primitive, particularly by comparison with the modern quarters at Great Falls. It was nothing unusual to request your room key at the hotel desk, only to be informed that somebody else was occupying the room. Handling of preliminary details for the bout was equally chaotic.

Little surprise was occasioned, therefore, when one of the promoters informed Kearns the fight was a financial flop. Kearns exploded. Writers eagerly awaited the outcome of a conference which dragged through the night. Bulletins were issued in which Kearns insisted the fight was off.

Newspapers on the East Coast

went to press with the fight off. Benefiting by the difference in time, editions in Chicago and way stations underwent rapid postscripts to meet changing bulletins. Finally, Damon Runyon, Warren Brown, and Scoop Gleason, writers who were closeted with Kearns during the vital interview, prevailed upon the hotheaded manager to assume direction of the promotion, take what money was realized on the sale of tickets, and let Dempsey fight. Dempsey won a 15-round decision and once and for all was through with itinerant campaigning.

Dempsey and Kearns came out of the Montana crash with little or no money. (Eddie Kane, who was Gibbons' manager, once told me the St. Paul challenger received only the money he made on a short vaudeville tour in advance of the fight.) The Dempsey-Kearns living standard required plenty of cash.

To Rickard, the Shelby flop was a bonanza. Any ideas Dempsey and Kearns entertained of dealing independently with promoters were dissipated. Thenceforward, the champion cast his lot with Rickard, inseparably and with mutual advantage to both.

At the time, Rickard had an enormous foreigner, an ungainly, shaggy, beetle-browed giant who had come up from the Argentine in process of development. His name was Luis Angel Firpo. Damon Runyan was to nickname him "the Wild Bull of the Pampas" because he reminded you of nothing so much as the bull in a china shop in action and had all the strength of the bovine of the Argentine plains.

Cumbersome, awkward, crude, he was. But he had mastodonic strength and a wild conception of himself as heavyweight champion of the world. Some enthusiastic friends convinced him that his six feet four inches and 216 pounds equipped him as the man of destiny who was to destroy Dempsey. And, strangely enough, he almost did, to the astonishment of his friends, not to mention the brief spasm of consternation he caused Dempsey, Kearns, and the champion's legion of admirers, who accepted Firpo merely as another human hulk, below the Willard order.

Dempsey was eager for the fight. Rickard signed it with customarily elaborate formality, after the traditional period of haggling over terms, and on September 14, 1923, at the Polo Grounds, New York, Dempsey and Firpo provided the greatest battle this observer has ever seen. In less than four minutes of actual fighting, through two rounds, Firpo was knocked down 10 times, Dempsey twice.

For blazing fury, cyclonic action, there has been nothing to approach Dempsey and Firpo since. Rickard often told me the greatest thrill of his lifetime came in that battle.

Dempsey, as was customary with him, came tigerishly out of his corner at the opening bell, only to be clipped with a ponderous right that bounced off his jaw and sent him to his knees in the first five seconds of action. Arising before a count could be started, the champion ripped and slashed at Firpo, flooring the giant seven times under an avalanche of wicked, savage rights and lefts to the body and head.

I still have a clear mental picture of one of those knockdowns on which it seemed inconceivable that Firpo could possibly come erect. But he got up with a gameness that was unexpected and, with a courage that was magnificent, lit into Dempsey after the seventh knockdown, bowling the champion out of the ring with a right that glanced off Dempsey's jaw as he was backed to the ropes.

The spectacle of Dempsey down on his knee with the first rush and punch of the fight stunned the crowd. The savage fury of Dempsey upon arising is a vivid memory even now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century. For those who viewed it, the picture will never dim.

When he came erect, the champion went into a blazing offensive. Fighting out of his famous crouch, flailing rights and lefts in a thundering fusillade against a sluggish target, Jack dropped Firpo with practically every barrage. And,

Continued on page 136

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Remembrance of Kings Past

Continued from page 135

when he sent his gargantuan foe down, Dempsey, the urge to kill upon him, the utter destruction of the giant his all-besetting thought, stood within a stride of Firpo and at times directly above him, waiting for him to arise.

Each time Firpo started scrambling to his feet, it was only to be knocked down again, until it seemed human endurance could stand no more.

But Firpo stood it and fought back in a blind rage of his own. Like an infuriated bull, he came charging up from the seventh knockdown to rush Dempsey to the ropes near the challenger's corner. There, with a terrific right that glanced off Tiger Jack's jaw, Firpo toppled the champion through the ropes. Men and women who had been yelling themselves hoarse gasped at the spectacle of the champion falling through the ropes, his feet in the air, his shoulder blades hitting the ring apron as he tried to break the fall, reaching futilely for the ropes.

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"All right then—forget about brushes for a moment"

It has always been a disputed point, but it is my recollection that Dempsey landed above the seats occupied by Sheriff McGeehan, Jack Lawrence, and, I believe, Jane Dixon, who were covering the bout for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Indeed, in his descent, Dempsey narrowly missed crushing Lawrence's typewriter. There is no questioning the fact that Lawrence gave a helping heave to the floundering, topsy-turvy Dempsey, while a startled referee, Johnny Gallagher, confusedly delayed starting a count until the champion, partly on his own, partly through Lawrence's assist, got back inside the ropes.

Lawrence often told me afterward that when Dempsey's body landed on the ring apron, he could be heard muttering "You big . . . get me back in there; get me back in there, I'll fix him."

There was nothing to it in the second round. Like a panther, Dempsey leaped at his foe with the gong, swinging both hands to the body. I can still see Firpo crumbling slowly under the fire, like a deflated gas bag. Arising, he was crushed to the floor again. When he came up from the second knockdown in the round, his ninth trip to the canvas, Firpo was helpless. With a savage fire of both fists to the body and jaw, Dempsey stretched his giant opponent inert on the floor.

Out of the battle came boxing's second million-dollar gate. The receipts were $1,188,603. Out of it, too, came a lot of criticism for Dempsey's unbridled fighting style. It brought the rule that compels a boxer, when knocked out of the ring, to get back under his own momentum, inside the 10-second count, or suffer a knockout. And, more important than all else, it brought the rule that was to cost Dempsey the distinction of becoming the only heavyweight champion in history to regain his title, the night he "knocked out" Gene Tunney four years later in Chicago.

For, in response to the hue and cry raised over what practically everybody condemned as Dempsey's unfair tactics — standing almost directly above a prostrate foe—there came the ironclad regulation that a boxer scoring a knockdown must proceed to the farthest neutral corner as soon as the count is started over the fallen fighter. Failure to observe this rule delays the count or interrupts it if it has started, with the result that the boxer scoring the knockdown is penalized accordingly.

Rickard didn't have a suitable opponent for Dempsey in the succeeding three years. The champion and his manager, Kearns, became involved in differences which ended with a dissolution of their partnership. Harry Wills, the Brown Panther of New Orleans, was pushed forward in a campaign for a match with Dempsey. This caused Rickard some uneasy moments and not a few embarrassing situations.

Meanwhile, Gene Tunney was clamoring for a crack at Dempsey, and in this campaign Rickard saw a refuge from the Wills embarrassment.

Rickard had often told me, off the record, he could not promote a Dempsey-Wills bout. Dempsey was eager for it, confident that Wills' style was made to order for him, and convinced that the most money would come from such a "natural." Rickard's private explanation was that he had been advised by governmental sources not to undertake such a match. The riotous aftermath of the Jeffries-Johnson battle in 1910 was recalled.

Stinging criticism rained upon Rickard and Dempsey, chiefly the former. He had Dempsey under contract and no other promoter could use him, although any number of them leaped into the publicity fanfare with fabulous offers.

The State Athletic Commission in New York, under which Rickard operated, insisted Tex would not be permitted to stage a Dempsey bout in New York unless the opponent was Wills. Civic groups entered the controversy, which developed into a racial issue.

But Rickard proceeded quietly on what was for him a routine scale.

And all the time Tunney was fighting his way to a position where he commanded attention. Negotiations with Tunney's manager, Billy Gibson, had been progressing without attracting notice, but when Tunney knocked out Bartley Madden in three rounds at Minneapolis and followed this with a Cleveland victory in 12 rounds over Johnny Risko in 1925, the Dempsey match for him was assured.

Gene Tunney was not only one of the great figures of boxing's Golden Age; he was one of the most unique personalities the ring, or any sport, has known. In a profession that was a little beyond the pale for genteel folk, that was infested with characters of questionable, if not shady, reputation and in which a man of learning and refinement was largely out of his element among those who made their living with their fists, Tunney was the rare exception and an enigma. He was a self-made man, just as he was a "made" fighter, and what he made of himself was baffling, incomprehensible and irritating to many ring followers as well as to the public. The result was that he became one of the least popular champions boxing has known, even though at the same time he had qualities far superior to most of his competitors and contemporaries.

It was his character and determination and intelligence that made Tunney the world champion in the face of disparaging, almost contemptuous, estimates of his chances. No one except Gene himself and possibly a close friend or two thought there was the remotest possibility of his defeating Dempsey in their first fight or even of escaping an early-round knockout. His answer to the overwhelming mass of expert opinion that picked Dempsey to put him away was that if the champion would slug it out with him, Jack would be the first to back up; he (Gene) would beat him to the punch every time.

Everyone thought Tunney was merely talking to keep up his courage or just being smart. But Gene wasn't speaking for the effect. He believed what he said, and his confidence in himself was born of years of study he had made of Dempsey's style and methods.

No one knew—Dempsey least of all—that from as far back as 1921 Tunney had been preparing himself for a meeting with the champion. In all the history of the ring there probably never was a boxer who made a more thorough, scientific study of his prospective rivals than did Gene, or who was more successful in ferreting out their weaknesses and plotting ways and means of taking advantage of them by adjustments or changes in his methods.

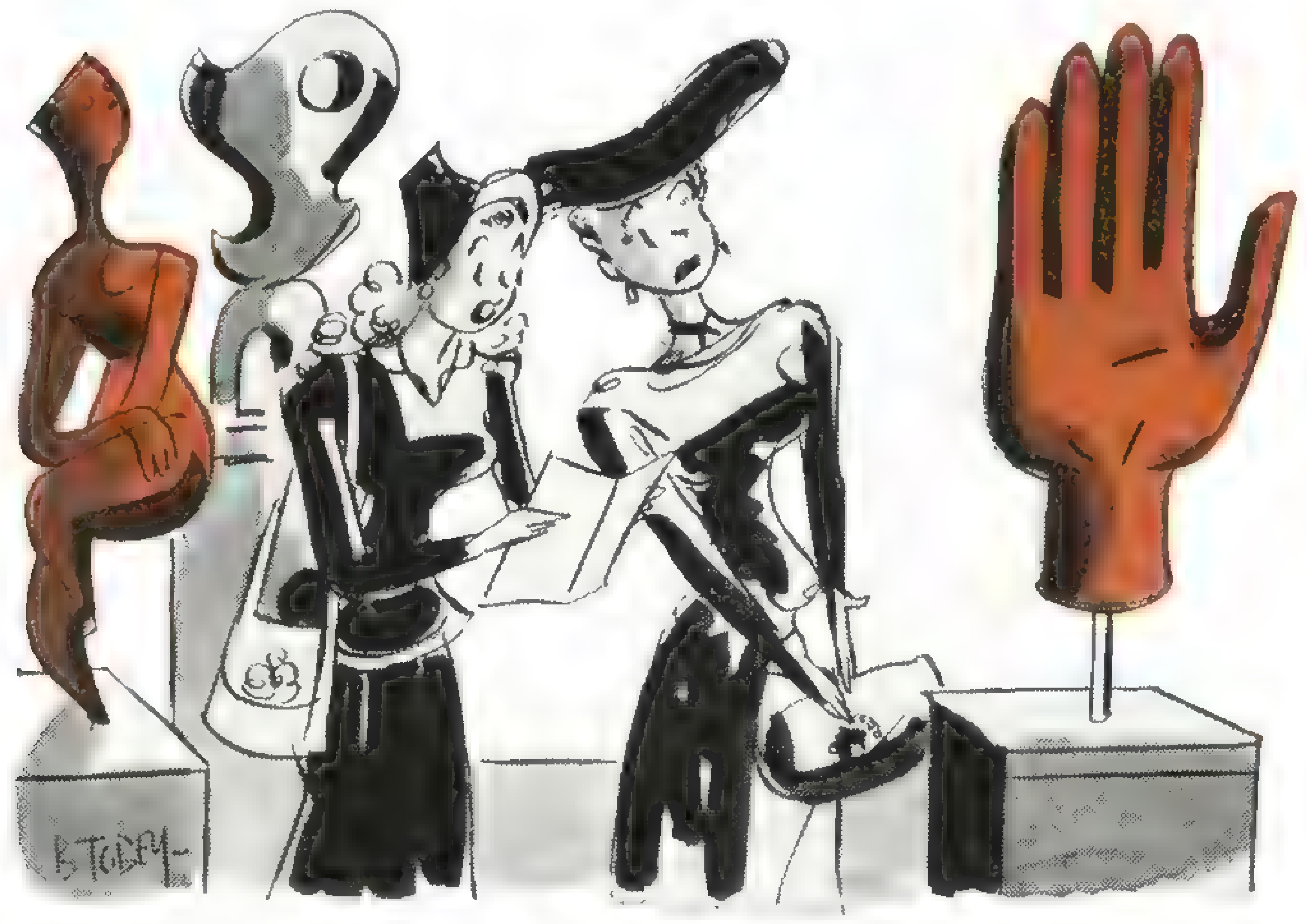
It took a lot of courage for Tunney to get into the ring with a killer such as was Dempsey, particularly in view of the fact that they were picking the champion almost to a man to finish him in a round or two. But there never was any question of Tunney's heart.

They said of this former steamship clerk from Greenwich Village and ex-Marine, who won the light-heavyweight championship of the A.E.F., that he did not have his heart in prize fighting and that he had a distaste, if not an actual revulsion, for the vulgar business. But no one could ever say that he was afraid of being hit. The fact is that he was one of the gamest men ever to put on the gloves.

Tunney met Greb for the first time in 1921, at the old Madison Square Garden. He was defending the American light-heavyweight title, which he had won by defeating Battling Levinsky in January of that year. His victory over Levinsky, a cunning, tricky fighter, who was as game as they came and took on all the big men of his time, marked only his third appearance in the Garden. His first had been with Jack Burke, of Pittsburgh, and his second with Eddie O'Hare.

In getting ready for Greb, Tun-

Continued on page 138



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Remembrance of Kings Past

Continued from page 137

ney suffered a number of mishaps. His left eyebrow was opened and both hands were injured. Also, he had a recurrence of an old trouble with his left elbow. In the first exchange of the fight, he suffered a double fracture of the nose, which bled to the end. It was one of the messiest fights ever seen, and Tunney took a sickening beating from the Pittsburgh Windmill. Six bottles of adrenalin chloride were used in the effort to stop the bleeding of his nose and the cut over his left eyebrow. Also, at the end of the 12th round, he took some brandy. This, with the blood and chloride he had swallowed and the physical drubbing he had absorbed, brought him to such a state that he collapsed as he was climbing the stairs to his dressing room.

One would have thought that Gene Tunney had had enough of Greb to last him a lifetime. The next day he went to the office of the boxing commission and placed on file a challenge for a return fight, backed by a check for $2500! Gene said that he discovered in the early part of the fight in which he took the worst licking of his life that he could lick Greb!

Abe Attell came into his dressing room after the bout and said: "Kid, you're the gamest fighter I ever saw. I lost $2500 on you, but to hell with it." He kissed Tunney's battered face and told him, "You certainly will be the next heavyweight champion of the world."

Tunney met Greb again and again and again. They fought five times. Concentrating on a right-hand punch to the heart almost exclusively, Gene battered the spectacular Greb into defeat in 15 rounds in the second fight. After their fifth bout, which followed Tunney's knockout victories over Emilio Spalla, champion of Europe, and then over Carpentier, at the Polo Grounds, in July, 1924, Greb came into Gene's dressing room in St. Paul and said: "Gene, you and I have fought five times. I am through! I will never fight you again. Let the other guys have a dose of you from now on."

This from one of the greatest, gamest fighters the ring has known, a whirlwind, cyclonic attacker, who swarmed all over Tommy Gibbons and Brennan, who had amazing speed and endurance, despite the fact that he did part of his road work on the dance floor, and who took on all comers regardless of size and was most contemptuous of the big fellows.

This, then, was the Tunney with whom Dempsey was matched to defend the world heavyweight championship in 1926. Rickard signed the bout, only to find that New York was barred to him. He had several sites available, but selected Philadelphia when promised the co-operation of local and state authorities as well as businessmen of the city.

The insistence of the New York State Athletic Commission on a Wills bout and then the refusal of the License Committee to issue a permit to Dempsey forced Rickard in the Philadelphia move, embittered Tunney, at least temporarily, and deprived the Empire State of the income from the largest gate in all boxing history up to that time, $1,895,733, paid by a gathering of 120,757, the record paid crowd for a prize fight. The business turnover in the vast assemblage, which flocked from all over the country and overseas to see this match, an item of income also lost to New York, can well be imagined.

It rained the night of September 23, 1926, in Philadelphia. It rained as it had never rained before, but not early enough to bring a postponement of the battle. Trying to beat the downpour which threatened, Rickard ordered the title bout started ahead of time. But the move was wasted. Rain fell in torrents while Dempsey and Tunney struggled for the championship. Everyone in the record crowd was soaked to the skin. No protection was offered at all. You were just out there in the wide-open spaces, sitting and taking the watery drenching that was comparable only to the punching drenching to which Dempsey was subjected as, for the first time in history, a world heavyweight title changed hands on a 10-round decision.

Tunney did everything to Dempsey that night but knock him out. The killer of the ring was helpless before the superb boxer that was Tunney. Dempsey chased and chased, slipping and sloshing over the rain-soaked canvas covering, pursuing Tunney to all corners and all sides of the ring, flailing out of his crouch with that deadly left hook of his, trying to nail Tunney with a right to the jaw. And all Dempsey did was run into a bewildering, blistering, blinding barrage of stiff left jabs, accurate left hooks, to the face and head, and an occasional right cross to the face or head, in an exhibition of skill no heavyweight had flashed since the days of Jim Corbett.

Had Tunney the punching strength, he would have knocked Dempsey out as he boxed his way to the decision and the title in his most impressive exhibition and the most methodical demonstration of an unalterable battle plan a fighter ever followed. Nothing Dempsey did disturbed Tunney. The fighting ex-Marine knew he was Dempsey's master and proceeded accordingly, to become the world's heavyweight champion and collect $200,000 in the process. Dempsey received $711,868, since his 37½ per cent of the receipts exceeded a $450,000 guarantee for which he had signed.

In time, demand grew for a return bout between the new champion and the old. Tunney was agreeable to this for a variety of reasons, not the least among them being his confidence that he could whip Dempsey every time they met and the knowledge that another Dempsey fight, no matter where held, would bring him a huge purse. The $200,000 he collected for the Philadelphia bout represented a sum that had been only in Tunney's imagination up to that time. The $711,868 Dempsey received opened his eyes to the immediacy of the independent wealth he envisioned when, an ex-Marine of the First World War, he adopted boxing as a profession with a seriousness that saw him overcome the handicap of fragile hands and other discouraging obstacles in his path.

If the wide road to affluence had at last opened to Tunney, it had not exactly been closed to Rickard. He was yet to achieve the pinnacle of his career as a promoter—the greatest gate that has ever been drawn to a boxing bout, the staggering sum of $2,658,660, paid by 104,943 persons to see the second meeting of Tunney and Dempsey, in Chicago. He was yet to pay the record individual purse to a boxer, the amazing sum of $990,445 which he handed over to Tunney for the famous battle of "the long count." That battle finally occurred in Chicago, on September 22, 1927, a few months after Dempsey had knocked out Jack Sharkey in a tune-up fight at the Yankee Stadium.

The fight itself was a resumption of Philadelphia for six rounds. Dempsey chased Tunney, and Tunney boxed circles around the ex-champion, thrusting aside Dempsey's savage lunges for the most part with no more effort than would have been necessary in a gymnasium workout. The champion was the epitome of boxing skill, courage, grace, and resourcefulness. Dempsey couldn't hit him with a solid punch to a vital spot—until the seventh round.

Then it happened. Dempsey banged Tunney against the ropes with a long left hook to the head out of his crouch. The champion fell backward into the ropes almost above me, shaken and hurt. Like a tiger, Dempsey was upon his foe, vicious, savage, a man berserk. A volley of wicked lefts and rights to the head and jaw, and Tunney crumpled, his brain numbed, his consciousness gone, oblivious of the earsplitting din which grew into a crescendo of wild cries echoing over Soldier Field's excited populace.

Referee Dave Barry stepped to the side of the prostrate Tunney to begin his count. The knockdown timekeeper, Paul Beeler, rose across the ring to tick off the seconds on the watch in his hand. Dempsey, his arms spread over the ropes in the corner above me, stood tense, waiting for Tunney to be counted out or come up for further punishment.

Barry's arm swung down in "one," and he motioned Dempsey to leave the corner above Tunney and cross to the opposite neutral corner. Dempsey ignored the motion. I was shouting myself hoarse trying to tell him to heed the referee. Tunney was heaving convulsively there on the floor. The count went to "five" before Dempsey moved. Tunney now was an inert mass struggling to grasp the rope, with the instinctive effort of pulling himself erect. Dempsey finally raced to the corner diagonally across from the fallen Tunney.

Barry resumed his count—at "one." That was "six" in elapsed time. Tunney was still feebly pawing the air, as thoroughly "out" as any boxer I have ever seen. At "seven" he managed to grasp a rope. That was "twelve" in elapsed time. By superhuman effort he was up at "nine," which should have been "fourteen." Dempsey leaped after him in a furious bid for a knockout that was frustrated only because Tunney had recovered enough of his senses to dodge out of the way of Dempsey's annihilating fists as the ex-champion rushed in. They resumed near the knockdown spot, and then Tunney danced away from harm through the remainder of the round.

In the eighth round Tunney was himself. He came boldly forth with a right to the jaw, under which Dempsey went down to one knee. But, even before Dempsey hit the canvas, Referee Barry was

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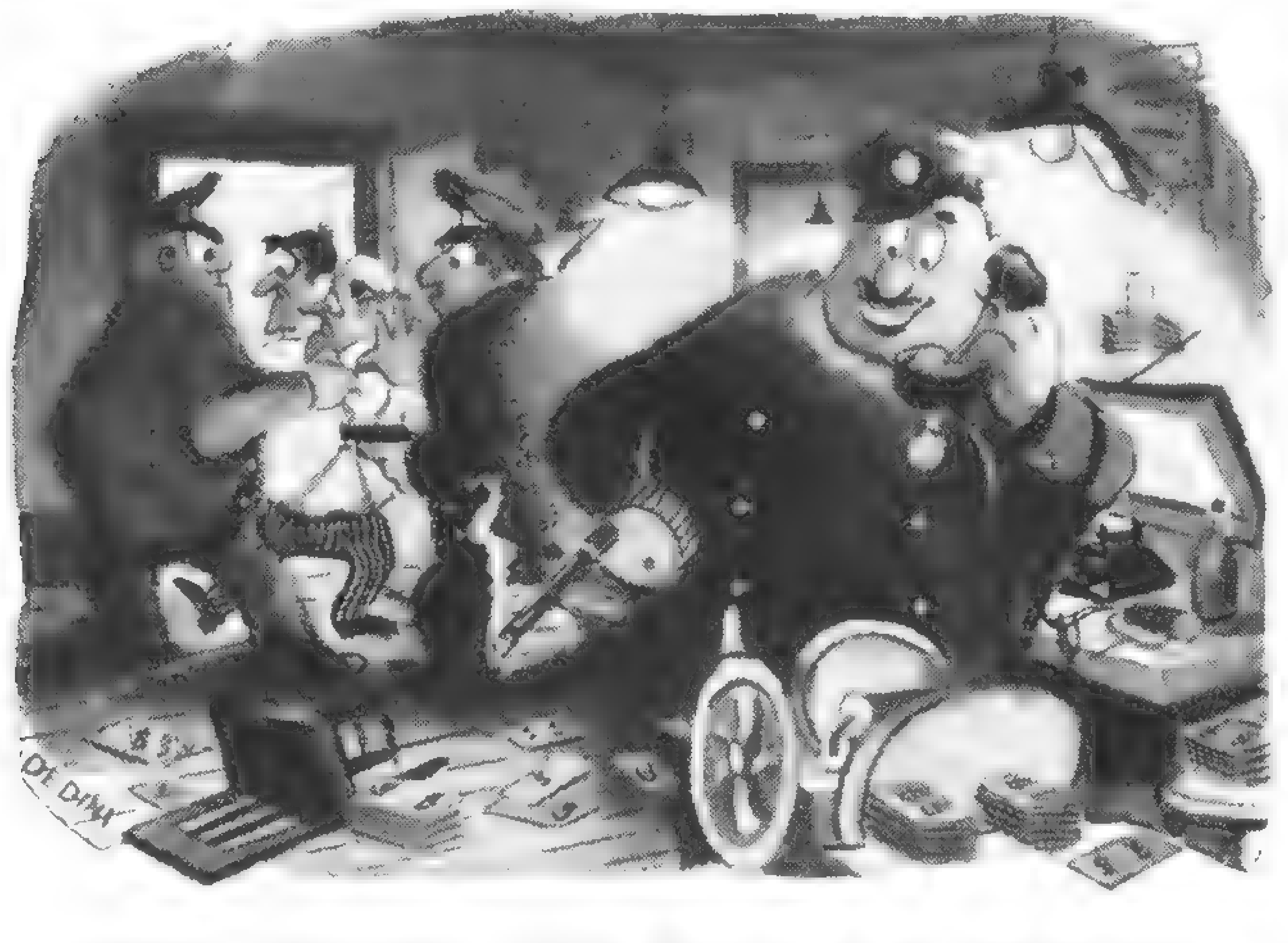

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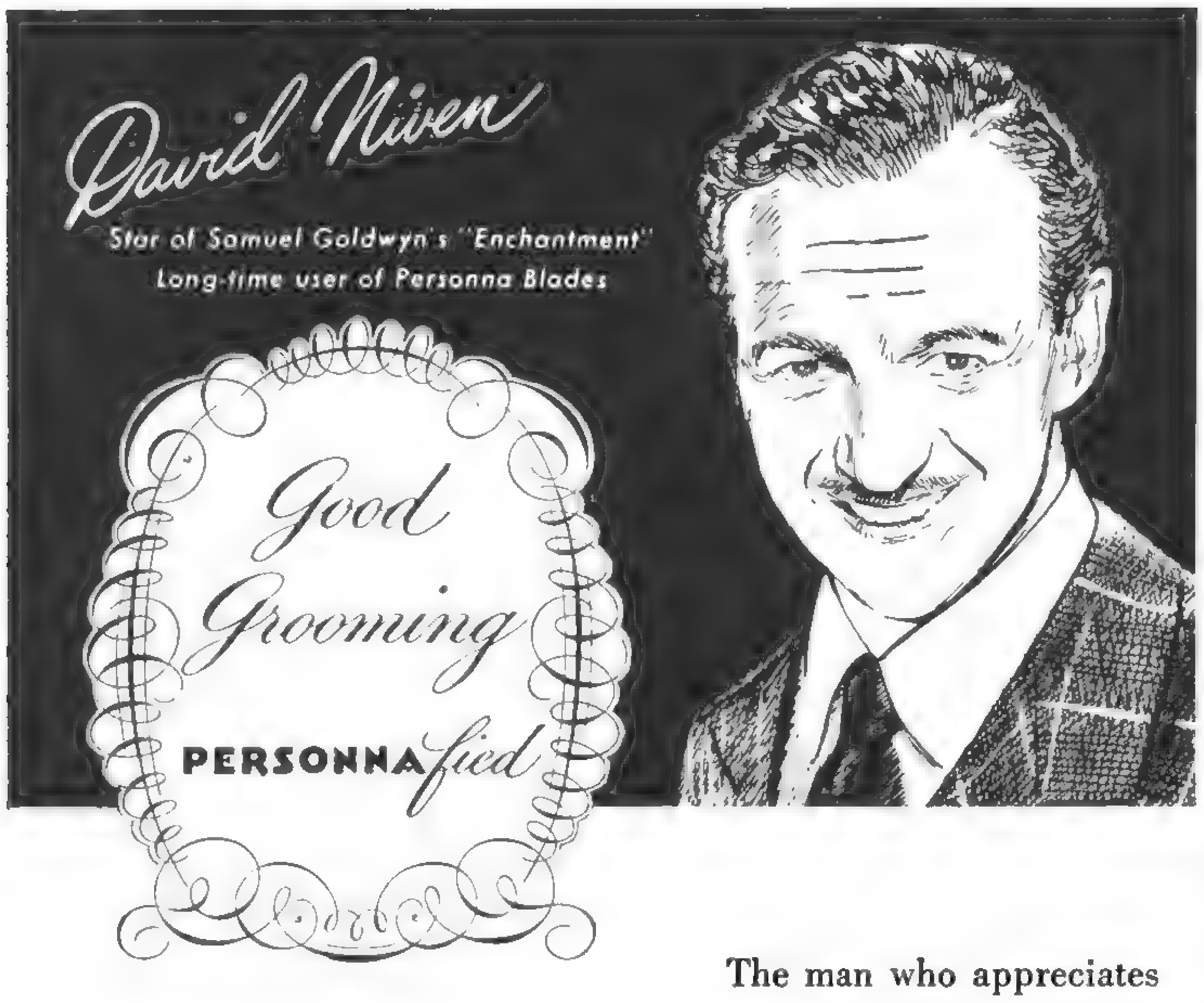
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Remembrance of Kings Past

Continued from page 139

above him, photographic records show, with his arm raised aloft in the count of "one."

Tunney was on the floor for anywhere from 14 to 21 seconds in the seventh, independent watches held on the event showed. I have always maintained Dempsey was the victim of an injustice that night. It has been and always will be my contention that Dempsey knocked out Tunney in Chicago. His popularity since seems to reflect a pretty general support for this view.

Yet, whatever injustice occurred was brought on by Dempsey. Had he obeyed Barry and raced to the farthest neutral corner without delay, Tunney must have been counted out. Or, even surviving a "slow" count, must have been in such helpless condition as to have been finished with the next onslaught. Instead, Dempsey stood there above Tunney, wasting precious seconds in futile insistence to Barry that "you start counting."

There has been no more controversial ring issue in history. Tunney always insisted he knew what was going on at "seven." That was "twelve." If he had heard "five," it was "ten."

Timekeeper Beeler explained it as follows:

"When Tunney was floored I began to count. With my eyes on the watch, I tolled off the seconds. I looked up and saw Barry pushing and waving Dempsey to a neutral corner. Dave Barry then picked up the count. I called 'five' and he called 'one,' showing that the count started from that second. Instead of calling 'six' on the second, I called 'two' and then counted up to nine, when Tunney got up. Thus, the total time Tunney was on the floor was 13 seconds."

Tunney said:

"I was in possession of my faculties all the time. I felt myself hitting the floor and, whether it was the jar of that fall or not, I was counting with the referee all the time. I was getting up at four, but the men in my corner waved me down, and I took advantage of the extra seconds to get a rest."

Dempsey picked up a check for $884,500—a record sum for a loser—paid his manager, Leo P. Flynn, off with $75,000 and his championship career was over. The greatest drawing card the ring ever knew was in eclipse, and with his retirement Rickard lost the prize meal ticket of all time. In fact, Rickard went on to the greatest failure a promoter ever encountered. He tried to induce Tunney to accept Jack Sharkey as his opponent in a 1928 battle that was to be the champion's farewell. Gene rejected Sharkey and insisted on Tom Heeney, a New Zealander, whose one recommendation was his strength.

The farewell match was held on July 26, in New York. Heeney's style was made to order for Tunney to appear at his best. Tunney knocked out Heeney in 11 rounds. Rickard lost a sum publicly estimated at $250,000 on the venture. He told me privately afterward that it more nearly approached $400,000, taking all things into consideration.

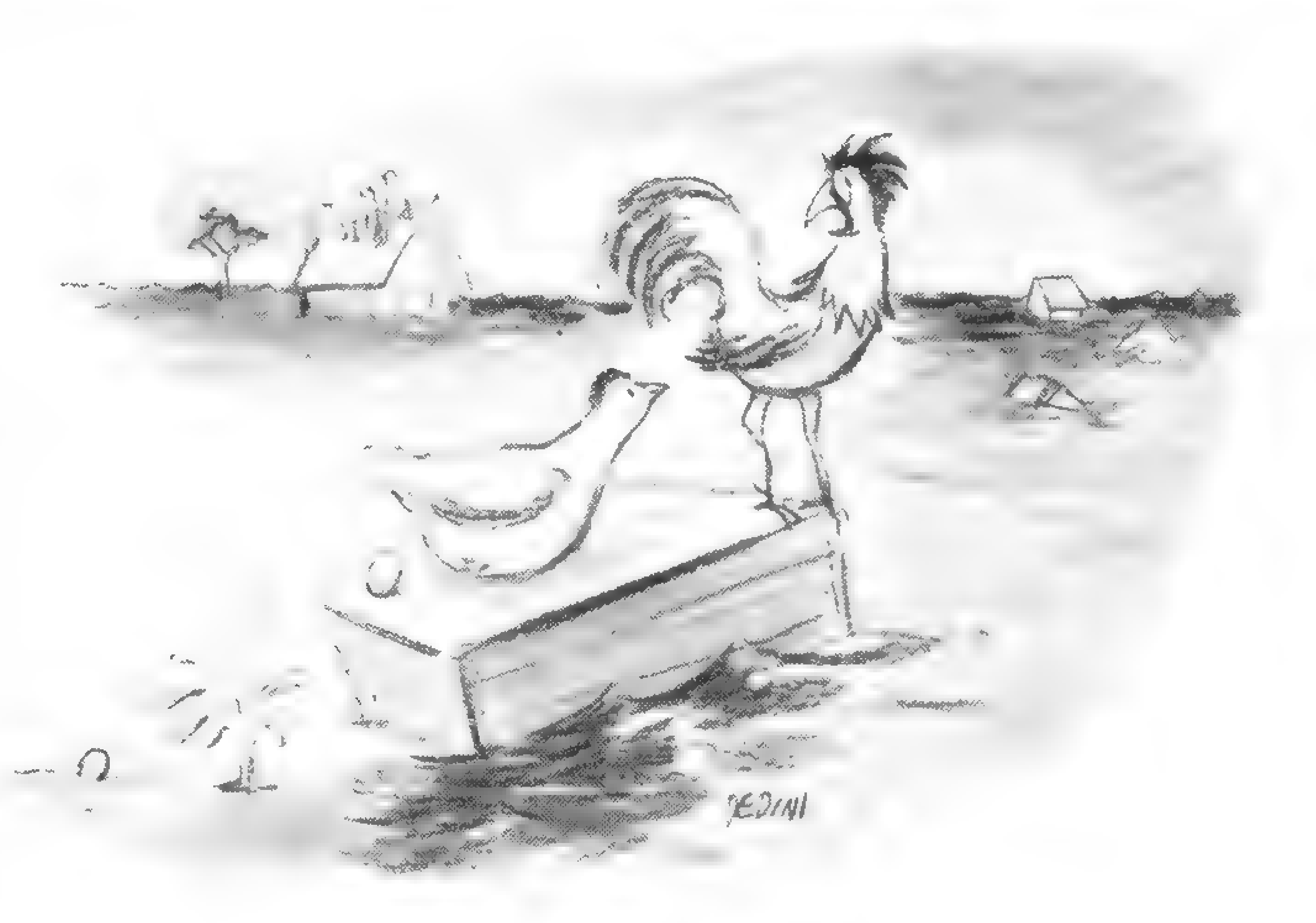
Tunney retired following the Heeney bout, married, and took up a business career.

With the heavyweight title vacated, Rickard launched an elimination series with the sanction of the New York State Athletic Commission. Sharkey and Young Stribling were principals in this tournament. Rickard was engaged in promoting a Sharkey-Stribling bout in Miami, Florida, in January, 1929, when, a few days after the Yuletide holidays, the wires carried news of his death from appendicitis.

"I've lost the best pal a man ever could have," was the solemn declaration made by Jack Dempsey at the death of the promoter, whose body he accompanied from Florida.

Boxing lost a promoter of immeasurable stature. Indeed, the world of sport lost a figure whose equal is not likely to be seen again.

An era ended—the Golden Era. ##



"Hold it, Sadie!"

Nothing You Can Do

Continued from page 80

Olson into the corridor and down to the basement of the building where Olson's office was. Olson took Finley inside and closed the door. The room was small and bare and the furniture was old and stained.

"Sit down, kid," Olson said.

Finley sat down and waited.

"Loosen your collar, for Christ's sake," Olson said. He took a bottle from his desk and uncapped it and gave it to Finley. "Loosen your collar and have a drink. You smoke cigars?"

"No, sir," Finley said. He knew that something was coming and he was afraid of it. He unloosened his collar and took a drink from the bottle.

"I could use some sleep, I tell you," Olson said. "Take a big drink."

Finley took a big drink. "Well," he said. "Maybe I shouldn't have been talking to Sergeant Smith."

Olson took a drink too. "You were friends with Costain?"

"He was about my best friend," Finley said. "I knew him a long time, you see. I knew him before the war even. He was the one that helped me get on the force."

"I guess you hate that killer," Olson said.

Finley looked at the homicide chief again. "I don't hate anybody," he said. "Not anybody."

"Don't you want to kill that punk?"

"No," Finley said. "No."

"Why not?" Olson said.

"I don't want to kill anybody," Finley said. He was tired and sick about what had happened, and he began to feel excited in a queer way. "Look. We've got laws. Let the laws do it. I don't want to do it."

"Why not?" Olson said.

"I don't know," Finley said. "I don't know. I just don't want to have to kill somebody."

Olson yawned. "Go home and put on plain clothes and come back here."

"What for?"

"You're going to work with me on this."

"Me?" Finley said. "Why?"

"You're a nice young fellow," Olson said. "You got a fine war record. You're smart and you got the old moxie. And you ain't out for blood or anything like that. You're exactly the man I want for this."

"I don't want to," Finley said.

"Yeah? Why?"

Finley's hands were wet again. He took another drink from the bottle. "I don't know," he said at last. "I knew Jimmy awfully well. I know his wife, Martha. I used to go to their house all the time. And I haven't been on the force very long."

"Oh, come on. Make sense," Olson said.

"Look. I just want to be a traffic cop," Finley said. "A flatfoot. I don't want to get mixed up in this. I'm no Dick Tracy."

"Who said you were?" Olson said. "Look. Me, I'm going to be Dick Tracy. You're going to be my errand boy. I'm going to think. You're going to do my leg work. It's just a job, kid, just another job."

"But why me?" Finley asked.

Olson yawned again. "I told you. Because you're not eager. You don't want to kill that punk yourself. You're probably the only cop on the force that don't."

"You don't want him killed?" Finley asked.

"I want to see him get the chair," Olson said. "Because that hurts more. Now go home and put on your suit and come back here. We got to go through all those pictures this afternoon."

"Well," Finley said.

"Go on," Olson said. "Get out and come back as soon as possible."

Finley buttoned his collar and put on his uniform cap and left. He had been up all night, and he had had no breakfast. It was ten o'clock and his stomach was burning. On the corner by the city hall, he caught a bus and rode across town to the house where he lived.

It was an old frame house, run down and badly in need of repair, that had been divided into four apartments. Finley's was on the second floor, and he walked up the stairs and went in. He took off his tunic and cap and cooked some eggs, made some coffee, and sat in the small kitchen eating and drinking.

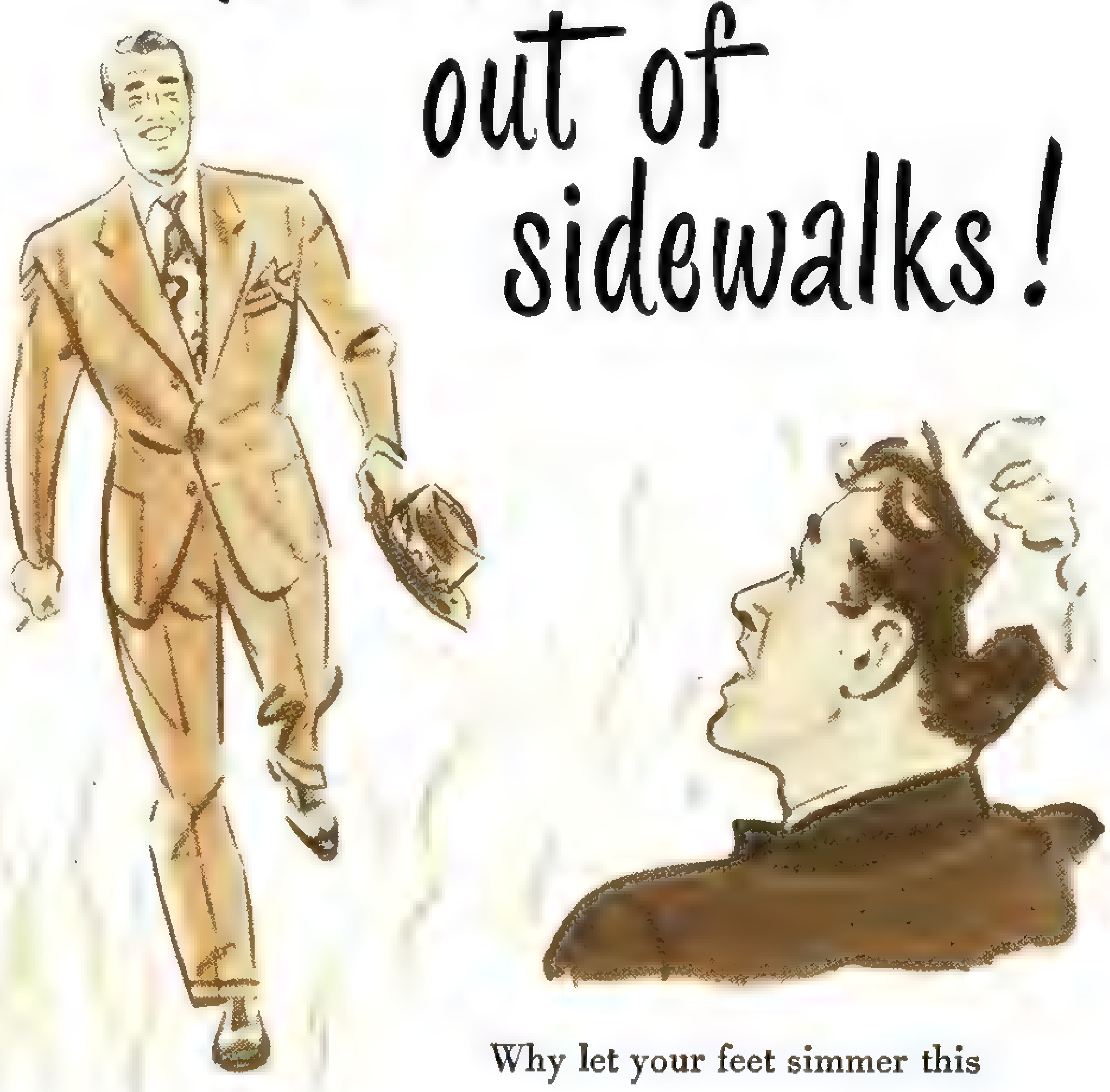
He was not a big man, but he was well built. His face was plain and serious, and he did not smile as he ate, chewing steadily. At last he stopped and lit a cigarette and pushed back his plate. He turned on the radio and got a stick of gum out of his pocket and began chewing it. He looked completely calm, dead-pan even, but his palms were still moist and his mind was working rapidly.

Maybe I can get out all right yet, he was thinking. I'll do just what Olson says and no more. I won't kill him, I won't kill anybody, and I'll do just what Olson says and no more, no more than that. I didn't want to get mixed up in this anyway.

Finley had joined the force about six months ago because it was the best job that he could find at the time. He had pictured himself as a traffic cop and nothing more. He had never wanted to get mixed up in any violence. All he wanted to do was lead his own life and let other people lead theirs. I won't kill anybody, he kept thinking. But what if he got in a tight place, God forbid? There were all the other cops, too. And Martha, Jimmy's widow. He had been in their home so many times. He had known Martha so long. She was a fine girl, but he was afraid that she would expect revenge or something like that.

I won't kill anybody, he kept thinking as he washed the dishes and dried them, and then shaved

Continued on page 142



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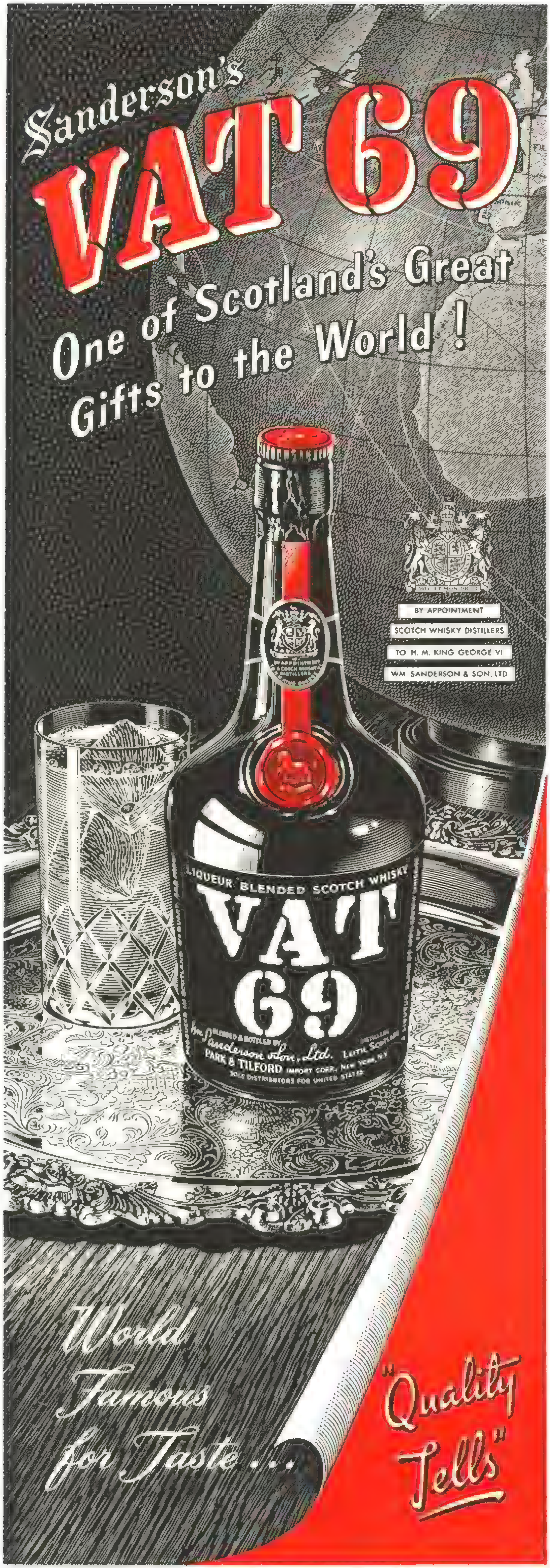

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Nothing You Can Do

Continued from page 141

and showered. I don't want any trouble, I just want to be left alone. . . He put on his blue suit and a grey hat and put his badge in his wallet and his gun in his hip pocket. Then he went out and caught the bus again.

That afternoon, he and Olson went through the picture file, looking for a blond man of medium build. There were lots of them. At three o'clock, a stolen car was found on the outskirts of town that fitted the description of the one used in the holdup. Finley went out in a squad car to look at it. Then he went to see the owner. It was about six o'clock when he telephoned Olson.

"That car was stolen five days ago at night from the guy's home," he said. "He left it parked outside and the next morning it was gone. That's all he knows. You want me to do anything else?"

"Just go catch some sleep," Olson said. "You'll be at home if I want you?"

Finley hesitated. "I might drop by and see Mrs. Costain before I go home."

"Okay, kid," Olson said.

Finley had something to eat at a restaurant and then took a bus out to the Costain house. The closer he got, the more he wished that he did not have to go. Maybe she'll be asleep, he kept thinking. But when he got there, a light was on in the living room, and he walked up the steps and lifted the knocker and rapped.

Martha came to the door. She looked as if she were recovering from an illness. "Come in, Bob," she said.

Finley followed her inside. She sat on the couch and he sat down in a chair. He felt as if he were in the dentist's office and he could feel the sweat begin to run down his sides.

"Well," he said. "You here alone?"

"Mother's been here all day." Martha was a tall girl, fair and nice-looking, but her eyes were red and ugly now. "My sister Jean's going to spend the night."

"Can I help with anything?"

"Daddy's taking care of the arrangements. The funeral will be Thursday. I can't think of anything."

Finley lit a cigarette.

Martha laced her fingers together and put her hands on her knees and looked at them.

"I wish I could have come last night," Finley said.

"That's all right, Bob," she said.

"The way it happened was so fast. Jimmy just walked around the corner. Even Sergeant Smith didn't think anything about it at the time. He was right there, too."

"It's not your fault, Bob."

"I guess not," Finley said. His shirt was beginning to stick to his ribs. "I thought maybe you'd think it was."

"Oh, no," she said.

"I was afraid to come," he said. He looked at her. "He was my best friend, you know."

Martha put her face in her hands and got up and left the room. When she came back, Finley said, "You know, they got me working on the case."

"You?"

"Uh-huh. Plain clothes." He walked to the mantel and leaned against it. "I thought I ought to tell you. I didn't ask for it, though, Martha."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I thought that you might think that I had, because Jimmy and I were such good friends."

"Why should I?"

"Well," he said, "for revenge, you know."

Martha looked sick. "Oh, no," she said. "You mustn't do anything like that."

"Uh-huh," Finley said. "That's what I think, too. A lot of the boys are awfully eager, but not me. I don't want any part of anything like that. I don't know what they've got me working on this case for anyway. All I can do is direct traffic. I didn't want to get mixed up in this."

Martha looked at the floor.

"You don't think there's anything wrong with that, do you?" he said.

"No," she said. And then, "Want some coffee?"

"Sure." Finley watched her go out of the room. He thought that he could tell what she was thinking, that she was disgusted with him.

Martha came back in with the coffee and they drank it. Then her younger sister came in and Finley stood up and said that he guessed he had better go. Martha walked to the door with him. Standing there, he put his arms clumsily around her. She was as tall as he and their eyes were on a level.

"You know how I feel about you," he said. "I always thought you were the finest woman. If I can do anything, Martha, please tell me."

She smiled tiredly.

"Anything," he said.

"Okay, Bob."

He kissed her cheek awkwardly and left. He walked to the bus stop and stood in the dark, waiting. What a world, he thought. Well, I know what she thinks of me now.

The next morning, Finley got to the city hall early. He stopped in the locker room before he went to Olson's office, and he was standing with his locker open and his head in it when someone came up behind him and said, "Hello, kid."

Finley turned. Sergeant Smith was standing there—a square, rawboned man with a gaunt face and white hair. "Listen." Smith put his foot on the bench and leaned forward on his leg. "Heard about you."

Finley felt his stomach tighten. "Yeah?"

"I heard all about it," Smith

said. He kept staring bluntly at Finley, and then he took his foot from the bench and came closer. "You think I'm sore? I'm not sore."

"Good," Finley said.

"You just joined the force," Smith said. "Okay. So you did. They put you in plain clothes. Okay. So they know what they're doing. You're a smart young fellow, I said. So I say fine. Well and good. I say you deserve it. A lot of these old soreheads on the force hate you for getting ahead. I don't, kid. I'm glad."

Smith leaned up closer than ever. "You know why? I'll tell you why. Because I know when you get that punk you'll know what to do. A good man like you that went through the war and saw lots of action and knows things. You'll give it to him right in the gut, won't you, kid?"

Finley looked away. "I'm glad there's no hard feelings," he said. "I'm doing just like I'm told."

Smith was grinning at him. "You're a good boy," he said. "You'll go right up there. Inspector Finley, it'll be. You wait and see."

Finley managed to grin.

"Right in the gut," Smith said, and then he slapped Finley's shoulder and walked away.

Mother of God, Finley thought. He slammed his locker shut and hurried upstairs. Olson was waiting for him. He threw three photographs across the desk. "Go pick these guys up," he said.

"Okay," Finley said. "The Drag?"

"That's right."

Finley walked out, reading the names: Jack Cutter, John Mercedes, Billy Farrell. They were all blond, of medium build, and about eighteen or twenty. Finley got Olson's squad car and driver and told him, "Let's go out to the Drag, Sam."

The Drag was a district on the western edge of the city, just inside the city limits. At one time it had been rich in gravel deposits, but those had been removed by steam shovels; and now the terrain was nude and eroded, dotted and pitted with many holes, some of them quite deep, into which water seeped. It was not a residential district in the sense that it had been planned and made one by architects. But it was a residential district because the abject poor lived there. They had built crude shacks out of packing boxes and pieces of tin and bits of tar paper and other scraps. There were, of course, no such things as electricity or running water or sewers. Life there was primitive.

There was one rutted, unpaved road leading into the Drag. The patrolman stopped the car in the center of the Drag and Finley got out. "Stay here, Sam," he said.

"Watch yourself."

"Yeah."

Finley looked around. The only person in sight was a dirty little kid about six years old. The kid was staring at him. Finley said, not harshly, "Come here, son," and the kid ran. Finley sighed and shook his head. He walked up to the nearest shack and pounded again and again on the door until it opened a crack and an eye peered at him.

"Come on out," he said. "I'm the law."

A woman came out. She was not old, but her body was hunched and her face was dirty. She had on a man's suit coat and no shoes, and she was pregnant. Finley wanted to turn and walk away. Instead, he showed her the pictures.

"Where are these boys?" he asked.

"You a law?"

"That's what I said."

"You going to law 'em?"

"Come on," Finley said. "Where are they?"

The woman grinned. She had no front teeth. She began walking over the rough ground in her bare feet. Finley followed her. She stopped at a shack that was somewhat bigger than the rest. "That's Cutter," she said.

"You wait," Finley said. He banged on the door and shoved it open. Cutter and one of the others, Mercedes, were sitting at a table. They stared at him.

"I'm the law," Finley said. "Let's go."

They both stood up and walked

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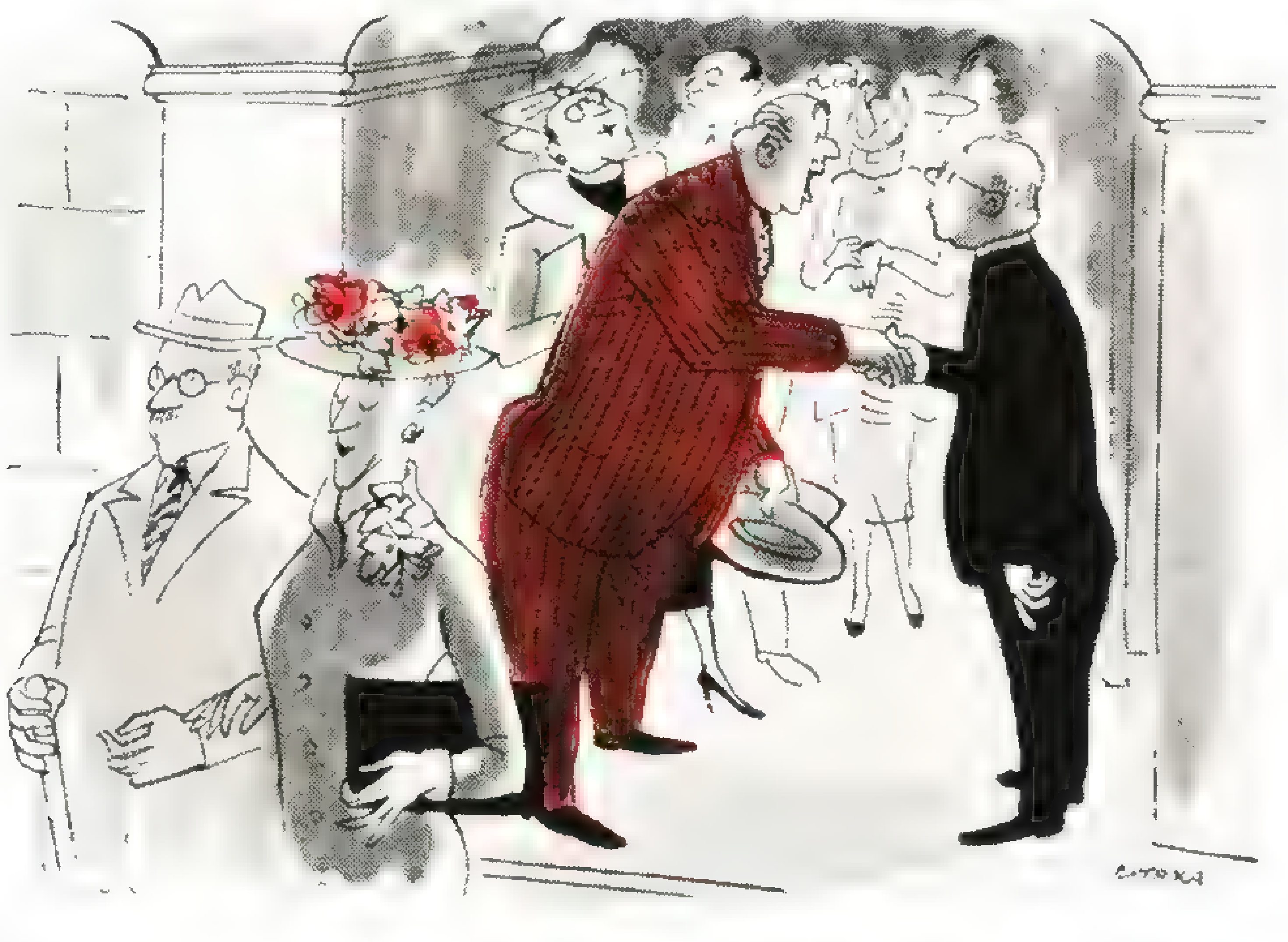

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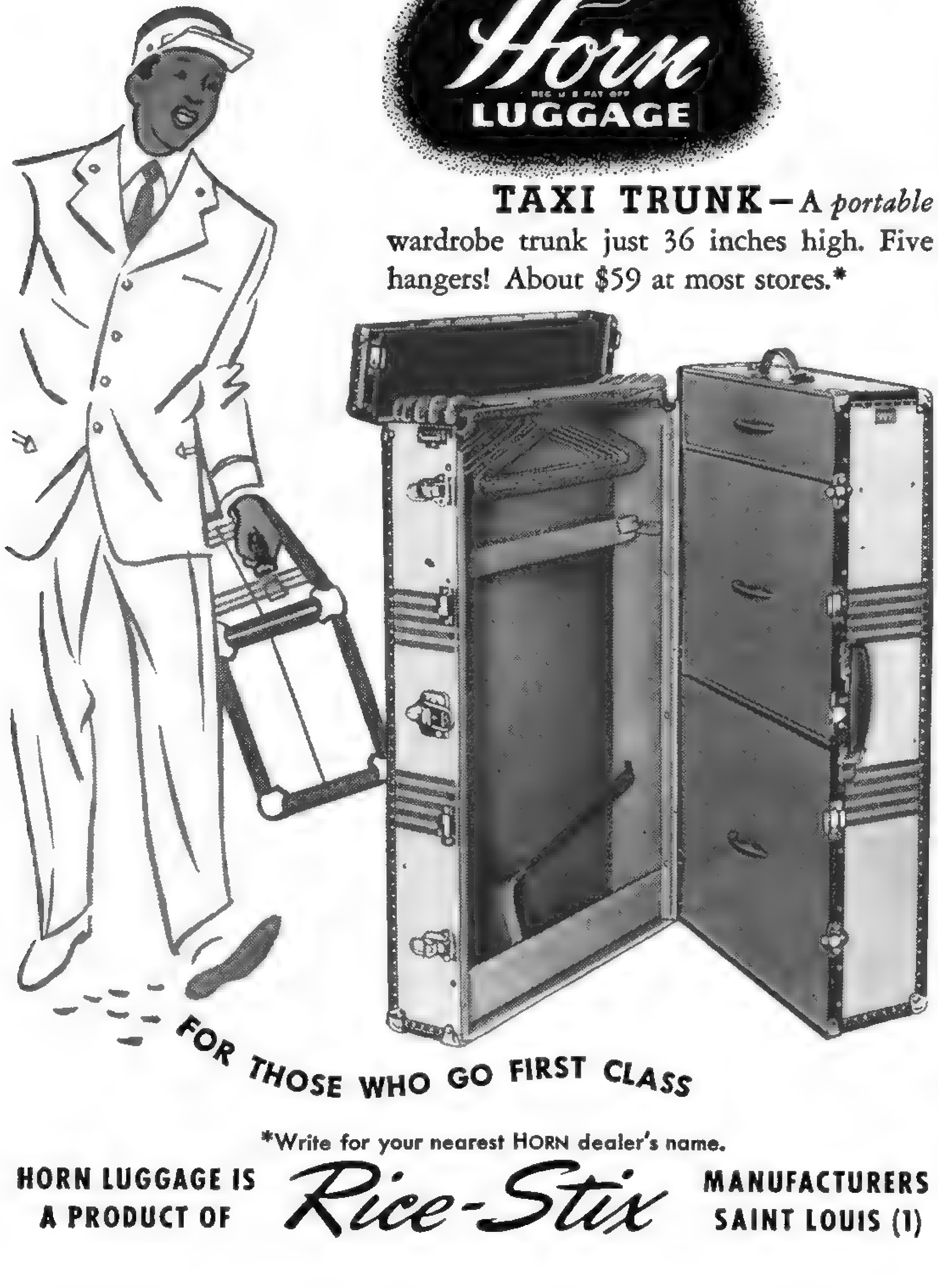

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Nothing You Can Do

Continued from page 143

out the door. Finley pointed to the patrol car. "Wait there."

"We ain't done nothing."

"Get," Finley said. He shoved them on their way. Then he made the woman take him to the third youth's home. Billy Farrell was asleep, and Finley got him out of the filthy bed and sent him to the squad car. Then he turned to the woman again. He said, "How long have you been pregnant?"

The woman turned her head away and covered her mouth with a hand.

"Have you seen a doctor?" he said.

She would not look at him.

"Here," Finley said, handing her a bill. "Buy some shoes." When he walked up to the patrol car, the driver said, "What's the matter, Finley? Was she all dated up for tonight?"

"Oh, come on, Sam," Finley said. He rode in the front seat, turned so that he could watch the three youths in the back. They were all sitting silently, staring at nothing. Finley did not take his eyes off them until they reached headquarters. Then he put them in the pen with several others for the line-up, and went to Olson's office.

Olson and Monks, the laundryman who had seen the killer, were there, and, as Finley entered, Olson was telling Monks, "We got all the known criminals and delinquents that fit the description. I think it'll be one of them. But it's up to you to say which one. If you're ready, we'll go take a look."

They went to the room where the line-up was being held. There was a small platform at one end, and the suspects came out one at a time and stopped and told their names and answered questions. Lights were arranged so that the rest of the room was dark and the suspects could see nothing.

Finley stood watching Monks. Olson would bend over now and then to say, "That one?" Monks would shake his head. When all the suspects had passed, Monks looked up, bewildered. "I can't tell. I can't tell which he is."

"That's okay," Olson said. "Don't say yes unless you're sure. You done fine."

Monks left, and Olson took Finley back to his office. Olson lit a cigar and said, "He didn't recognize the guy, but one of those punks is guilty, Finley."

"How do you know?"

"I just know," Olson said. He laughed.

During the next few days they were very busy. Once or twice, Finley thought of Martha and wished that he could go by and see her again soon. But he couldn't find the time; Olson kept him too busy. He even missed the funeral; and, although he sent a lot of flowers, it was not the same thing. Olson had him checking on pawnshops, hunting for the murder gun, going through the fingerprint file checking on some prints they had taken from the stolen car, and a dozen other things. In a week's time they had tracked down every lead and had absolutely nothing to show for it.

"So now what?" Finley said. It was late at night, and he and Olson were in Olson's office drinking coffee.

"I don't know," Olson said. "We'll just wait."

"For what?"

"Wait," Olson repeated.

"Will something happen?"

"Sure."

"What? How will it?"

"Forty-three dollars and twenty cents," Olson said. He looked up.

"Oh," Finley said. "Sure. I see." He thought about it. "Only somebody else might get killed."

"Everything's being watched pretty close," Olson said. "He'll try it again, and this time we'll get him."

"But somebody else might get killed."

"Okay. So you worry about it. I don't know what else to do. I'm going home and see the wife."

Finley finished his coffee and smoked another cigarette before he left. After he was on the bus, he remembered Martha and decided to pay her a visit.

"I just thought I'd drop by," he said, when she opened the door. A magazine was lying open in a living-room chair, and the radio was on. Martha's face looked relaxed and her eyes clear.

"I'm glad you did," she said. "I've missed you. The house has been so empty without either you or Jimmy."

"Yeah," he said. It made him feel queer to hear her speak of Jimmy so calmly and naturally. "We've been pretty busy."

"How are you coming?"

"We're not."

"Oh? Why not?"

"We just don't have enough information." Finley sighed. "But I don't care. All I want is to go back to pounding my beat. That's all I want."

Martha just looked at him, and suddenly he felt ashamed.

"Coffee?" Martha said.

"Sure," Finley said. "Fine."

When he left there he felt pretty bad. He walked all the way to his place although it was quite a distance. It took him some time to get to sleep that night because he had to explain it all to himself again. He just did not want any trouble or violence. It was pretty simple, but he kept explaining it again and again to himself.

For three days nothing happened, and Finley thought that he would go nuts. Then, on the fourth day at six-thirty in the evening, when there was a lull in the activities of the city, a small jewelry store on Eastern Avenue was held up by the same criminal. But, this time, the jeweler had a gun and fired it at the youth, wounding him in the chest. The murderer returned the shot and then escaped; the jeweler was taken to St. Mark's Hospital.

Finley and Olson found him there. He was a slight, middle-aged man, going bald, and he was breathing heavily as he lay in bed.

"Mr. Peters?" Olson said.

"Yes."

"We're not going to bother you. All we want you to do is look at some pictures and make an identification."

"I'll be glad to."

Olson held up a picture. "This him? No? This then? This one? This? This? Or this? This man? This. That one?"

"Yes," Peters said.

"You're sure?"

"I saw him full in the face," he said confidently.

"Thank you, Mr. Peters."

Outside in the hall, Olson shoved the picture in Finley's hand. Olson said, "Jack Cutter."

"That one," Finley said.

"Go pick him up. You've got to get him for me. I want him to have the chair. If I broadcast an alarm, some cop'll kill him. You've got to get him first. Try the Drag. Look everywhere."

"Okay," Finley said.

"Take the patrol car. Go get him."

Finley turned and hurried down the corridor. The patrol car was waiting outside, and Finley told Sam, "Take me to the Drag."

"What's up?"

"I want to pick up my date," Finley said.

"Ain't *you* a smart cop?"

"Yeah, I'm real smart."

When they got to the Drag and Sam turned the patrol car up the rutted road, Finley made him stop. "Leave it here," he said. "We'll go on foot."

"Oh," Sam said. "So that's it."

"That's right," Finley said.

They had not gone fifty yards before Finley spotted a car that had been driven into one of the gravel pits. Only the front end of it was submerged. It was dark by then, and Sam had to shine his flashlight into the car. They both saw the blood on the seat.

"Well. This is it," Finley said. When they had gone on farther, Finley told Sam which shack they were going to. "All I want you to do is cover the back. I'm going in."

"Watch it, kid," Sam said.

"I'll watch it."

They split up, and Finley went on and then waited to give Sam time to get around to the back. Finley was not afraid. All he wanted to do was get it over with, with as little violence as possible, and go back to pounding his beat. He took out his revolver and held it in his right hand at his waist. He went up to the shack and pushed the sagging door open.

Through the open door, he could see the miserable little room. The floor was nothing but bare, hard-packed dirt. The room was full of the smell of unwashed bodies and wood smoke. There was no one in it, but light was coming from under another door. The shack had only two rooms, and Finley walked across and pushed the other door open.

The kid was crouched on his heels beside an iron cooking stove in which there was a fire. His bloodstained shirt was on the floor and the upper part of his body was naked and bloody. Finley could hear the whistling, faintly bubbling sound of his breathing, and for a long instant he and the kid stared at each other.

"Get up," Finley said.

The kid stared at him. His eyes were black and lusterless, and his chest heaved with his breathing.

He can't move, Finley thought; he's almost dead. In a way, he felt sorry for the kid. He stared at him a moment longer, and then he relaxed. He let his gun point toward the floor, and he walked forward to catch hold of the kid and pull him to his feet.

"You poor bastard," Finley said.

And the kid hit him across the nose and mouth with the iron stove poker. For an instant, Finley could not see. He felt his shoulders hit hard against something, and he realized that it was the floor. He saw the kid coming after him with the poker, and he raised the gun and said, "Stop!" the kid raised the poker, and before Finley realized that he was doing it he had fired. The bullet entered the kid's left eye, and the

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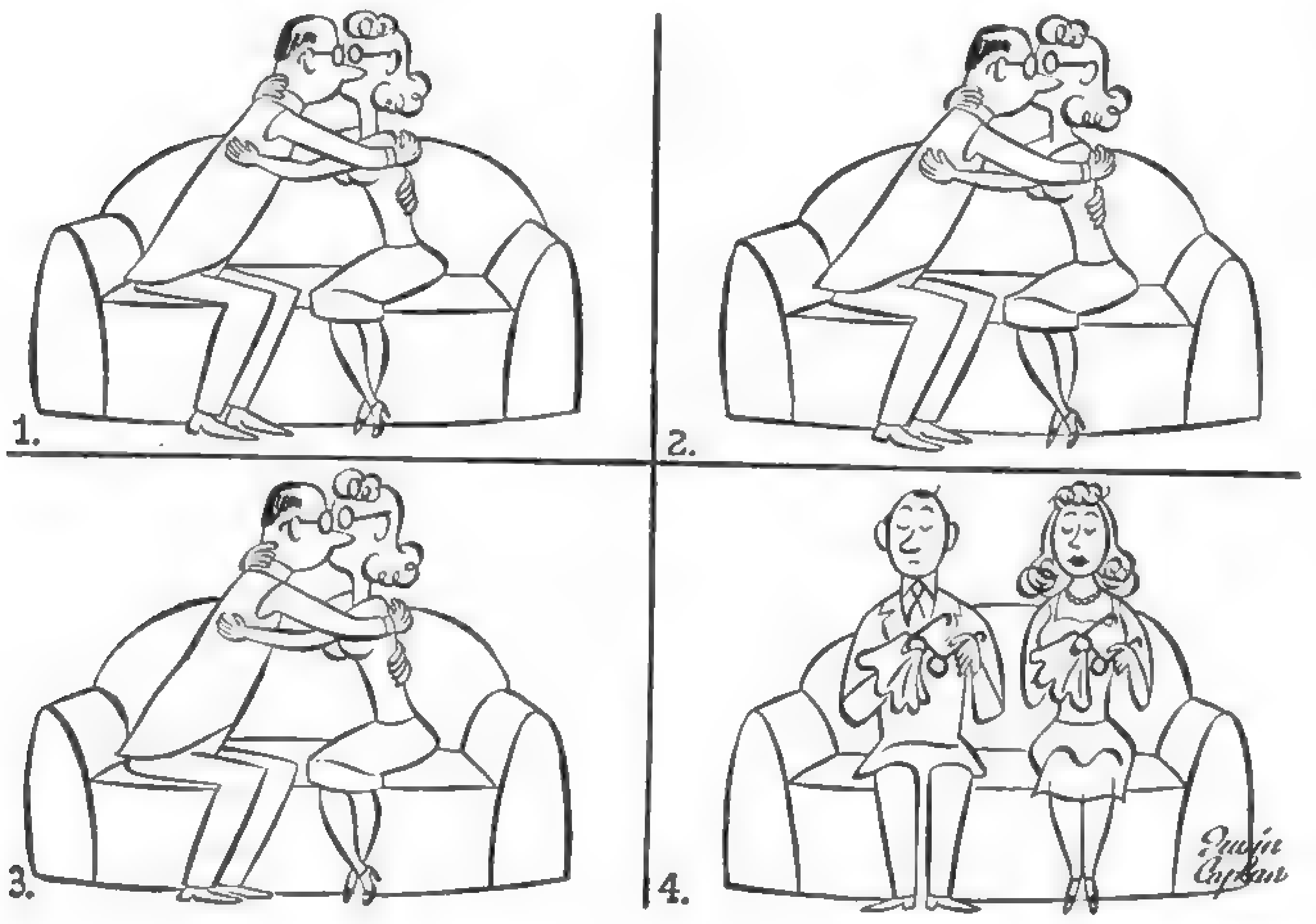

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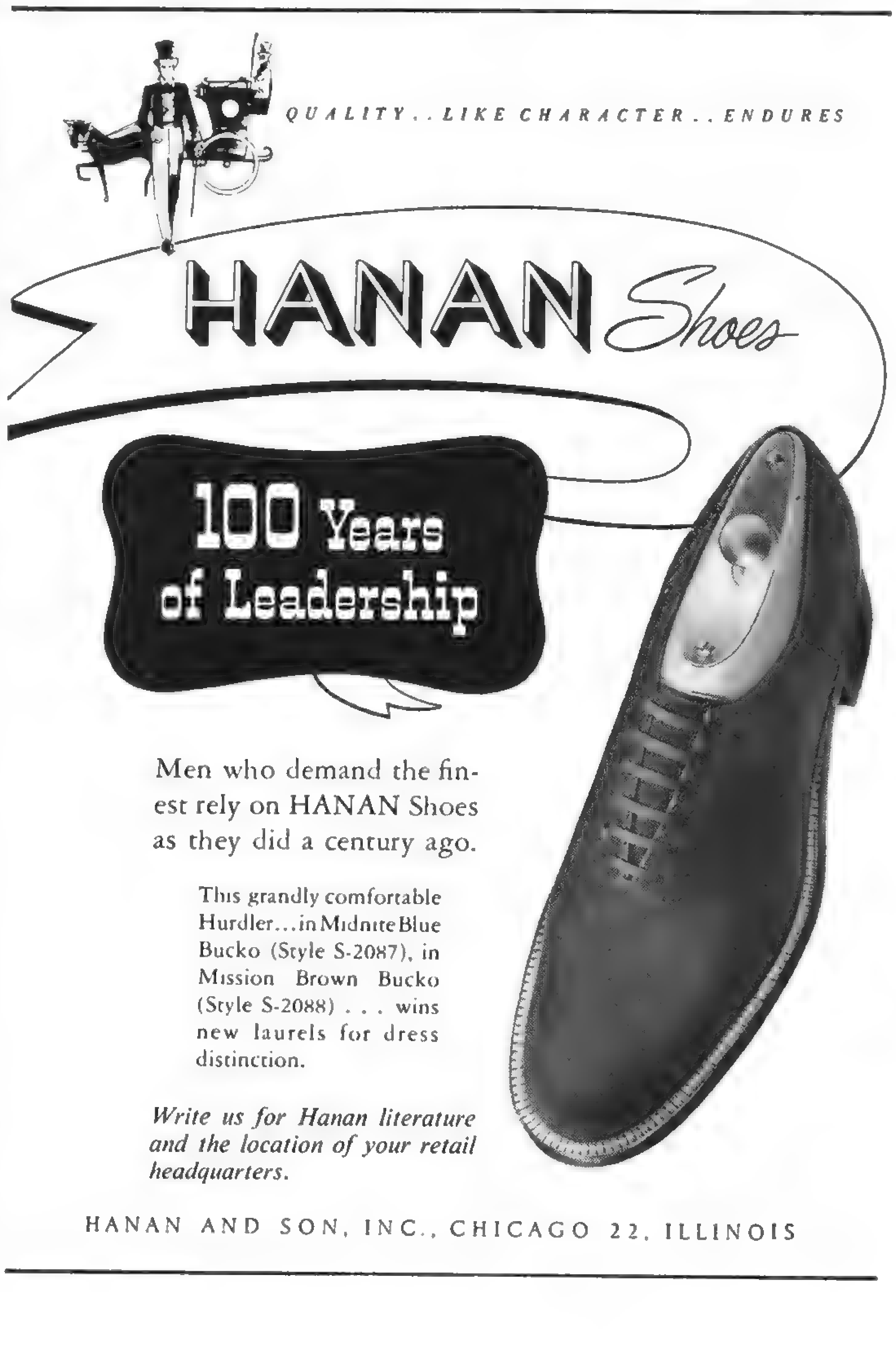
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Nothing You Can Do

Continued from page 145

kid, still holding the poker, fell across Finley.

Sam burst open a window and came through, gun in hand. He helped Finley to his feet and then rolled the kid over. "Boy. You really gave it to him. You really fixed the lousy bastard."

Finley sat down in a chair and held a handkerchief to his face. He was bleeding, and he hurt so that he was beginning to feel sick. "My teeth," he said. "My teeth."

Sam looked at his face and whistled. "Boy. What a mess you're going to be."

Finley closed his eyes. Sam gave him a cigarette, and Finley leaned forward and was sick. It seemed a long time before the ambulance and Olson arrived. Olson was happy and slapped Finley on the back, called him son, and hustled him into the ambulance. Finley rode to the hospital sitting up.

In the emergency room, they cleaned his wound, sewed it up, and did all they could for his nose, which was badly broken. There was nothing they could do about his teeth. They gave him something for the pain and then said that he could go if he wanted to. He walked out of the hospital with his face feeling numb, carrying his hat in his hand.

On the corner, he caught the bus. He was smoking a cigarette, and the driver yelled at him to put it out. He got off at his stop and walked up the stairs to his apartment. When he got inside, he sat down, and then he got up and made some coffee; but when he drank it, he threw up again. Then he got the shakes. He could not stop shaking, and he began to sweat, and his collar seemed too tight, so he loosened it. He kept thinking that there was someone behind him and turning quickly to see. But there was no one. Finally he jammed on his hat and ran out of the house. He walked hurriedly, breaking into a trot now and then, until he got to Martha's house. He pounded on the door.

"Let me in," he called.

Martha held the door open for him. He went in, and she took his arm and led him to the couch and sat beside him.

"I killed him," he said. "I shot him. He's dead. I shot him through his left eye."

"Oh, Bob," she said.

"I wish I was dead," he said.

"Bob, you've got to relax now."

"I didn't mean to. I never wanted to. All I wanted was to get it over with. But he hit me with the poker and I did it. Just like that. I never even thought about it."

"Bob, please. It'll pass. You'll forget about it."

"No," he said. "No. I won't."

"Bob, let's have some coffee."

"I don't want any."

"Come on back to the kitchen."

He sat in the kitchen and watched her measure the coffee and the water. "That poor kid," he said. "That poor, miserable kid."

"But he was really mean and vicious," Martha said. "He killed people for no reason. Not because he was forced to. He just killed them. What else could you have done? Let him kill you?"

"I know. I know," Finley said.

"Don't blame yourself."

"Oh, God," Finley said. "I didn't want any trouble. I joined the force because I wanted an easy life. I told myself I'd just be a flatfoot and give traffic tickets and never have any trouble."

Martha was watching him. "Sometimes we can't help it if things happen to us. No one wants them. You tried to do right, Bob. You feel bad now, but you'll get over it."

Finley remembered. Martha didn't exactly have anything to sing about herself. He picked up the coffee cups. "Let's go in the living room."

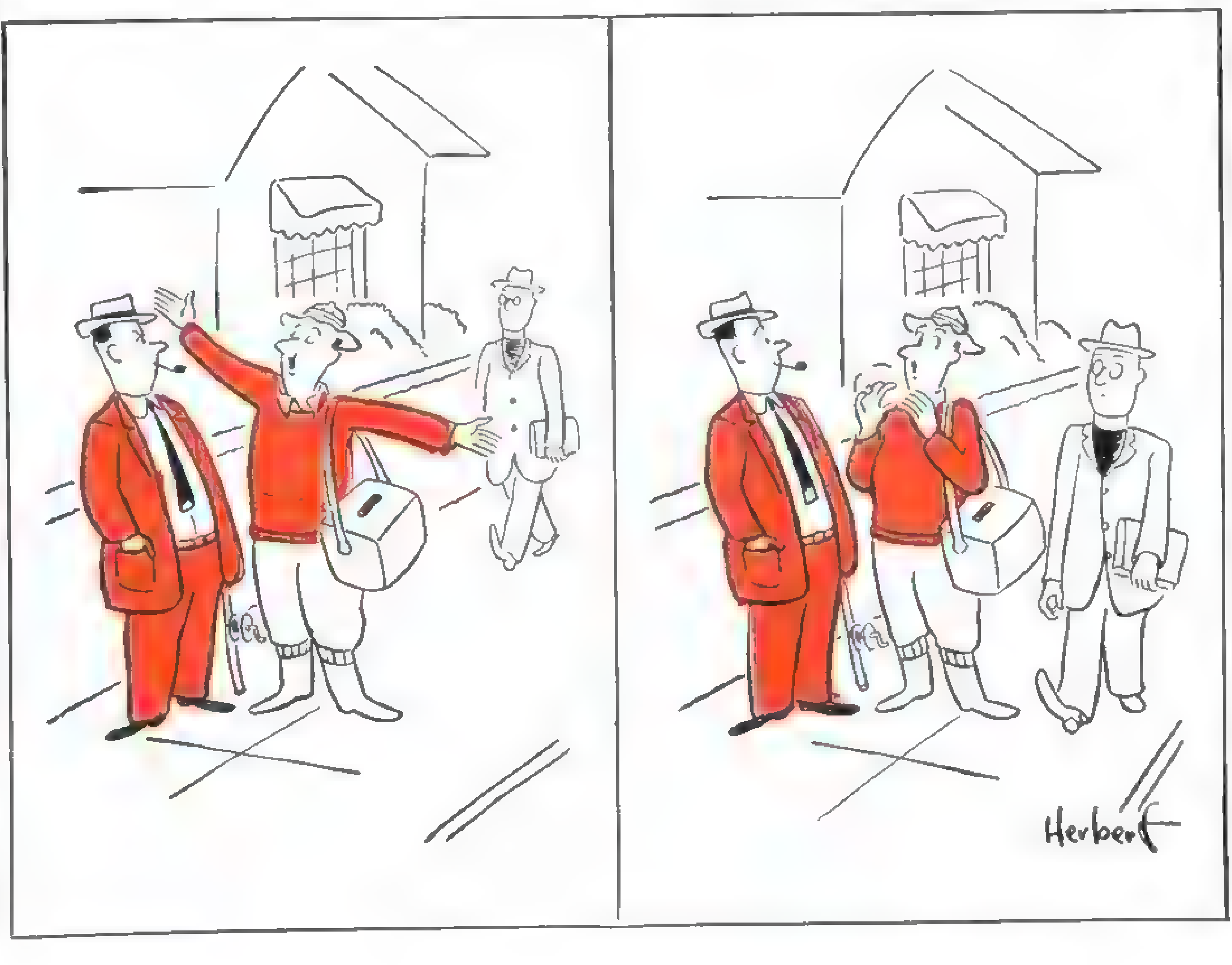
"All right, Bob."

He followed her in, watching her walk. How strong she is, he was thinking.

"Want to hear the radio, Bob?"

"Sure," Finley said. "Turn it on." ⧺

Continued from page 80



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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 18

ho for the status quo

My loyal, faithful spouse is a subscriber to Esquire (a Father's Day gift from our 21-month-old daughter) and spouse and I both read your magazine cover to cover every month.

My main gripe is these gals who sound off in The Sound and Fury demanding that you (1) de-sex all your heroines with their ample bosoms and curved hips and rounded thighs; (2) omit the mystery yarns. Next they'll be demanding a twenty-two-page section of baby care, recipes and dress patterns.

Please, squires, leave us dispense with the clean-up campaign.

Mrs. Charles E. Wofford
Cuba, Mo.

the drums of peace

Richard B. Gehman's *Where Are the Postwar Novels?* was more interesting in the *manner* of presentation, which I enjoyed immensely, than in the philosophic phase. After all is said and done the Second World War is not yet finished, consequently we are not now in a period for postwar novels.

The writers of the days of which Mr. Gehman writes in admiration are either dead or fallen heir to the mass production of desire for a fast buck acquired with a minimum of energy. The forty-cent dollars have made fast bucks the primary urge among experienced writers, in which army the embryo writers naturally enlist to give vent to the itchy urge of pens to scratch.

Authors are just as susceptible to economic pressure as are all other trades, albeit they are unwittingly now succumbing to the mental unrest which has engulfed the world.

Why write with the searching insight of a Berkeley when the comic (?) Sunday supplement and tabloids denote the mental level of today's printed word? Would the old-time writers, to which Mr. Gehman points in condemnation, write equally well today if they had been recently dunked in two generations of world wars in quick succession?

I doubt it. And that's why Esquire is *my* "escape."

Thomas N. Ashton
Fall River, Mass.

till the doctor comes

Your leading February article, *Advice to the Male Animal* by Leland Stowe is the sharpest little piece of suggested logic that I've run across in many a moon.

Why in hell can't Esquire put that out in pamphlet form so we poor defending males can have a pocket-size edition for quick reference when we are in a tight spot?

Think of the lives that you might save! I'd order a half-dozen copies!

E. R. Faure
Tacoma, Wash.

season of discontent

Leland Stowe has only scratched the surface in his recent lament about American women's fashions. When the G.I. came marching home from the war all broken and battered (G.I.s were always maiming themselves on broken beer bottles and sharp redheads) women they'd been fighting for looked silly to say the least.

What the guys found spurred re-enlistments for months. That lovely hair we remembered curling sweetly about our ladies' shoulders was tortured into two patterns, both repulsive. Either it was snatched up, hauled taut with a windlass, or else it was clubbed into a bundle and hung down the neck like a sackful of mud. During the dim days on the "rocks" in Kodiak and North Germany, the boys used to remember fondly the American girls' walk. Today our dames have forced their feet into shoes that induce the totter of unreconstructed Chinese women.

When the idea of little girls and little boys was presented, the little boys were made wide up top and narrow at the bottom and the little girls vice-versa. So it was shocking to see the trend in ladies suits, with the shoulders padded so that the slimmest female copied a professional football player in full battle dress. The musclebound, bulky shoulder, plus a Russian atrocity called the dolman sleeve, transformed a ninety-pound babe into a professional wrestler.

Of purple lipstick and long fingernails I will say nothing, except that a certain tribe of Africans tattoo their wives' lips and that nails grow on dead people.

A. W.
Johnstown, Pa.

anonymous, I love you

I have just been browsing thru February's The Sound and the Fury with its many comments on Leland Stowe's article. I heartily agreed with him on many points, but I have learned never to be dogmatic on any subject. Hence, I was interested in seeing "ships that pass." I was sure there are still a few girls like "Anonymous" around, but figured they were all married by now.

It's too bad there is no way short of running an ad in the classified columns for a young guy, who owns his own home and has a good job, to meet just such a gal. Of course, one run-in with the other type makes his problem just that much harder. You get to the point where you would hardly believe written credentials.

I can sincerely sympathize with her, but at least she still has pals; all mine are married. I guess past a certain point old Lady Luck takes over, and I wish her plenty.

Just in passing, I give Esquire as gifts every year, and am always glad I include myself on that gift list.

H. L.
Hicksville, N. Y.

place and show

I have always had a cigar in my mouth during all the waking hours, and I have always managed to keep my stogies lighted. The first time I have ever been without a lighted cigar was when I swallowed the cheroot I was smoking while reading the article in last month's (February, 1949) Esquire which listed the ten most distinguished cigar smokers in the nation.

Everybody knows that Dave Rosen is the most distinguished root-inhaler in the entire wide world. None of those men can

Continued on page 148

After Dinner

THE ONLY SCOTCH CORDIAL
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Enjoy the exquisite flavour and bouquet of the only cordial with the Scotch whisky base—made in Scotland since 1745 from the secret recipe of Prince Charles Edward's personal liqueur.

⁎ **DRAM** A small drink. When used in reference to Drambuie, a luxurious after-dinner adventure.

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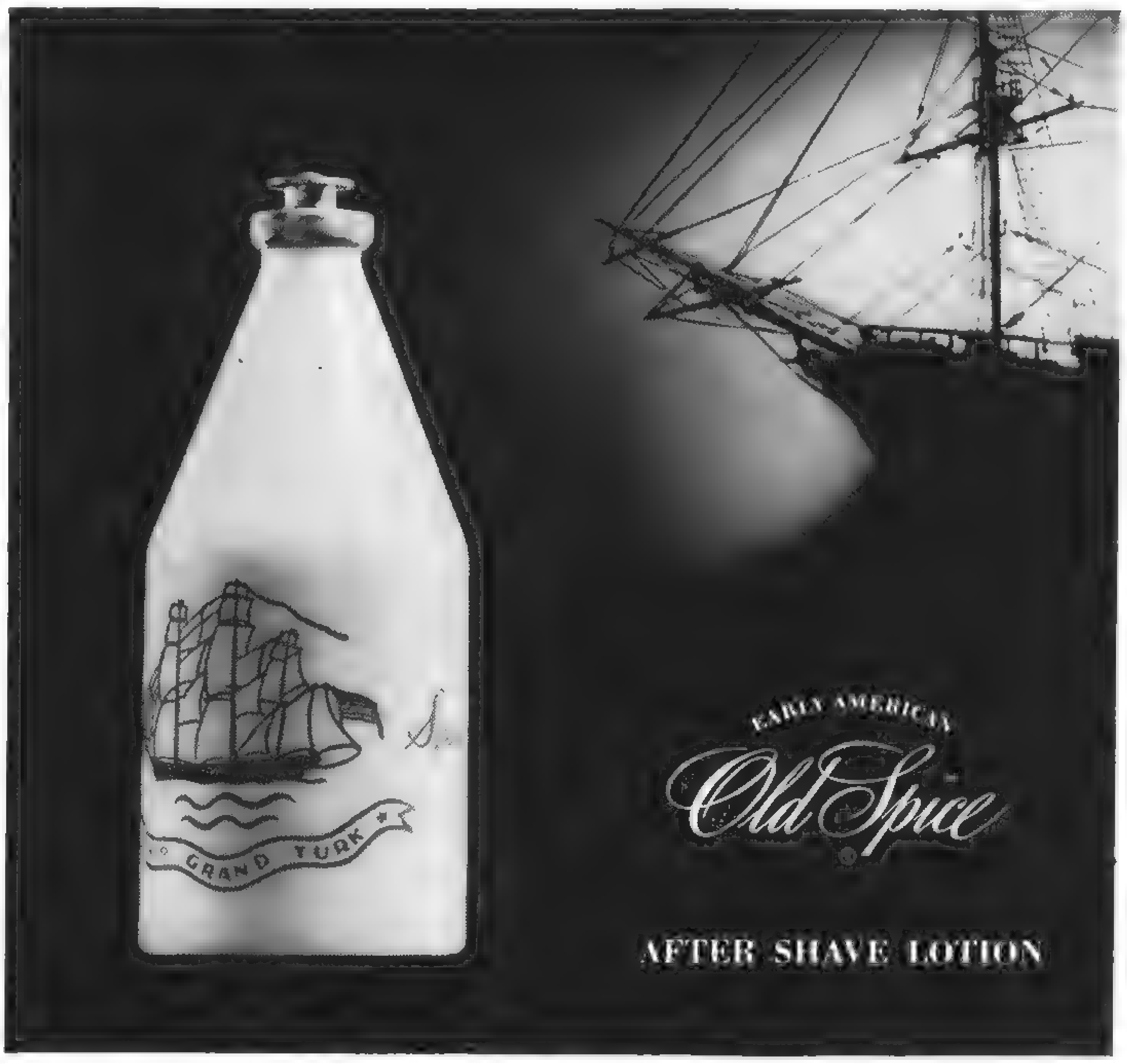

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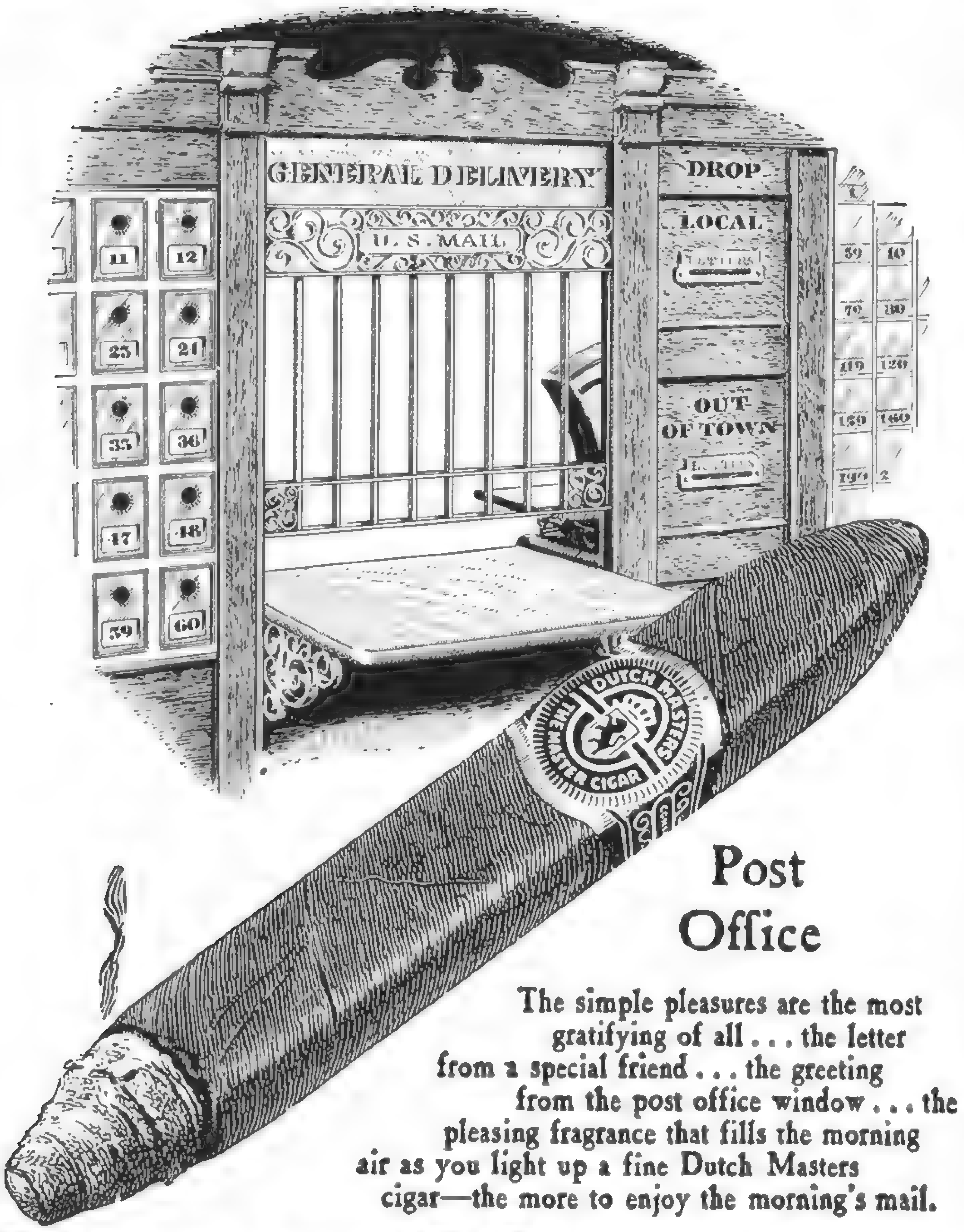

Post Office

The simple pleasures are the most gratifying of all . . . the letter from a special friend . . . the greeting from the post office window . . . the pleasing fragrance that fills the morning air as you light up a fine Dutch Masters cigar—the more to enjoy the morning's mail.

DUTCH MASTERS

Foot notes by Rajah

Definition of the word "Rajah": the very lightest thing afoot, a full stride ahead in fashion — and miles and miles of extra money saving wear! Be sure to insist on shoes with Soles by Rajah!

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 147

blow a ring around me. There is absolutely nothing in the art of cigar smoking that I have not mastered.

My cigar counter caters to the upper Midwest's most discerning cigar smokers. Sometimes I lay down a smoke barrage which convinces the natives that the Chippewa Indians on near-by Red Lake Reservation have taken up the peace pipe in earnest.

And if you are a cigar smoker yourself, I want you to know that the last cigar in every box at The Parkway Store is free.

David Rosen
The Parkway Store
Bemidji, Minn.

fishy scale

No fisherman would agree that "a perfectly good 12-ounce bottle of beer" would be either an empty beer bottle or 12 ounces of beer without a bottle. As a bottle of beer containing 12 ounces weighs twenty-one-and-one-half ounces it appears that the Wisconsin fish story in your aptly titled "Facts and Fancy" is one that is not hard to disprove.

Herbert A. Lincoln
Norwell, Mass.

ode to a pomme de chou

No doubt you'll hear from others, too,
About the gaffe "Poulet de Choux"
Which mars the treatise on Chambord
That tells what two can eat there for.
I'm sure that what was meant was Choix—
Not Cabbages but Choice. Ma foi, Le francais seems doomed to expire Within the pages of Esquire.

Harold Horton
Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—See "Going Places with Esquire," page 28, March issue.

for one who still fights

Please forgive my audacity for writing to you but any assistance you can give me in the following matter will be greatly appreciated.

Firstly I would like to explain my position. I am a twenty-six-year-old invalid, ex-R.A.F. pilot, having lost a leg and an arm during the war. As I am paralyzed from the waist down, I have been bed-ridden since my discharge. To help occupy my time I now feel that I would like to commence a collecting hobby so I am writing to you requesting assistance.

Do you think that some of your readers may have for sale some medals, swords, knives, curios, books, magazines, or anything which would provide an interest and help me to pass the time. Of course the purchase price would have to be reasonable as my sole income is a war pension.

R. Francis
Box 2141 W. GPO
Brisbane, Old Australia

on sharing Esky

I have been told that some of your readers are kind enough to send their old Esquires to people in hospitals.

We, in this ward, are all suffering from Tuberculosis and must be flat on our backs for months on end; magazines are our main means for passing the time. If, therefore, some of those cast-off Eskys could be forwarded, I can assure you of the gratitude of several young men who consider your magazine as "the book which we would most like to have delivered on a desert island."

Patrick S. Butcher
St. Stephens Hospital
Chelsea, London, England

protest from Don Juan

Wither, Esquire, are you drifting? After perusing your articles for a decade, and reading such salient words of support and advice for bachelors as *Handbook for the Questing Male*, *The Art of Unwenching* and *What's Wrong with American Women?*, I am stopped short by your lead-off article in March, entitled *The Tawdry Mantle of Don Juan*. How about it, Mr. Editor, are you with us or against us?

Psychosomatic
La Jolla, Calif.

battle of the book review

(1)

The Richard B. Gehman article on postwar novels in the March issue of Esquire is a thoroughly competent appraisal of the state of American writing. I look forward to seeing another article by him soon. Am I right in assuming that he will be the new Esquire book columnist?

Armond Pelsner
New York, N. Y.

(2)

"Patience is a virtue" is an ofttime quoted phrase, but from the tone of Mr. Gehman's article apparently this has never been brought to his attention. I don't wish to infer, however, that he is not a man of letters.

His compassion, "with the fruits of the twenties," of present day writings, "it being flat, tasteless, and read as though it were written by a group of anxious precocious children," seems to be an accurate description of his own article.

Mr. Gehman's attempts at humor were very tired ones to say the least. His juristic frame of mind was hardly justifiable and added nothing to one's enjoyment of Esquire.

I might add for Gehman's information that those novels are in production.

Jack Merrill
Hawthorne, Calif.

(3)

I enjoyed the March issue of Esquire more than I have any for the past few months. I particularly liked the section on fishing and also the book article by Richard Gehman. I have been disappointed recently in finding no book reviews in Esquire and I hope that Mr. Gehman will do one for the magazine every month.

A. Rasmusson
New York, N. Y.

applause is music

I have long believed the very best in short stories are found in your magazine and (forgive me) the *New Yorker*. One of the best was "Shoot Little Chicken" by William Fuller in March. The story had warmth, color, and verisimilitude of setting.

William Trueheart Bodiford
Tallahassee, Fla.

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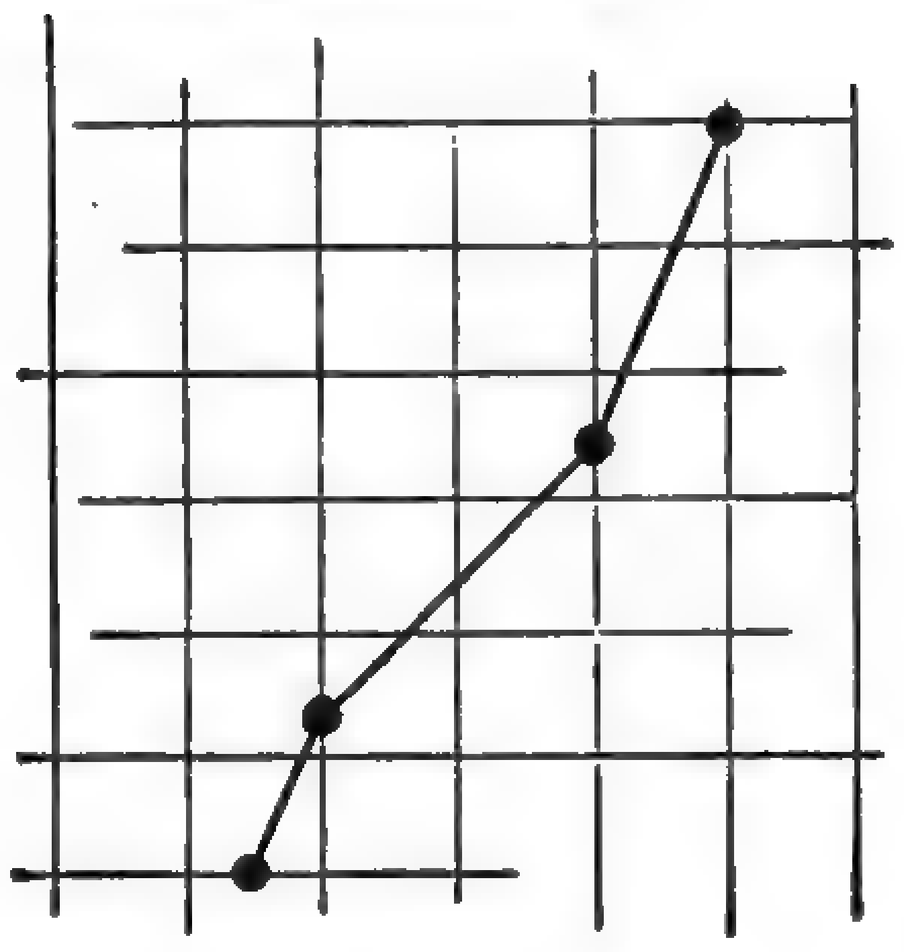
MEMO
to
Sales Executives



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May's the Month . . . They Bite Up North

Continued from page 55

Maine to Florida—frequently will settle on Quebec or the Maritimes for their vacation (the Maritimes are made up of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island) while Midwesterners will head for Ontario, Manitoba or Saskatchewan. Alberta and British Columbia attract most fishermen from the West.

Here are some of Canada's principal game fish—and where and when you'll catch them.

ATLANTIC SALMON—Possibly the most famous of all game fish. It once was found all through New England's coastal rivers and it climbed the St. Lawrence to Niagara Falls; now Canada is one of the last North American sanctuaries. Many of the best salmon rivers are under private lease, but there are no leased waters in Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, while in New Brunswick and Quebec you'll find many good salmon streams open to the public or controlled by outfitters and camp owners whose guests may fish in their reserves. Sportsmen have called the Restigouche River in northern New Brunswick the world's greatest salmon stream.

Salmon caught with fly and rod average twelve to fifteen pounds, with some forty-pound giants netted once in awhile. Open season begins any time from early April to mid-May, depending on location, and runs through August.

OUANANICHE—This Canadian variety of the landlocked or sebago salmon is found mostly in Quebec—in the Upper Saguenay and its tributaries, and Lake St. John. Usually taken on trout tackle, five- or six-ounce fly rods. Averages about two pounds, rarely goes as high as eight, and gives a terrific battle for its size. Open season begins about the first of May and runs through September.

EASTERN BROOK TROUT—The jewel of game fish. You'll enjoy both catching and eating him. Which one gives you the greater enjoyment depends on whether you are basically angler or gourmet. Found all the way from the salmon waters of the Atlantic coast to the western shores of Lake Superior, almost halfway across the continent. Largest trout, running to six-pounders and up, are found in the cold, clear streams of northern Ontario and Quebec, flowing into James and Hudson Bays. Season begins in April and lasts through September, with much of the best fishing in May and June. They're taken with a nine-foot, five-ounce rod and standard trout fly patterns in sizes eight to fourteen.

LAKE TROUT—If you've ever trolled deep in a Canadian lake in midsummer, thought you'd hooked a rubber boot, then hauled in a lake trout, you're likely to discount the fighting qualities of this fine food fish. But it is a first-rate gamester in May and early June, when it comes up out of the depths to feed along the shoals and shores. It can be taken then on trout fly tackle or bait, and it is found in just about every lake in the entire Dominion.

MUSKELLUNGE—Call him maskinonge, muskellunge or muskellonge, the muskie is one of the prodigious fighters among the big fish of the inland waters. Muskies run as high as sixty pounds in the Lake of the Woods region of northwestern Ontario, but any catch thirty pounds or bigger deserves to be mounted on your mantelpiece. You'll find him in most Ontario waters and along the St. Lawrence in Quebec. He's a summer and early fall fish, too, and you can go after him by trolling from a boat or casting bait with standard tackle and a line slightly heavier than for bass.

NORTHERN PIKE—Here's a fish that will strike at anything, and is found all over Canada. Out West, Canadians generally call him the Jackfish. Thirty-pounders are frequently taken in the cold rocky lakes of northern Canada, but in the Great Lakes area a twenty-pounder is a real rarity, and even a ten-pounder is something to boast about. There's plenty of them, though, in southern Canadian waters, and they'll give you lots of action on plugs, spoons, bass bugs, surface lures or just about everything that moves on or under the surface. And there's generally no closed season on this fish.

WALLEYE—In Quebec he's called the doré, and in Ontario they call him the pickerel. Whatever the name, the walleye can be found anywhere east of the Rockies from Alberta through Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and Labrador. He's most abundant in the lakes of northern Quebec and Ontario, and best fishing comes usually in May, just after the ice goes out and the walleye swarms in the rivers and fast streams. They'll take any bright lure during the day at this season.

STEELHEAD AND KAMLOOPS TROUT—These are the great game fish of the Canadian West. Both are known as Rainbow trout at some stage of their development. The steelhead trout is found all along the Pacific coast from Alaska to California, while the Kamloops is plentiful throughout the interior waters of British Columbia. They are considered just about equal in gaminess and fighting ability. According to the season, they will take dry and wet flies, as well as bait. The Canadian record for steelhead is twenty-three-and-a-half pounds; twelve- to fifteen-pounders are not uncommon, but a six- to eight-pounder on a fly rod is a great catch. Kamloops have been reported as big as forty pounds. The season runs generally from January through May, but it's a good idea to check in advance on seasonal conditions in the particular area you expect to visit.

TYEE—Largest of the Pacific

Continued on page 150

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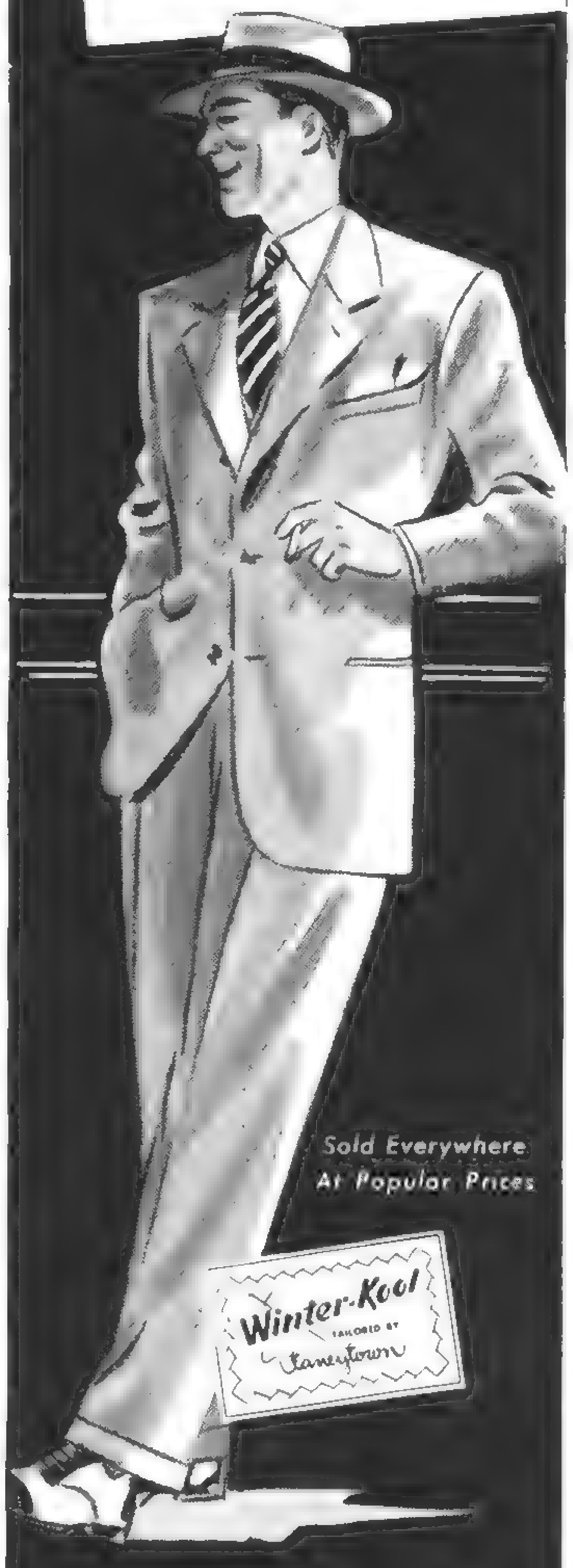

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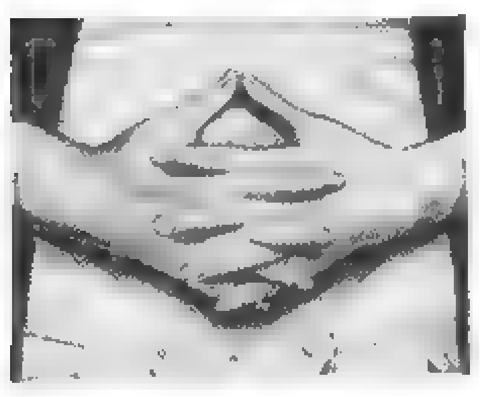

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May's the Month . . . They Bite Up North

Continued from page 149

salmon and most sought after by the sports fisherman is the tyee, chinook or king salmon. Their range is all along the Canadian west coast in the bays and estuaries of the large rivers. They run as large as one hundred pounds, and are taken by deep trolling with heavily leaded lines.

COHO—Also known as silver salmon, the coho averages three to eight pounds, running as high as fifteen. Entering the rivers to spawn, the coho will strike both lures and flies. It's also taken by trailing large and colorful bucktail flies behind a motorboat. A great table fish, the coho is one of the most important commercial salmon of the Pacific coast.

SWORDFISH—Here is one of the prime quarries of the big-game fishing fraternity. A big-game fisherman never really lives until he sees a hooked swordfish tiptoeing along the top of the waves. Swordfish caught in the waters off Nova Scotia go to thirteen feet in length and weigh as much as six hundred pounds.

TUNA—For real deep-sea battling, big-game fishing addicts insist there's nothing like the bluefin tuna of Nova Scotia. A foul-hooked tuna weighing 792 pounds, for example, fought six fishermen taking turns on the rod for sixty-two hours. World's record tuna taken with rod and reel off Liverpool, Nova Scotia, weighed 956 pounds, and commercial fishermen have harpooned specimens weighing more than one thousand pounds.

Complete big-game angling equipment can be bought in Nova Scotia for $175 up, or it can be rented at $5 to $10 a day. Guides with powerboats—and a good man in a good boat is the most important factor in deep-sea fishing—may be hired for $25 per day.

Big-game fishing off Canada's Maritime Provinces is a summer sport. The annual mass migration of broadbill swordfish north along the east coast of the continent reaches its destination in the waters surrounding Cape Breton Island in early July, and the fish generally stick around until mid-September. Bluefin tuna arrive at about the same time and remain plentiful in the waters around the Maritimes through October.

It's a good idea to take your camera along on these expeditions so you can take pictures of the big ones to handle the scoffers and the unbelievers when you get back home.

The great network of north-south routes run by the Canadian Pacific Air Lines connects wilderness jump-off points with towns and cities along the transcontinental lines of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways and Trans-Canada Air Lines. Most of these towns and cities are a short trip from various parts of the United States by air, rail or road. At the other end are bush pilots flying amphibian planes in charter service, ready to fly you from the jump-off points to camp sites along wilderness lakes and streams. Or you can outfit yourself at these outposts, get your party together and push into the wilds by boat.

Newfoundland, which was to have become Canada's tenth province this spring, is famed among fishermen for its Atlantic salmon (May 15-September 20) and Rainbow trout (June 1-September 30). Gander, Newfoundland's principal airport, is five hours from New York by any of eight transatlantic airlines.

The visiting fisherman will find that Canada is above all a reasonable country—reasonable in the way it conducts itself, and reasonable in its price level. Bag limits are set at reasonable figures, a reasonable fee is charged for fishing licenses. The cost of just about everything is less than in the United States, and the vacationing American will experience a pleasant reminder of this attractive situation every time he pays a bill.

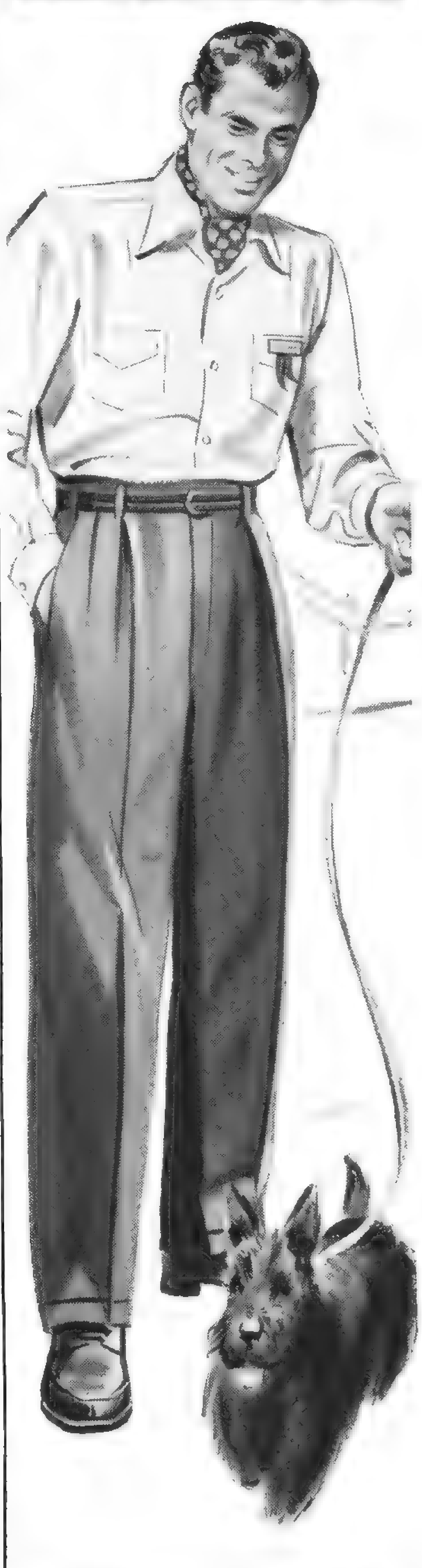
Another thing that makes for happy vacationing is the fact that the great majority of Canadian guides are professional woodsmen who know and like their jobs. The guides, many of them Indian or part-Indian, know where the big ones hide, and how to flush them out. They're masters of the canoe, gaff, net and the other tools of their trade, and they're expert at cooking the fish they've helped you catch. Their camps are usually clean and comfortable. That's all due to the fact that guides are carefully selected before being licensed, and controlled after their licenses have been granted.

Tourism is big business in Canada. American vacationists are an important source of the dollar income Canada needs so badly. Last year, for example, around 20,000,000 visitors from south of the great unfortified frontier left about a quarter of a billion dollars in Canada as a result of their visits. More Americans go to Canada every year than to any other country. Which is only natural, in a way, since Canada is so near, and Canadians and Canada are more like us than any other people and nation in the world—yet they're different enough to attract the American vacationist who wants a "foreign" vacation, but not too foreign.

However, at least part of Canada's popularity as a vacation center for Americans must be credited to the way Canadians run their tourist business. Canadians treat us as though they wanted us to come back again—which, of course, they do. So there won't be a bit of business at the border about your bringing in your own used fishing tackle, portable boat, outboard motor, camp equipment, cameras, etc.

Writing up to Canada for tour-

in the best circles



Walkin' the dog or just puttin' it on, wear a pair of **HUBBARD SLACKS**. You'll agree, as discriminating men do everywhere, that **HUBBARD SLACKS** are an investment in good appearance, a credit to any man's good taste...

HUBBARD SLACKS

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ist literature is something you really must do—even if you're not actually planning a trip up there in the immediate future. It's a real experience, and it will keep you in spare-time light reading for at least a year.

First you clear away a section of your bookcase, a corner of your study, or three drawers in a large desk. Then you write to the Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, Canada. This office alerts the Travel Bureau of the province in which you've expressed a particular interest—or all of the provinces, if you haven't been specific. From here it goes down the chain of command to provincial offices, hotel and innkeepers, guides, gasoline companies and railroads. With all of them sending you booklets, folders, leaflets, brochures and maps, you'll think you hit the jack pot in one of those old chain-letter routines. But if you read them all you'll know as much about Canada as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. And, first thing you know, you'll be heading North with rod and reel.

Should you be especially interested in any one province (or in case you're a bit crowded for desk space) you might find it advisable to be a bit more selective and write to the Provincial Tourist and Publicity Bureau at St. John's, Newfoundland; Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island; Halifax, Nova Scotia; Fredericton, New Brunswick; Quebec City, Quebec; Toronto, Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba; Regina, Saskatchewan; Edmonton, Alberta; or Victoria, British Columbia. That might not be the proper title for the Bureau in all cases, but, never fear, your request will reach the right office.

Continued from page 55

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

When and where to go this May, arranged for meandering males

For the Spectator Sportsman

KENTUCKY—Derby Day at Louisville is May 7. This is a good time to see the famed Bluegrass country, home of fast horses, beautiful women and fine bourbon. Louisville hotels sold out weeks before the Derby, so make sure you have reservations, or hospitable and dependable friends.

INDIANA—The five-hundred-mile annual Decoration Day auto race at Indianapolis ranks with the Kentucky Derby, Army-Navy Game, World Series and a heavyweight title fight as a must for the spectator sportsman.

NORTH CAROLINA—Top-flight golf and tennis are being played at Pinehurst and other resorts in the state early in the month, while the professional competitors await dependable weather up north.

For the Man With a Long Stride

BRITAIN—Springtime is the loveliest season, and May is generally a vintage month throughout the British Isles. England is green and fresh from Great Yarmouth to Land's End. It's just about the height of the salmon- and trout-fishing season, too, throughout most of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. The spectator sportsman will be interested in the British Amateur Championship and Curtis Cup golf matches, cricket, racing, rugby league Challenge Cup finals, and horse shows—all of which are scheduled for May.

IRELAND—The Lakes of Killarney, County Cork, the shamrock country, the peaks of the MacGillycuddy's Reeks, and the famed Blarney Stone are all there for the spring visitor to the Emerald Isle. There's fishing, too, and the quiet darkness of a Dublin pub on a sunny afternoon, and waiting for two Irishmen on a narrow bridge to make up their minds who's to back up and let the other pass.

FRANCE—Paris was jammed with American tourists last summer, and all indications point to another record-breaking season. That's just one reason for a visit in May—before the summer mobs have made the crossing. Your choice of accommodations, and prices are generally low for dollar-bearing Americans since the devaluation of the franc. Room and bath in a de luxe Paris hotel runs about $6.50 a day, single, and in a first-class hotel it will be as low as $4.50. Paris, Normandy, Brittany, the Chateau country of the Loire, Burgundy, Alsace—all are at their best in spring. And the Riviera is always a perfect vacationland.

HOLLAND—The Dutch tulip festival is scheduled (at the time of writing) for the last of April or early May. Even if you should arrive too late for tulip time, you'll still see Holland at one of the best times of the year. The hard-working and resourceful Dutch have redrained and tidied up their land until it shines with its old prewar well-scrubbed look. Amsterdam and its canals, the lovely old buildings of The Hague, medieval Haarlem, Volendam with its girls in lace caps and wooden shoes—they are all there as they have been for centuries—with only the great barren space in the center of Rotterdam a reminder of what Holland has been through.

BELGIUM—Brussels has been

Continued on page 152

the Gift for everyone!
FOR YOU . . . FOR YOUR FRIENDS
the P.C. Cooler
The sensational Cooler with self contained chilling unit
20° COLDER than ordinary iced drinks . . . and . . . NO DILUTION.
Holds full 32 ounces of Cocktails—Fruit Juices—Milk Shakes, etc.
3 EXCITING COLOR COMBINATIONS
● The STANDARD—beautiful, high lustre hammer-tone, all grey baked enamel finish $9.95
● The DeLUXE — Body in sparkling black crackle finish with highly polished aluminum top and bottom . $14.95
● The CUSTOM—A beauty to behold; entirely finished in highly polished aluminum $22.50
If your Dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon with check or money order.
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—The Monte Carlo
This sensational new shirt style—already a nation-wide favorite—is impeccably tailored by Jay Bucknell....of FOLKER'S famous DAPPER TWILL—a superb sheen gabardine....in a handsome range of hand-washable pastels, including new shades of chartreuse, toast, helio, and rose. The "Monte Carlo" features concealed front zipper closing, zippered pocket, smart yoke design. It's single-needle sewn throughout, with all seams bound in lustrous rayon twill. Only $10.00 at fine men's stores everywhere. For name of your nearest dealer, write to:
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Cordovans, acclaimed by our Campus Advisory Board as their favorite dress shoes! This PHI BATES Cordovan blends perfectly with any color scheme in clothes...light or dark, conservative or bold. And as styled by Bates, the rich, lustrous tone of genuine shell Cordovan is more than ever a joy to look at and to wear. So completely comfortable, too, with Bates *invisible extra width across the ball of the foot* ...Style illustrated $14.95 in the U. S. A.

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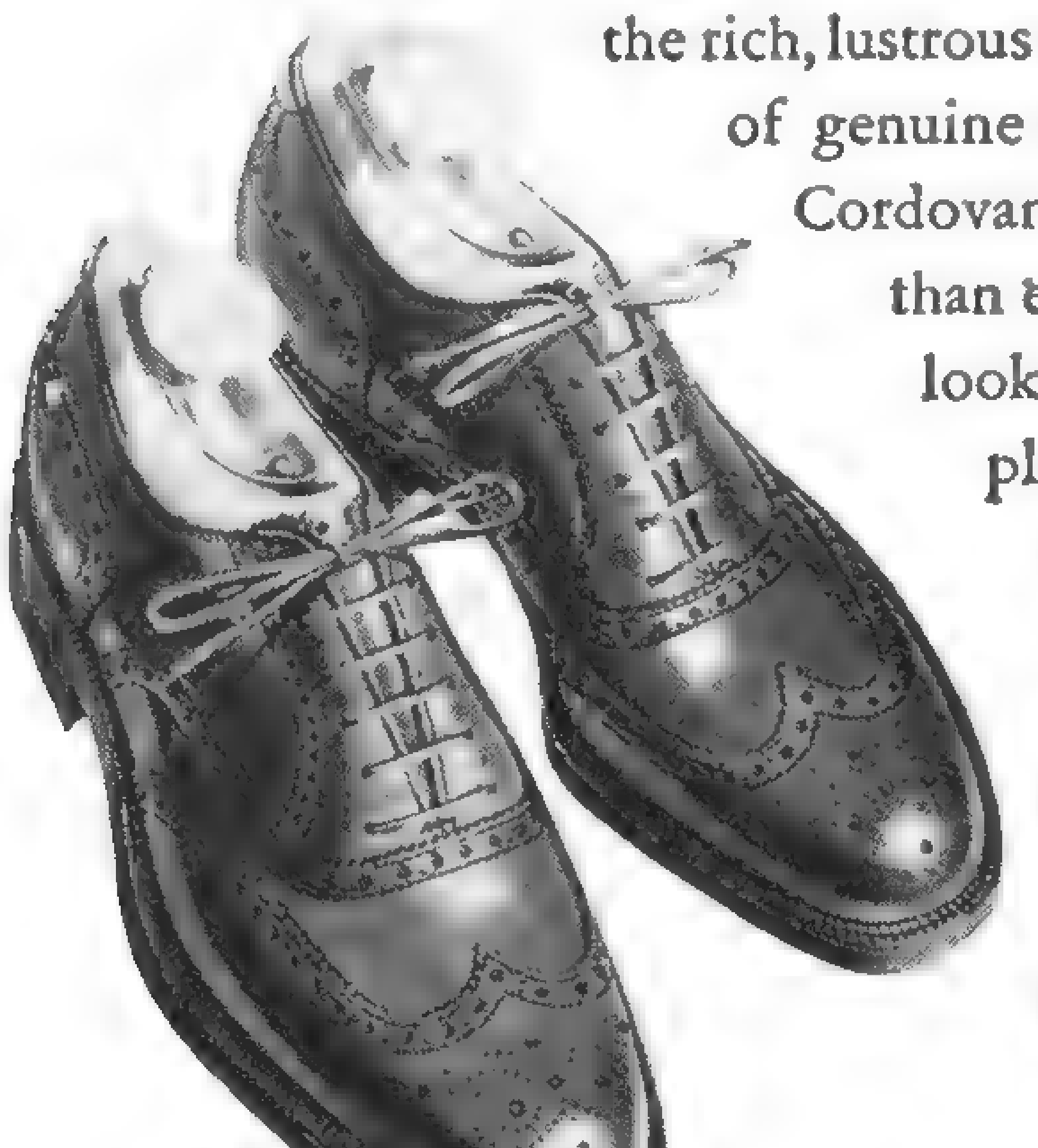

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FAMOUS BANDLEADER

Guy Lombardo*

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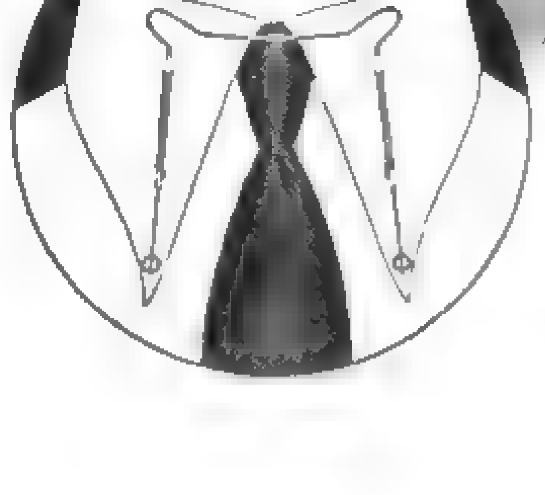
Spiffy

Secret Circle

OF COLLAR "STAY-DOWN" SMARTNESS

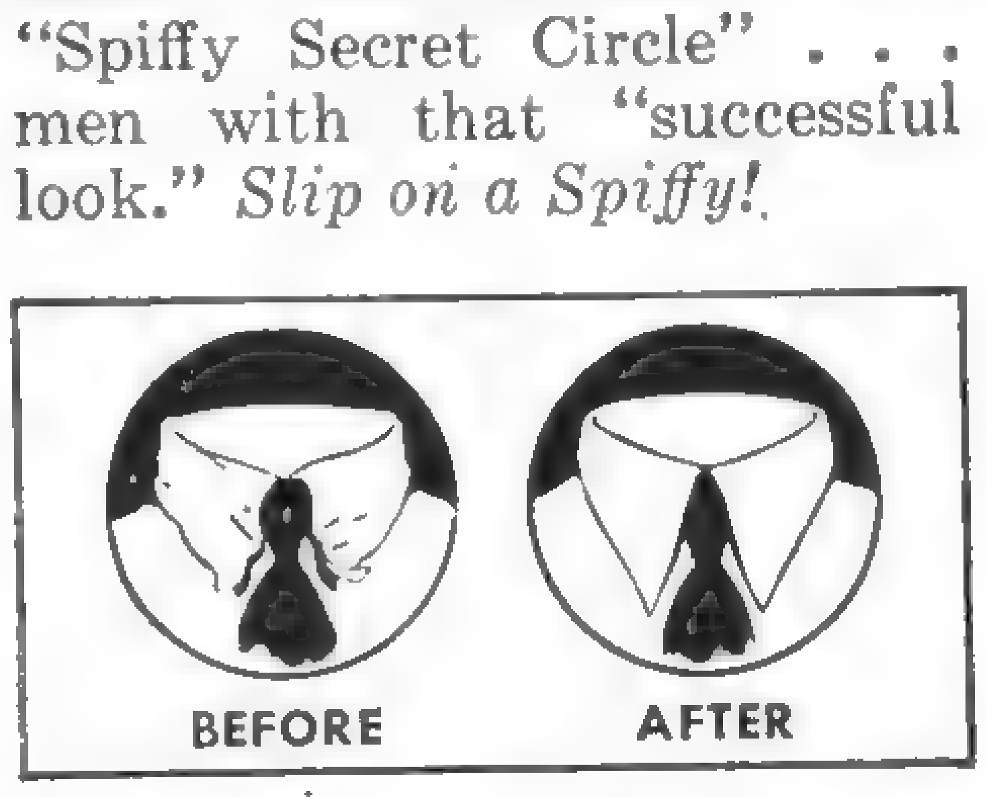


*Named one of the ten best dressed men in the country by the Fashion Foundation of America.

TOP bandleader GUY LOMBARDO knows the "secret" of smart, wrinkle-free collars . . . and keeps it *hidden under his collar!*

Yes! the Spiffy "INVISIBLE" Collar "Stay-Down" works smoothline magic, *keeps collar points down* with soft collar comfort. It's featherweight... except for approving glances from Boss and Best Girl, you hardly know you've got it on.

Join Guy Lombardo and millions of other members of the "Spiffy Secret Circle" . . . men with that "successful look." *Slip on a Spiffy!*



Self-adjustable to all collar lengths. Standard model **25c**... deluxe 24 kt. electro **gold** plated Spiffy. **50c.**

Spiffy INVISIBLE COLLAR "STAY-DOWN"

At men's wear, department, drug, cigar and variety stores everywhere.
CREST SPECIALTY, 663 W. Washington St., Chicago 6

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 151

"Little Paris" to generations of American visitors, and one of the most consistently charming cities of western Europe. Belgium, too, has such old-world cities as Bruges, Ghent, Louvain and Tournai—and places whose names have a much more recent ring, such as Antwerp, Bastogne, St. Vith, Malmedy and Houffalize.

ITALY—Fast regaining its place as an American tourist favorite, Italy is steadily improving her facilities for taking care of visitors. Florence, Rome, Venice, Capri, Naples, Sorrento—all are primed for a record number of tourists this spring and summer—and all are ideal spots for a May visit.

SCANDINAVIA—May through mid-June is one of the best seasons for visiting Norway, Sweden and Denmark. In the two northern countries, the famous waterfalls are swollen with the melted snow running down from the mountains, and the Midnight Sun is visible from late May to the middle of July.

For the Canny Vacationist

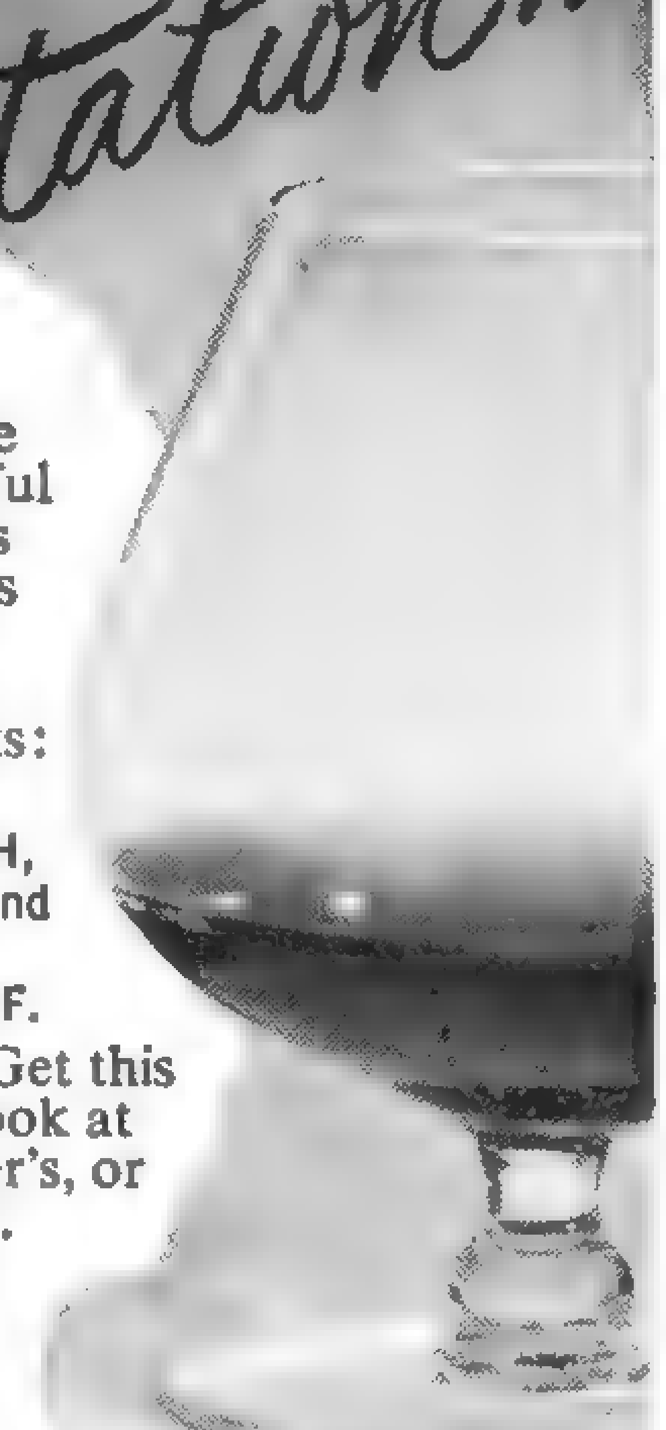
(To make your vacation dollar really double-time, try a junket to one out of twenty-eight National Parks, twenty-six of which are in the U. S. proper. Uncle Sam is underwriting a good part of your expenses when you vacation at a national park, since you'd pay much more at a privately operated resort—assuming a private operator would have the capital necessary for a development of such magnitude. As it is, the National Park Service chose the most scenic spots in the entire country, put through highways, built lodges and hotels, protected the wildlife. Following is a quick summary of what some of the most popular national parks have to offer.)

GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK—Northern Arizona. South Rim open all year; North Rim open June 1 to September 30 (later if the roads are clear). Lodges, hotels, cabins and camp sites. Some of the world's most spectacular sight-seeing, hiking, riding, trail trips (riders must be accompanied by guide), shopping for Indian ornaments.

ZION NATIONAL PARK—Southwestern Utah. Open all year. Lodge open May 30-September 25, cabins and camp sites all year. Splendid vistas of the colorful Utah desert, multicolored canyons and huge natural columns caused by erosion. Hiking, riding, shopping for Navaho silver handicraft.

BRYCE CANYON NATIONAL PARK—Southern Utah. Open all year. Lodge open May 30-September 30. Cabins and camp sites open early May to mid-October. Indians called the canyon "Unka-timpe-wa-wince-pock-ich," which means "red rocks standing like men in a bowl-shaped canyon," and which is as good a description

Accept this Invitation...



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GEORGE BURNS...*Starring with Gracie Allen on* MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME *(NBC—Thursdays—8:30 P. M., E.S.T.)*

A new Superba for the husband who wants luxury in ties . . . traditional English figure-foulards . . . superbly cut, superbly tailored. $1.50. Other Superba ties $1.00 to $5.00.

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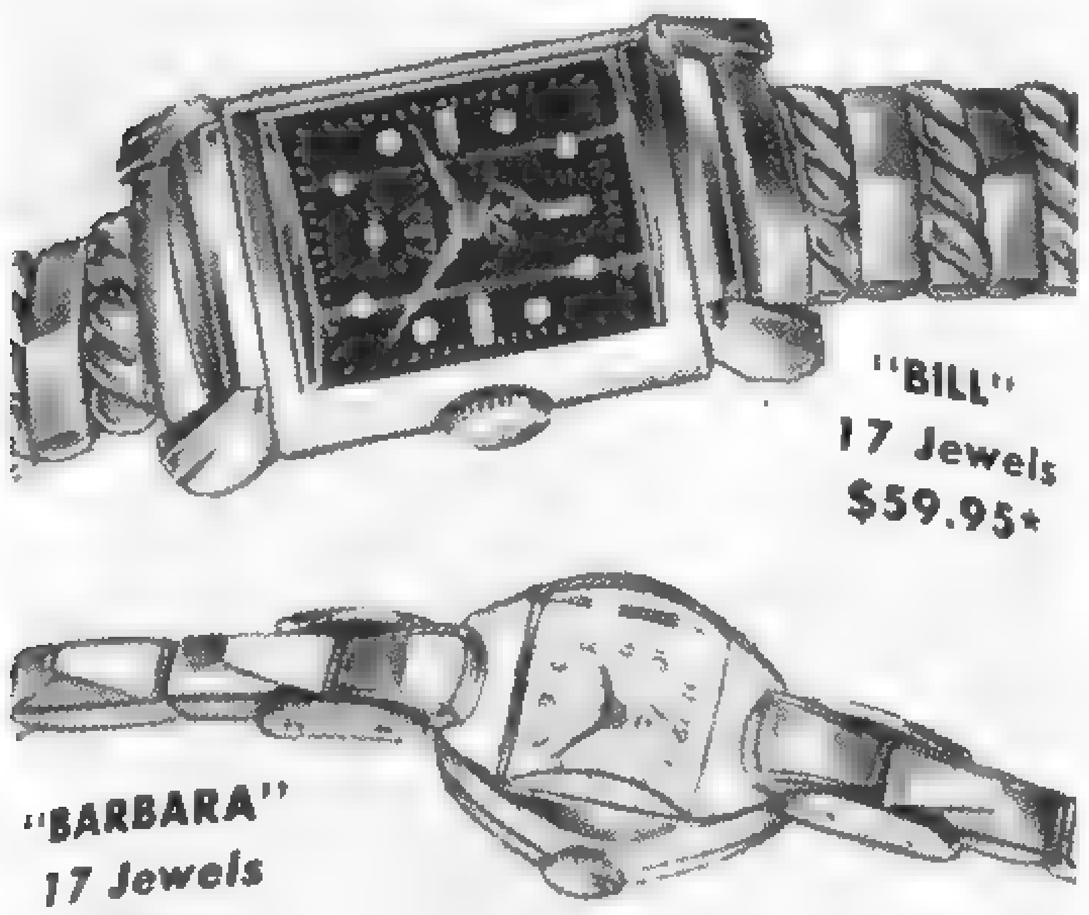
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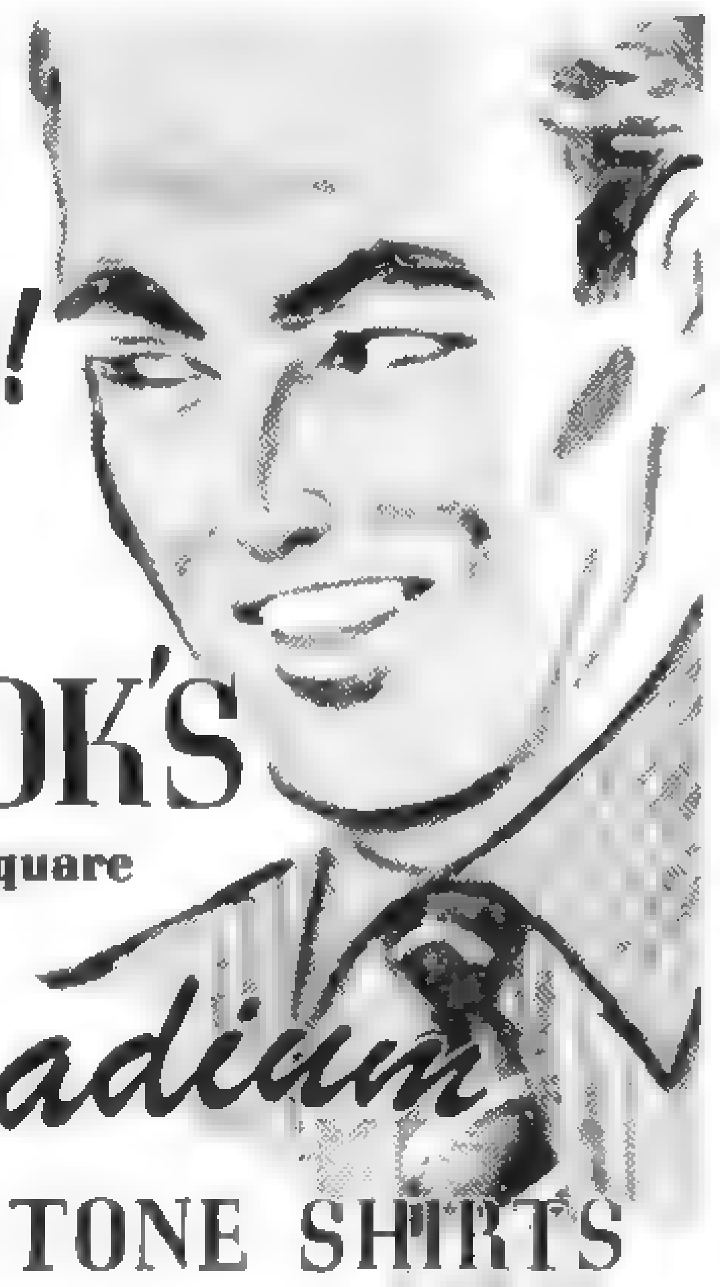
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Fashion's newest color in our smartest Star Style Shirt with the wide spread ROLL that really ROLLS. Custom style French Cuffs. Sizes 13½ to 17.

These shades...also in button-down roll

Palladium Tone Ties . . . all silk repp. New narrower, longer shape. Same stripe combinations. 2.50

Palladium Tone Links and Tie Bar Set. . . 4.00 plus 20% tax.

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Designate style, size, color and sleeve length. Enclose check, or money order. (in N. Y. City add 2% sales tax) Sorry, no C. O. D.'s

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of the place as has been written so far. Hiking, riding and shopping for Indian knicknacks.

HOOVER DAM NATIONAL RECREATIONAL AREA—Southeastern Nevada and northwestern Arizona. Open all year. Hotels, lodges, cabins, camp sites. Damming up of the Colorado River in 1936 (it was called Boulder Dam before its name was changed) created Lake Mead, largest man-made lake in the world (by water volume). Hiking, swimming, boating, fishing for largemouth black bass running up to eight pounds in Lake Mead, and rainbow trout in the Colorado below the Dam. While not exactly a national park, the area is frequently included in an itinerary covering Grand Canyon, Zion and Bryce parks, with Las Vegas, twenty-eight miles away, thrown in as an extra added attraction. Helldorado, Las Vegas' annual week-long civic bender, scheduled for mid-May.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK—In northwestern Wyoming, average altitude about 8000 feet up in the Rockies. Biggest and oldest national park, the daddy of them all. Doesn't open, though, until June 20—then stays open until September 12. Hotels, lodges, cabins, camp sites, and trailer parks. Mountains, forests, lakes, falls, geysers, hot springs, bear cubs that nibble at the sole of your shoe, and rangers to tell you what it's all about. Hiking, riding, boating, swimming and fishing—with no license required.

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK—Northwestern Montana, on the Canadian border. Park, cabins, camp sites, hotels and chalets open June 15-September 15. More than sixty glaciers within the park, rugged mountains, hundreds of lakes, streams, magnificent scenery. Hiking, riding, golf, boating, fishing for cutthroat, eastern brook, rainbow trout and mackinaw. No license required.

MT. RAINIER NATIONAL PARK—Western Washington. Paradise Valley and Longmire areas open all year, all others June 1-October 15. Hotels, lodges, cabins, camp grounds. Mt. Rainier, 14,408-feet high, dominates the park. Twenty-eight glaciers, waterfalls, lakes. Hiking, riding, mountain climbing, skiing from December 1 to May 15, fishing for trout in lakes (June 15-September 30) and streams (May 1-October 31). No license necessary, boats can be rented and tackle bought in park.

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK—Central California. Open all year. Hotels, lodges, camps and campgrounds. Spectacular waterfalls, mountain peaks, big trees (you've seen pictures of the one you drive through). Hiking, riding, trail trips, boating, trout fishing.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NATIONAL PARK—Central Colorado. Open all year. Hotels, lodges and campgrounds. Contains some of the highest peaks in the United States. Real Rocky Mountain scenery—the valleys are eight thousand feet above sea level, the peaks are about four thousand to five

Continued on page 154

GOOD hair grooming PAYS!

If you're still up-and-coming take a tip from the man who's arrived: good hair grooming does pay—in self confidence and success! You're on your way—with these Ogilvie Method Hair Preparations: **Castile Soap Shampoo, Special Hair Lotion**—for cleansing, removing loose dandruff, **Pomade**—for thinning hairlines, **Liquid or Creme Hair Dressing**—for the finishing touch!

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Style Rite

The girls—all sizes—go for the man in Style-Rite Slacks. Tailored to look smart . . . and to last. Designed with accent on roominess to make them as comfortable for active sports as they are for looking on.

STYLED FOR APPEAL • BUILT FOR ACTION

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Style Rite TROUSERS TAILORED BY KAHN MFG. CO.

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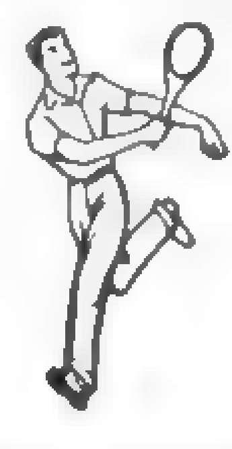

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MEN WHO KNOW PREFER . . .
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HERE ARE TWO REASONS WHY!

The STREAMLINER is a smoothly tailored Jacket of 100% Venetian Gabardine designed for active or casual sports wear. Available with or without the famous Leatherkraft *leather innerliner*. Padded shoulders. Two pockets in pleats, one inside pocket. Adjustable side tabs. Sizes 34-46 Regular and Long. Sand, Gold, Rust or Brown. With *innerliner*, about $29.50.

The GOLFER is the perfect jacket for pro and amateur. Lustrous Tackle Twill with Rayon lining. Pivot sleeves permit unhampered arm action. Two roomy side pockets, one inside pocket. Tee carrier. Sizes 34-46. You'll knock 'em a mile in this comfortable Leatherkraft jacket. About $16.95.

See them in your favorite men's department.
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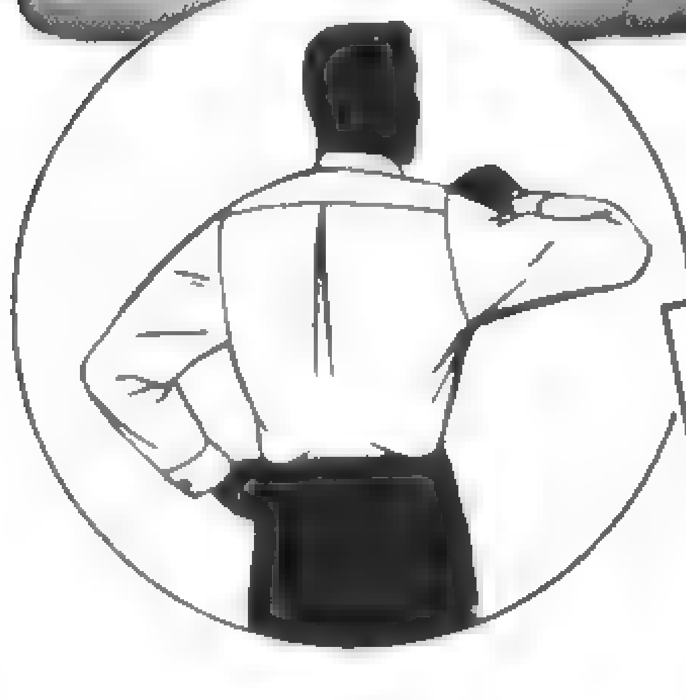

The '49er (1949) with the BOLD LOOK

Look smart and sharp in this handsome Bold Shirt, made for men who like to relax. In rayon and acetate blend, crease-resistant. Note the clever wide center pleat. French cuffs, hidden loop collar, can be worn for sports or dress.

Sizes: S, M, M-L, L. In five soft new spring washable pastel shades: Sandune, Salmon, French Grey, Spring Green and Melba Toast.

Retails at about $5.95

Extra Special Sportshirt For That "Extra Special Man" (Remember Father's Day June 19)

Holiday SPORTSWEAR PUT IT ON IT'S A Holiday

Put it on... it's a Holiday

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Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 153

thousand feet higher. Hiking, riding, fishing, golf and tennis.

GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK—On Tennessee and North Carolina border. Open all year. No hotels or lodges in park, but accommodations available in surrounding towns. Campgrounds within the park. Mountain highways, some of the most scenic in the east. Wildlife refuge. Typical hillbilly communities within the park. Indian reservation. Hiking, riding, trail trips, fishing for rainbow and brook trout and smallmouth black bass from mid-May to the end of August.

EVERGLADES NATIONAL PARK—Southwestern Florida, southwest of Miami. Open all year. Newest of the national parks, dedicated in December, 1947, and still pretty much undeveloped. No accommodations within the park, but small hotels and tourist courts at Homestead, near by. Wildlife sanctuary, fourteen miles of beaches, boating, good fresh- and salt-water fishing.

ACADIA NATIONAL PARK—Mt. Desert Island, off Maine coast, near Bar Harbor. Open all year. No accommodations within the park, but good hotels in near-by villages of Mt. Desert Island and Bar Harbor. Island mountains, forests, fjords, fresh-water lakes, woods, sea. Hiking, riding, boating, lake fishing for land-locked salmon and trout, deep-sea fishing.

Hit the Deck

(You're between-seasons when you cruise in May—well before the summer rush.)

SOUTH AMERICA:

Moore McCormack Lines—*Argentina, Brazil* and *Uruguay*, celebrated sister ships, 33,000 tons, the first two 519 passengers, the third 477, New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Trinidad. 38-day cruises, $1110 minimum, first class; $710 minimum, cabin class.

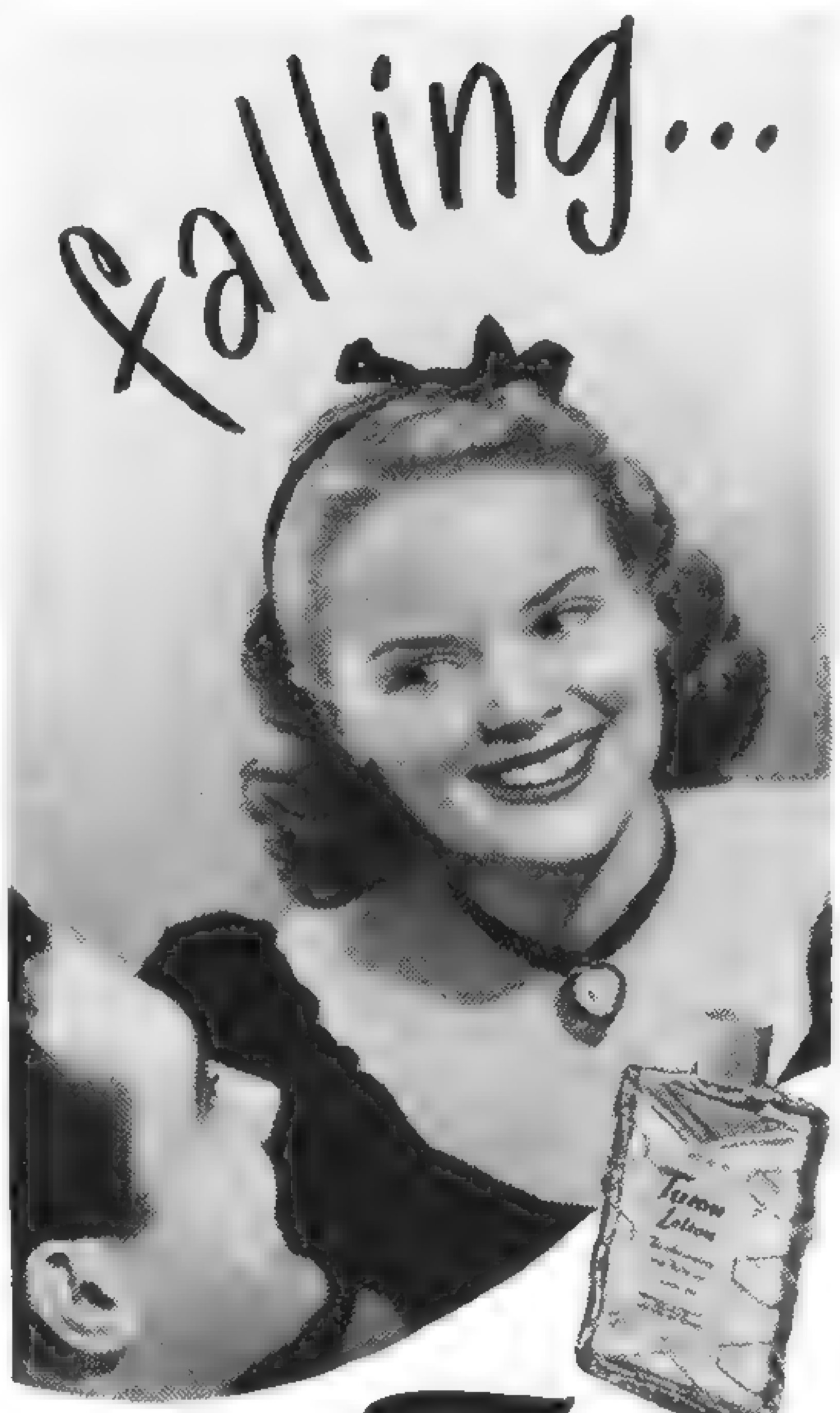
Delta Line—*Del Sud, Del Norte*, and *Del Mar*, luxurious postwar cruise ships, New Orleans to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. 47-day cruise, $900 to $1701.

Grace Line—*Santa Barbara, Santa Cecilia, Santa Margarita, Santa Maria, Santa Luisa, Santa Isabel*, 52-passenger cargo ships, New York to Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile. 36-38-day round trip, $972 minimum.

CARIBBEAN:

Porto Rico Line—*Borinquen*, reconditioned in June, 1947, from New York to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. 11-day continuous round trip, one-class, $189 to $351.

Alcoa Steamship Co.—*Alcoa Cavalier, Alcoa Clipper* and *Alcoa Corsair*, new luxury cruise ships, New Orleans to Jamaica, Curaçao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Guanta, Trinidad and Dominican Republic. Seventeen-day cruise,



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If she's got a yen for "*smooth*" men—make TAWN your ticket to success. TAWN After-Shave Lotion takes the "edge" off shaving . . . helps heal razor nicks . . . soothes, cools, and stimulates your skin. Try it *today!* Get a new slant on "smo-o-o-th" shaves—*for only* 75¢ plus tax

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Don't take along Acid Indigestion take TUMS

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TUMS 10¢
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TUMS

To feel better, try one or two TUMS after breakfast.

FOR THE TUMMY

NEED A LAXATIVE TOO?
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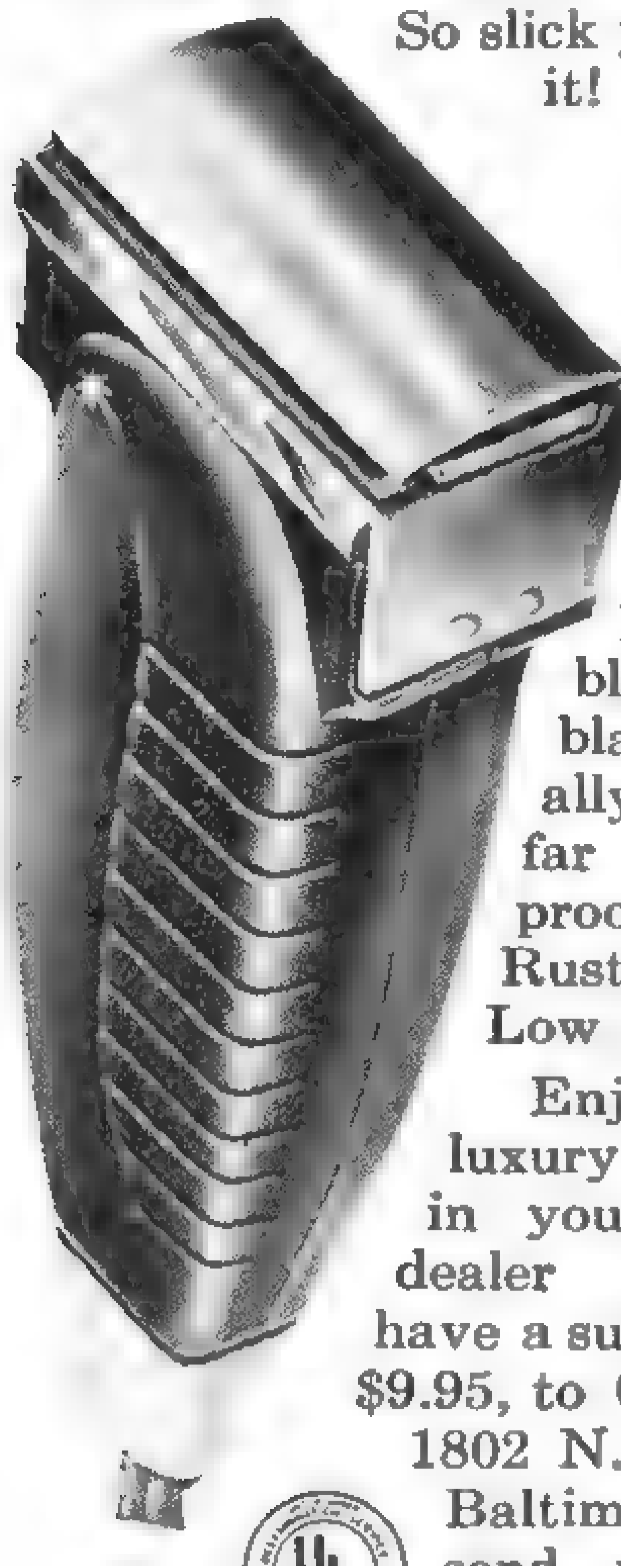

10 Amazing New Features

Shaves wet! Lather or brushless! Uses safety blades! It moves blade automatically! Blades *last* far longer! Waterproof! Shockproof! Rustproof! Silent! Low price!

Enjoy real shaving luxury for the first time in your life. If your dealer does not yet have a supply, send price, $9.95, to Collins Vibrazor, 1802 N. Charles Street, Baltimore 1, Md. Will send postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Canadian National Steamship Line—*Lady Rodney*, 11,000 tons and *Lady Nelson*, 12,100 tons, Boston to Bermuda, St. Kitts, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad and British Guiana. Two classes on the *Lady Nelson*, one on the *Lady Rodney*, 34-day "round voyage," $513 minimum.

Grace Line—*Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*, celebrated cruise ships, New York to Curaçao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello and Cartagena, 12-day cruise, $435 to $870.

Santa Monica, *Santa Clara* and *Santa Sofia*, 52-passenger cargo ships, New York to Cartagena, Barranquilla and Maracaibo, 18-day "casual cruises" (with schedules somewhat dependent on freight demands), $435 to $460.

Standard Fruit & Steamship Co.—*Contessa* and *Cefalu*, one-class cruise ships, recently remodeled, accommodating 65 passengers, New Orleans to Havana and Honduras. 10-day cruises, $200 up.

United Fruit Co.—*Jamaica*, *Talamanca* and *Veragua*, each accommodating 99 passengers, New York to Havana and Puerto Barrios. 17-day cruise, minimum $415, 24 days (including Guatemala tour), $520 minimum.

Quirigua, *Chiriqui*, modern one-class ships accommodating 99 passengers, New Orleans to Havana and Puerto Barrios. 11-day cruise $230 minimum. *Antigua*, sister ship, sails from New Orleans to Canal Zone and Puerto Barrios, same rates.

MEDITERRANEAN AND NEAR EAST:

American Export Lines—*Excalibur*, *Exochorda*, *Exeter* and *Excambion*, the new "Four Aces" ships, from New York to Marseilles, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Piraeus, Alexandria, Beirut. 44-day de luxe Yankee Cruises, minimum $850.

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American President Lines—*President Polk* and *President Monroe* from New York or San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, Genoa, Marseilles, Havana and Canal Zone. 110-day cruise, single class, rates from New York to New York, $2716 to $3200. From San Francisco to New York, $2216 to $2568. ⧺

(If you wish further details or other information relative to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.).

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"pro"-style
golf shoe
10^{95}

Tops in any tournament! Because it's all COMFORT *from the free-feeling moccasin toe and wide wing bluchers to the mildew-proof soles. It's built for* ACTION *with removable spikes placed in a new pattern for improved balance. And it's* STURDY *as a jeep! 'Cause only the finest leathers, the best workmanship go into Penobscot Trampeze shoes.*

at better stores everywhere. For source nearest you write:
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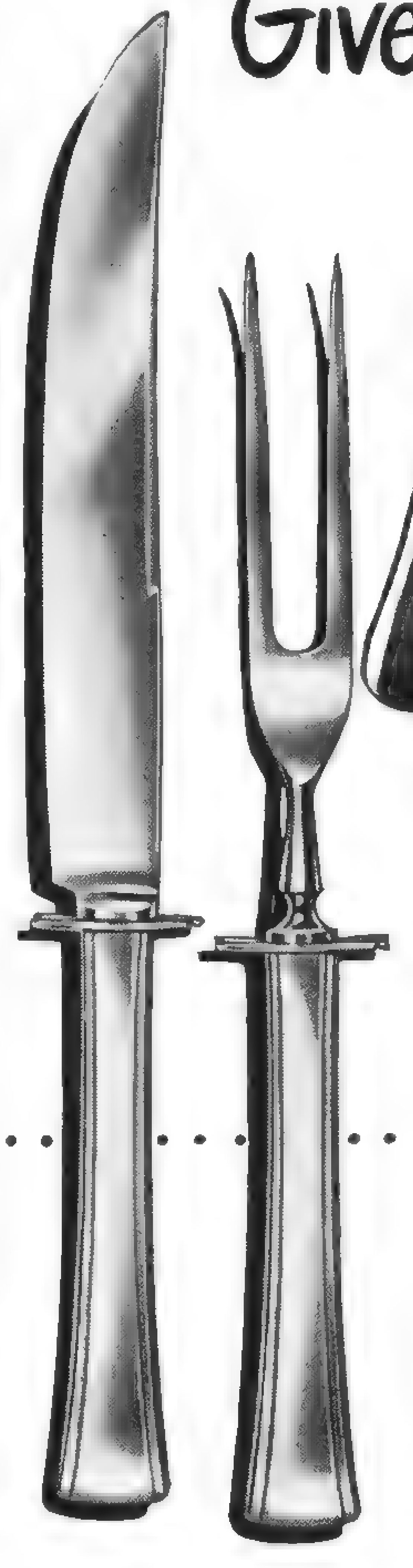
Give the groom a break



Let him know that somebody is thinking of him. Give a Fine Arts Sterling Steak Set—a swell gift that you will want for yourself, too. Fine Arts Steak Sets come in four superbly styled patterns. The handsomely carved sterling silver handles are perfectly balanced with the sharp tines of the fork and the mirror-finish, stainless steel blade.

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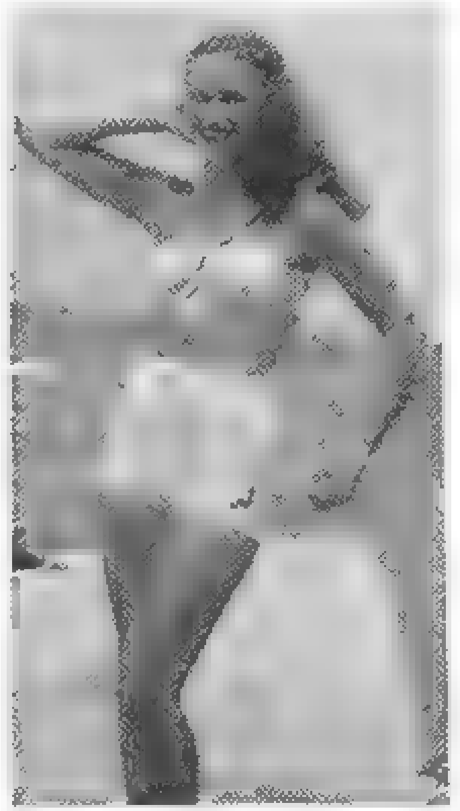

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Going Places

Painting the Town

NOT BEING either a man with a goatee or a partisan of re-bop, we mention The Royal Roost (Broadway and 47th Street) only in the spirit of social commentary. We must confess, however, that the fantastic vogue of this place would seem to make it a place you should visit. Christened (with what seems to us a deft stroke of genius) "The Metropolitan Bopera House" by its publicist, this cellar precinct is packed every night in the week. On a gusty, rain-drenched evening in early January, for example, business was so brisk at the Roost that there was a line extending a full block, braving the elements in order to hear a man named Billy Eckstine sing.

THE Roost—or its press agent—has a novel idea: This consists of a section—known as the bleachers—at the back of the room. There, for ninety cents admission fee and twenty-five cents to check one's hat and coat, a person can sit and listen without ordering food or drink. (Just in case he or she does want refreshment, however, there is a milk bar on hand.) So for one dollar and fifteen cents, anyone can sit undisturbed and listen to the complicated meaninglessness of such bop exponents as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Charlie Ventura. The carriage trade isn't confined to these quarters, however, and is invited to sit at a table—minimum charge: two dollars. On the whole, we prefer a table location. At least if you're there, you can order fried chicken and get rid of that horrible taste bop seems to leave. But such carpings aside, the Metropolitan Bopera House is a real bit of the fantastic and we think you should examine it one of these evenings. While you're about it, you might also drop in The Clique, which is hard by (as they say in Warwick Deeping) and also goes in for bop. Not good, but loud as all hell. If you will permit us to remove our bib and tucker for a moment, we'd like to observe that bop is a pretty poor thing. With few exceptions, the people who play it simply have no talent. Which is why we're out to lunch whenever a goatee climbs onto a bandstand.

HAVING disposed of such foolishness as bop, we can get down to the business of recommending a restaurant or two that should please you. A restaurant, for example, like Jay's Cafe, which is in Santa Monica, California, and is well worth trying. This is a small place and a rather expensive one, but the food is miraculously good. We especially recommend the pepper steak and the chicken Hawaiian. If the place has a drawback, it probably is the absence of hard liquor. We don't happen to consider this a tragedy, however. The wines happen to be first-rate.

THE REQUESTS for information about Manhattan spots that reach this department include a steady stream of appeals for us to recommend "cozy" places. Well, we think that "cozy" is the word for Tony's Trouville and the Drake Room and Coq Rouge and the Dorset Bar. We think, indeed, that "cozy" is just about the only word for them. For these are rooms fragrant with the scent of romance; rooms where the tinkling piano caresses the old songs of splendor and bliss; rooms where the waiters come and go, softly and pleasantly; rooms where there is no hustle and bustle. The Drake, for example, has a man named Cy Walters at the piano, and he is awfully good really. The other oases have good men too and we think you'll like them all. Then, along with the appeals for information about intimate rooms, are the requests for big, brassy places. We've mentioned them before, but we don't mind repeating that you won't go wrong at the Copacabana or the Latin Quarter, where the shows are almost irreproachably good and the girls are exquisite. Both places are modestly priced too. And let it be said that the food at the Copa is wonderful around midnight when the snack menu goes into operation. And then, of course, there is always Condon's, always Nick's, always Ryan's, where the beat is solid and the improvisation gallant. And, to wind things up, what about Jimmy Kelly's the Village landmark, where the girls are – well, uh, where the girls are girls. And a good thing that is too.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

with Esquire

Getting Away From It All

IT'S AN airminded Esky who puts typewriter to onion-skin this month. Our friends of the airlines, with whom we lunch occasionally at the Wings Club in New York, are bubbling with an ebullience they haven't shown since the air carriers first started wrestling with the problems of operation, finance and over-optimism which were their post-war legacies. Now aggressive sales policies have begun to show results, and the airline boys are again full of beans and projects.

AMERICAN AIRLINES, for example, has worked out a deal by which you can take yourself a round-trip to Mexico City for only $67.85 extra, including tax – if you're a transcontinental passenger. Flying from New York to Los Angeles, for instance, you'd leave the transcontinental route at Dallas, fly to Mexico via DC-6, return when you will to El Paso, and continue the east-west hop to the coast.

UNITED now sees to it that you can sit next to your wife (if you want to) on their planes without sending her pushing on ahead armed with a hatpin to try to grab a brace of seats. Two persons traveling together notify the ticket agent, who issues a card which is given to the stewardess, who holds their seats.

DAY BY DAY it becomes increasingly difficult for a guy to get away from it all. Even in mid-air they can reach you now, since LAV the Venezuelan airline, has installed radio-telegraph message service aboard its Constellations. So your associates can wire you to come back with the bonds and the blonde. However the service works both ways, happily, so you – in mid-flight from New York to Havana or Caracas– can telegraph them, telling them where to go.

SINCE SAFETY records are made by such very tangible factors as careful operation and maintenance, we think the airlines should take a bow, unafraid of gremlins that might sneak up behind them with pitchforks while they're bending over.

COLONIAL AIRLINES, to give you a for-instance, has been rolling along like Old Man River without a serious accident for the past nineteen years. They've flown 237,600,000 miles between New York and Canada, and New York and Washington and Bermuda with no fatality to passenger or crew member.

AND PAN AMERICAN–Grace Airways (Panagra) won the Aviation Award of the Inter-American Safety Council for the fifth consecutive year. In the past five years, Panagra has flown 30,649,475 miles without an accident or fatality to passenger or crew while running between Miami and eight Latin American countries.

DROPPING OUR protruding eyes from the skies, we'd like to tell you of a fairly unlikely-sounding but really excellent source of information on your trip abroad this year. It's the American Automobile Association, AAA to you, whose International Travel Dept., 25 Broad Street, New York, can supply you with all sorts of valuable data, especially if you're planning to take your car along. Their files are bending under the weight of notes on such details as licensing, permits, import and export requirements, gas rationing, highways and hotels and inns throughout Latin America, the Orient and Europe.

CLOSING ON a domestic note, we engaged in a major research project and read a release of the North Carolina State News Bureau to learn how the village of Whynot, N. C., on Route 705 south of Asheboro, got that way. Seems that a meeting of settlers was called to discuss a name for the crossroads. One man climbed to his feet and said, "Mr. Chairman, why not name our new town for our great leader, General Robert E. Lee?" Another arose and said, "Why not name it for our governor?" This went on for hours, until one tired character shouted, "Why not name the blamed place Whynot, and let's go home!" So they did.

If you wish further details or other information relating to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, 17, N. Y.

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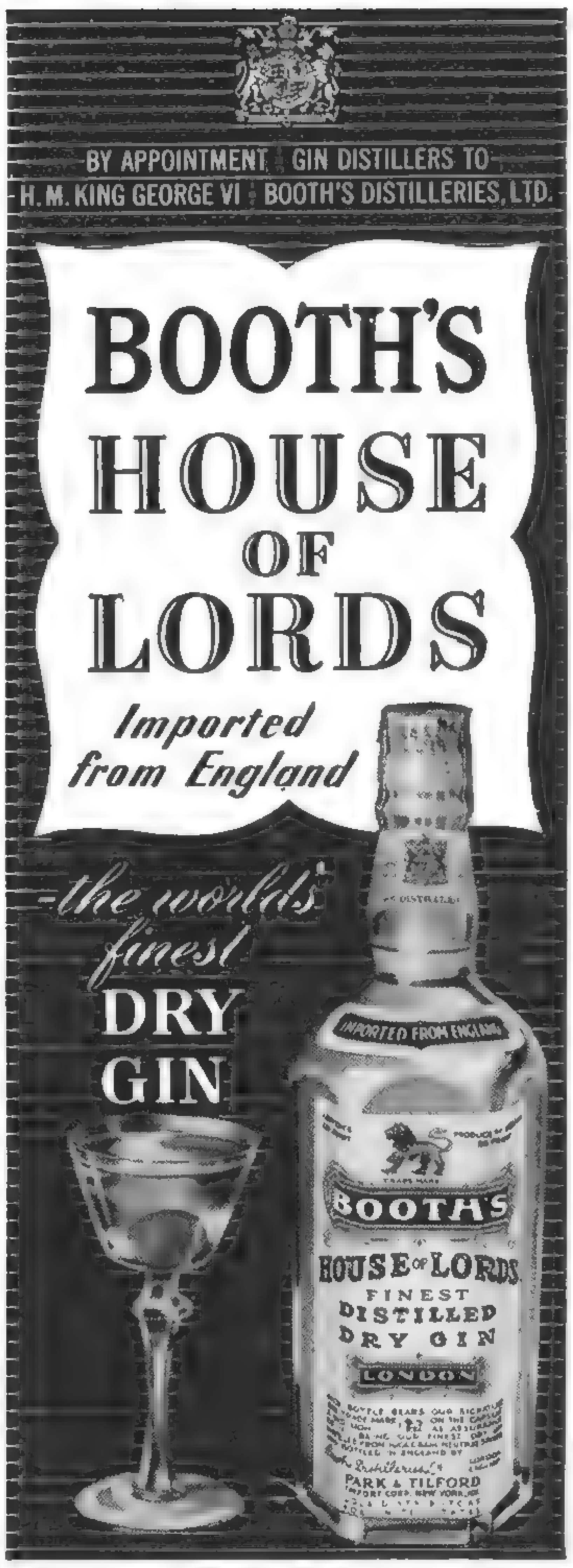

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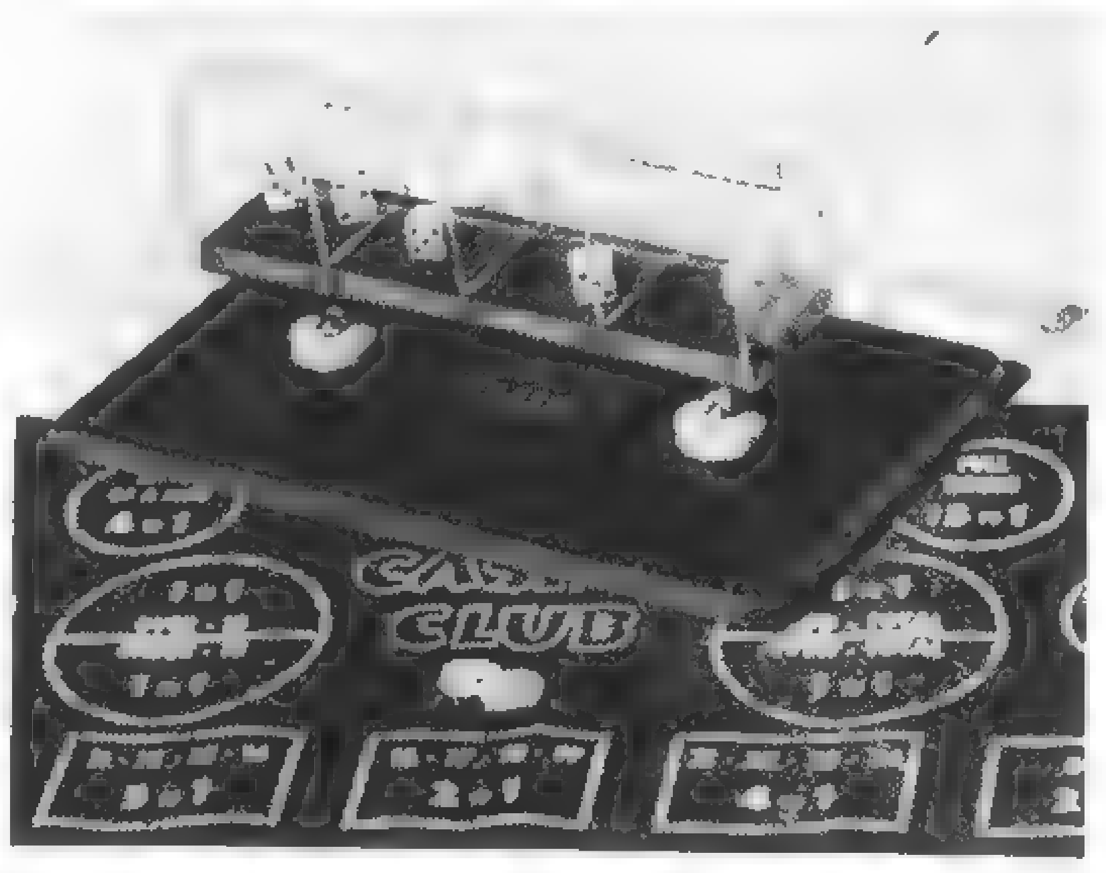

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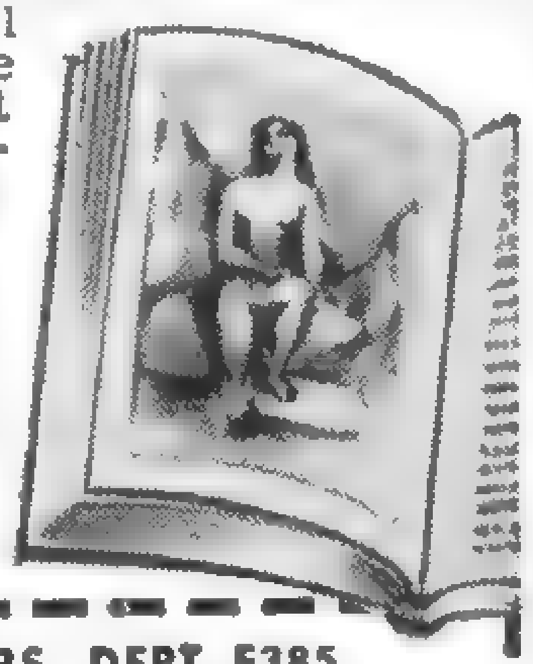

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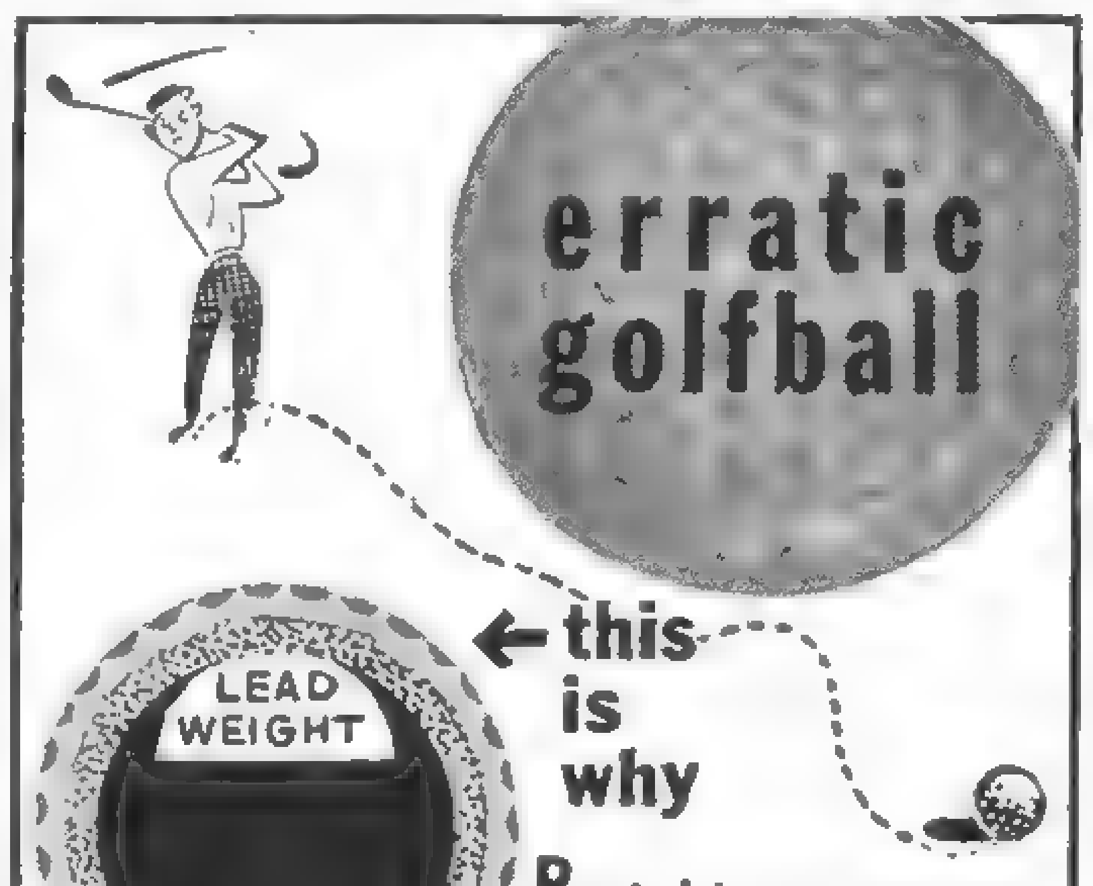

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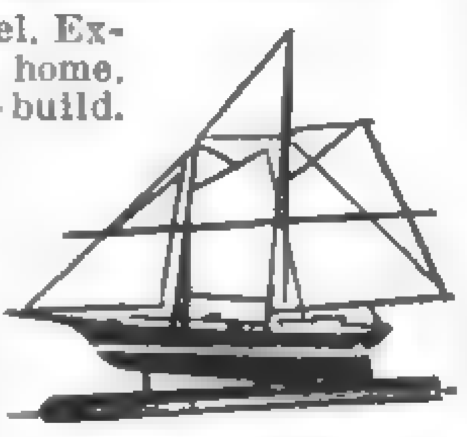

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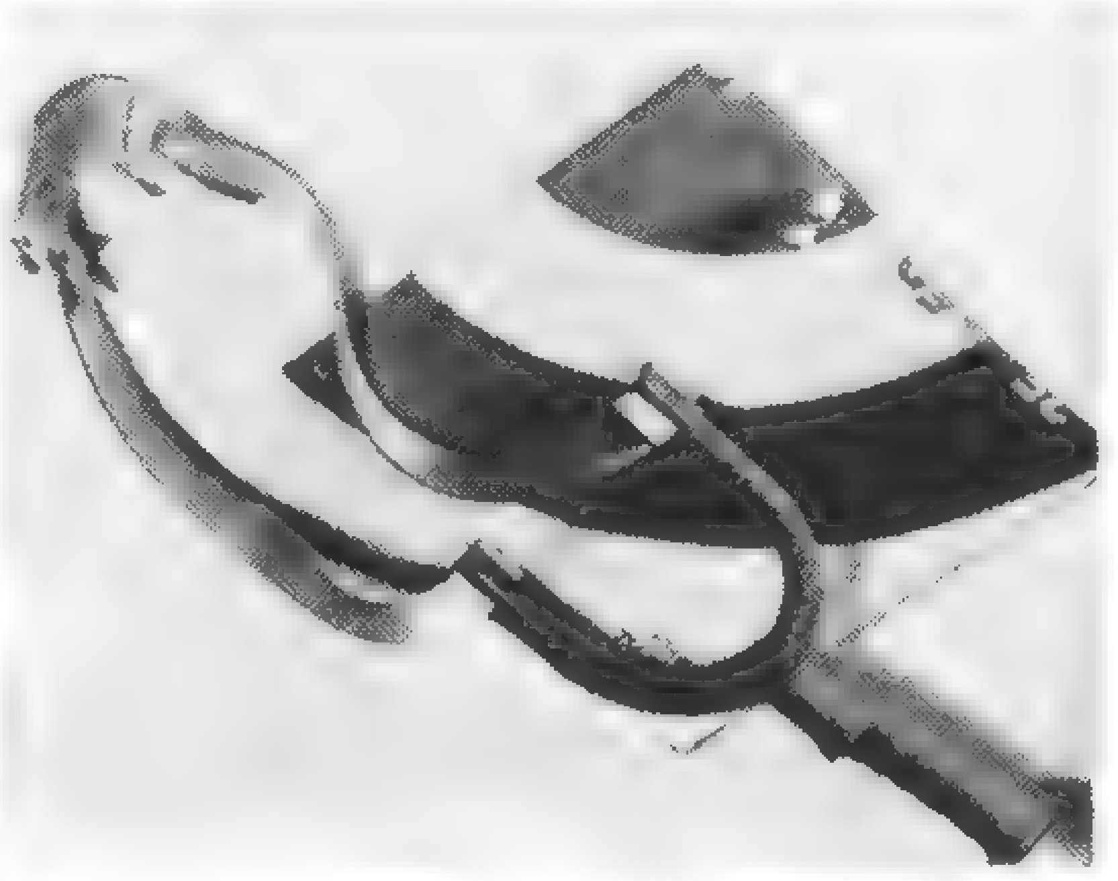

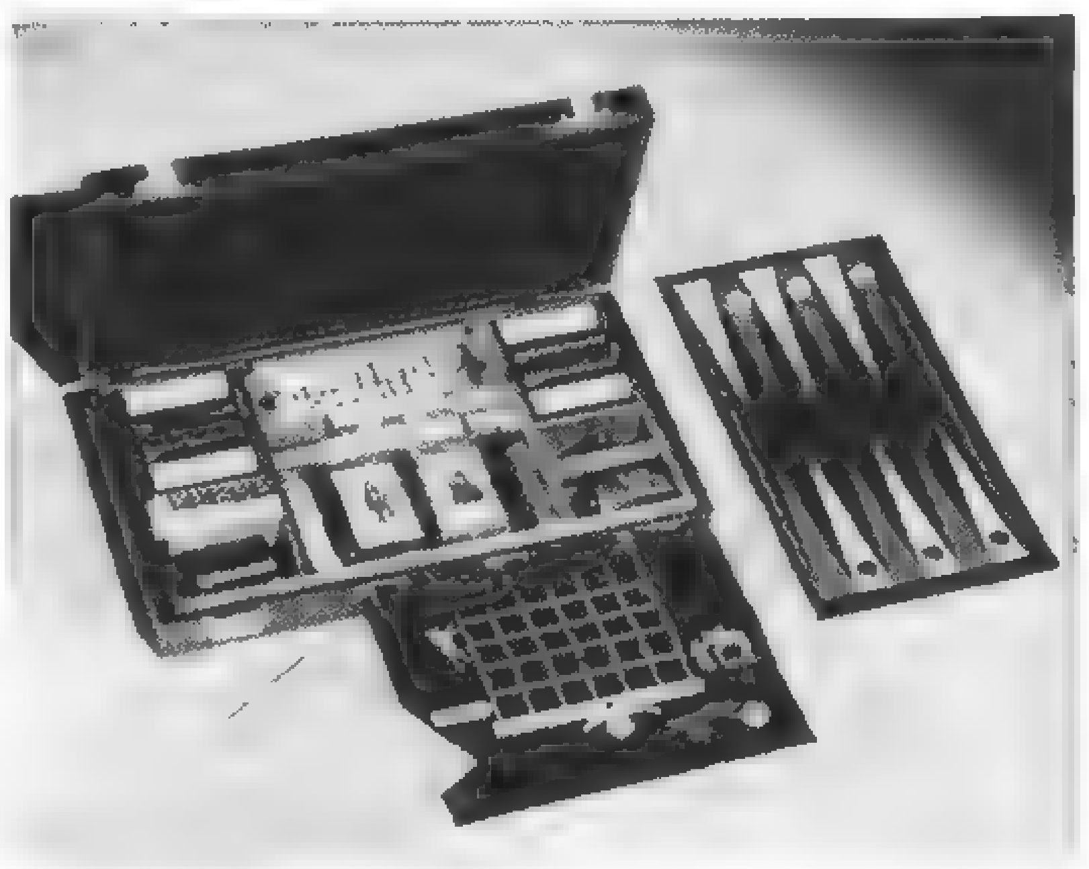

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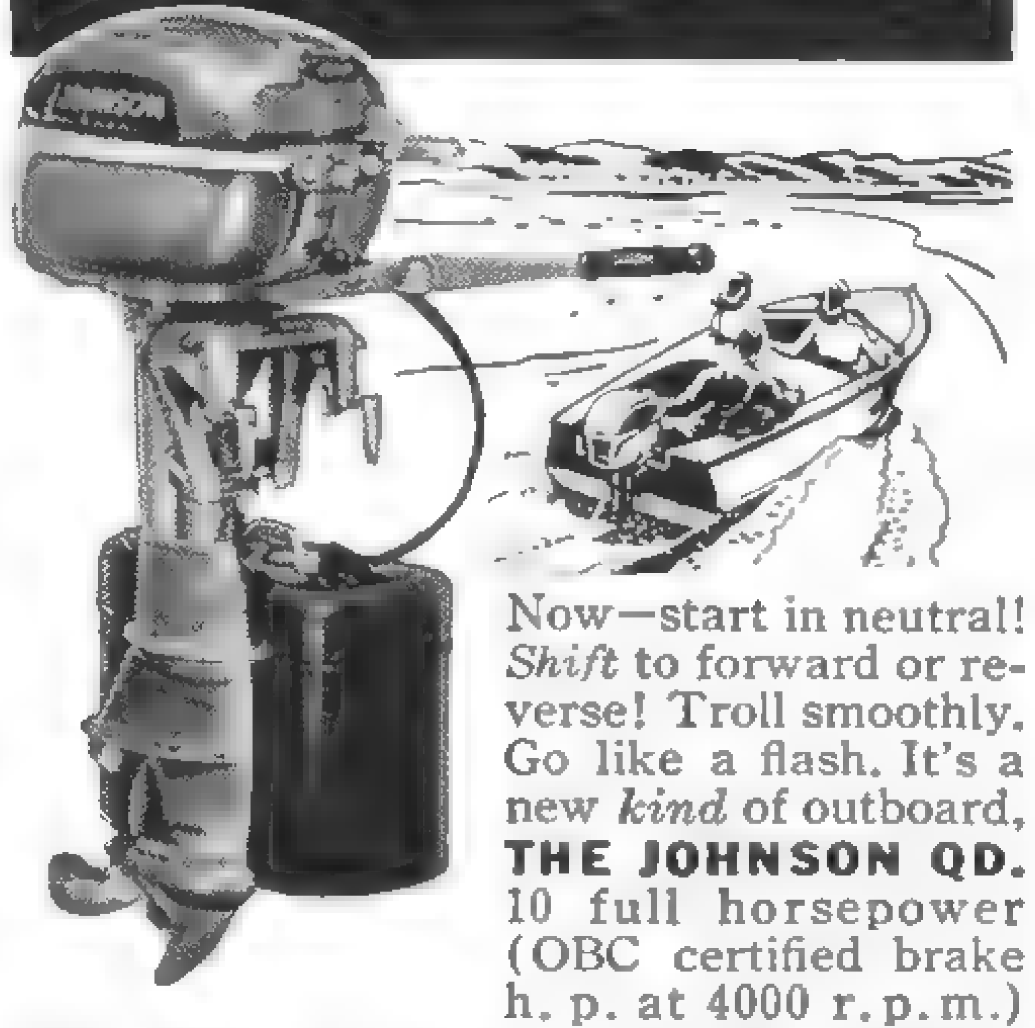

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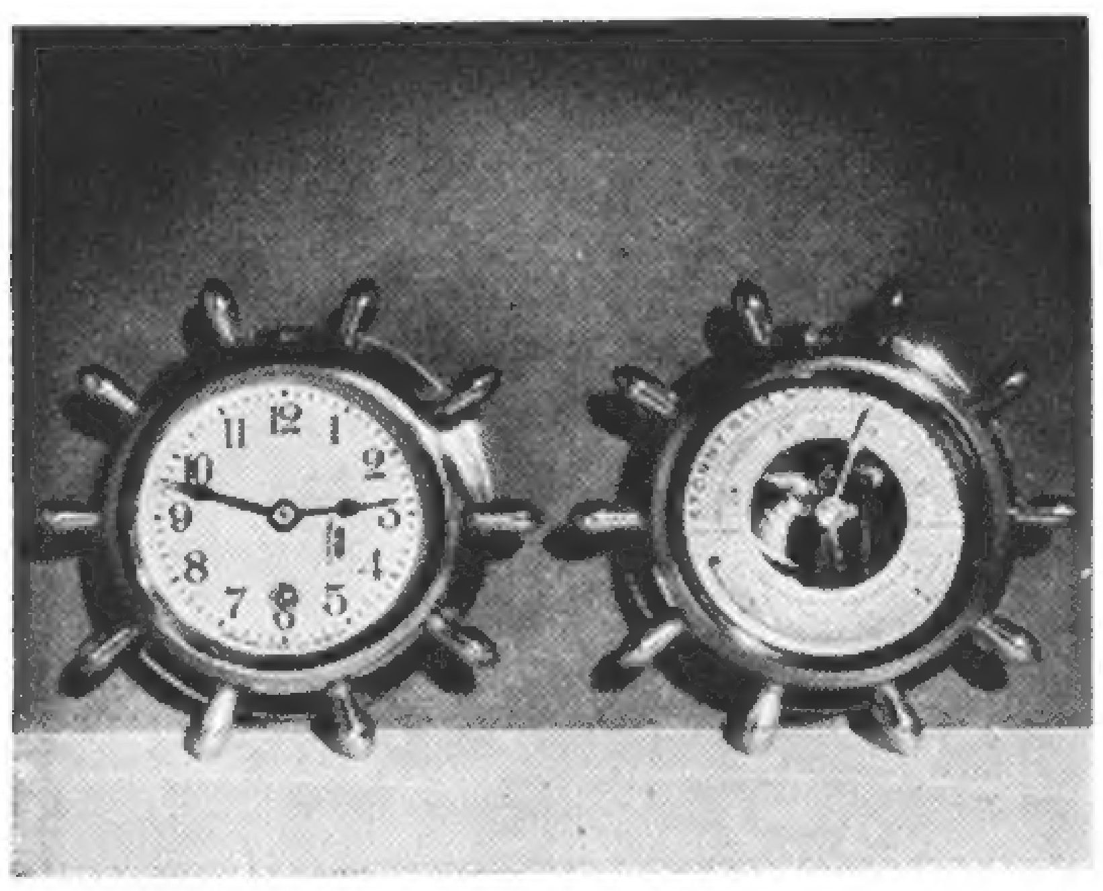

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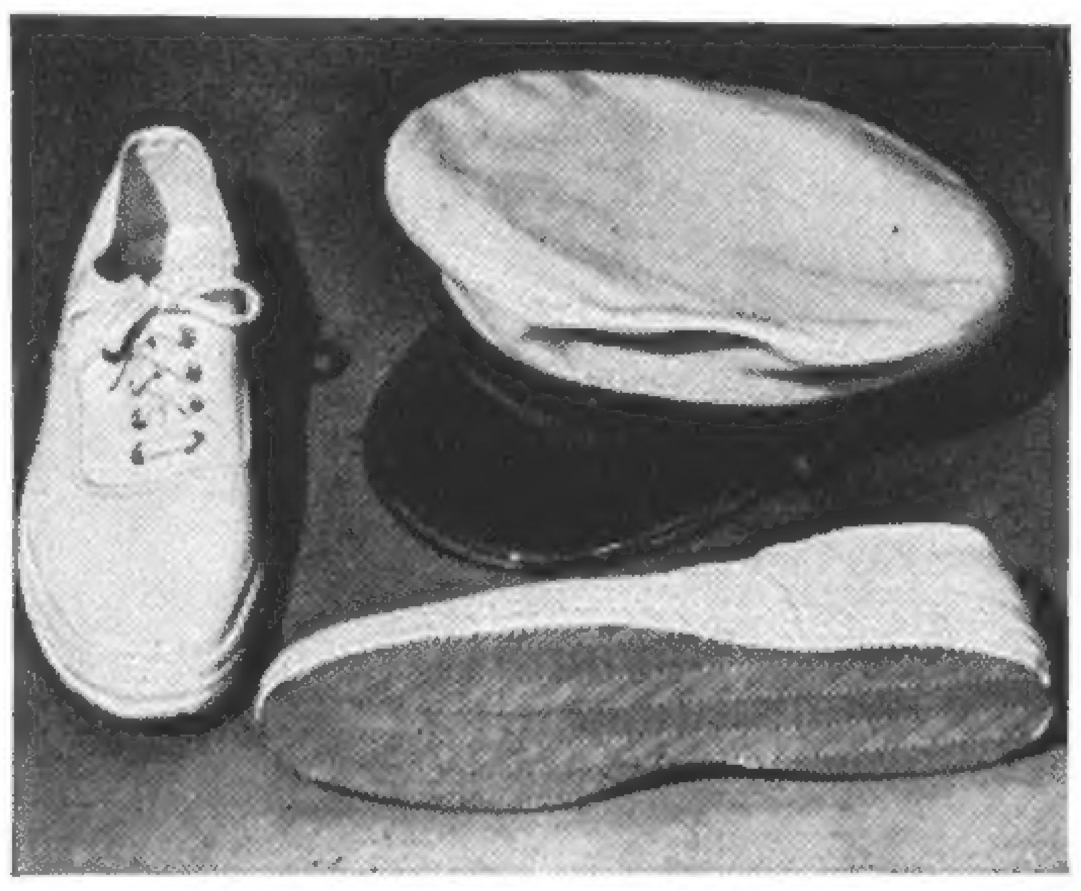

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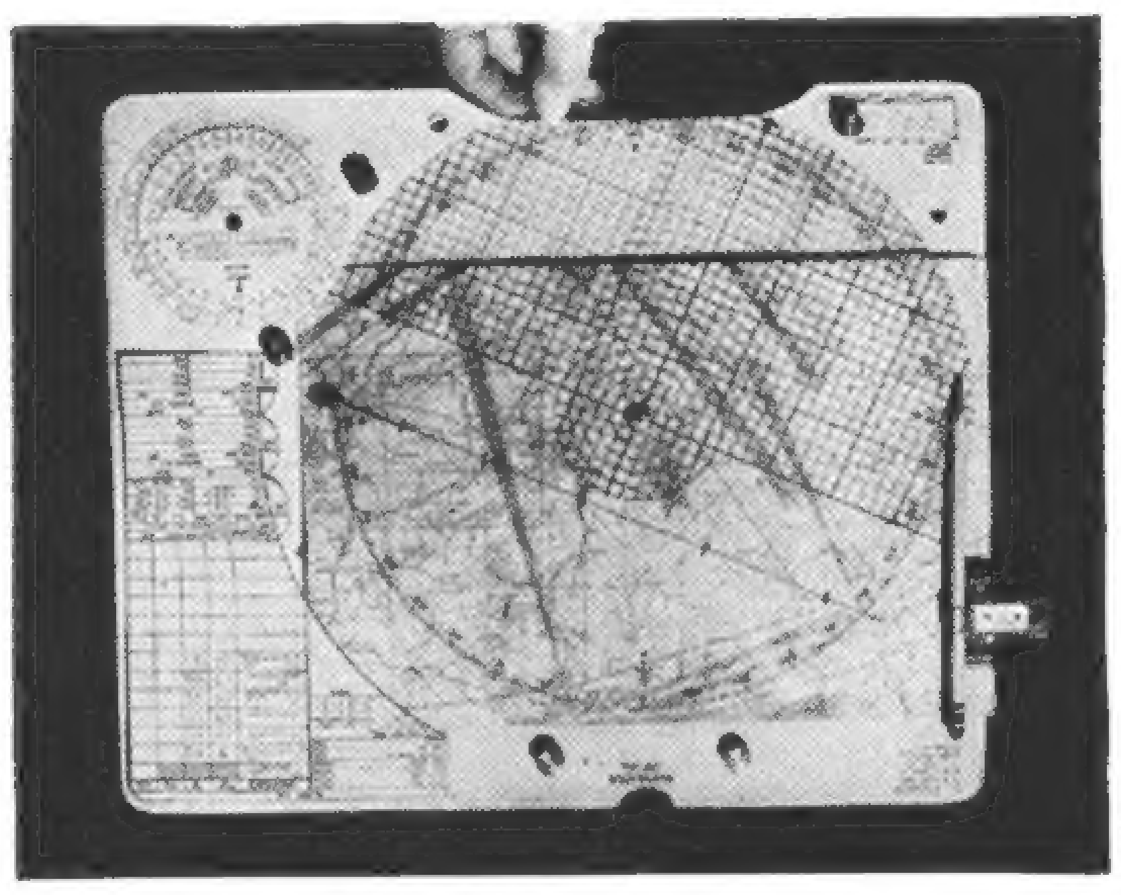

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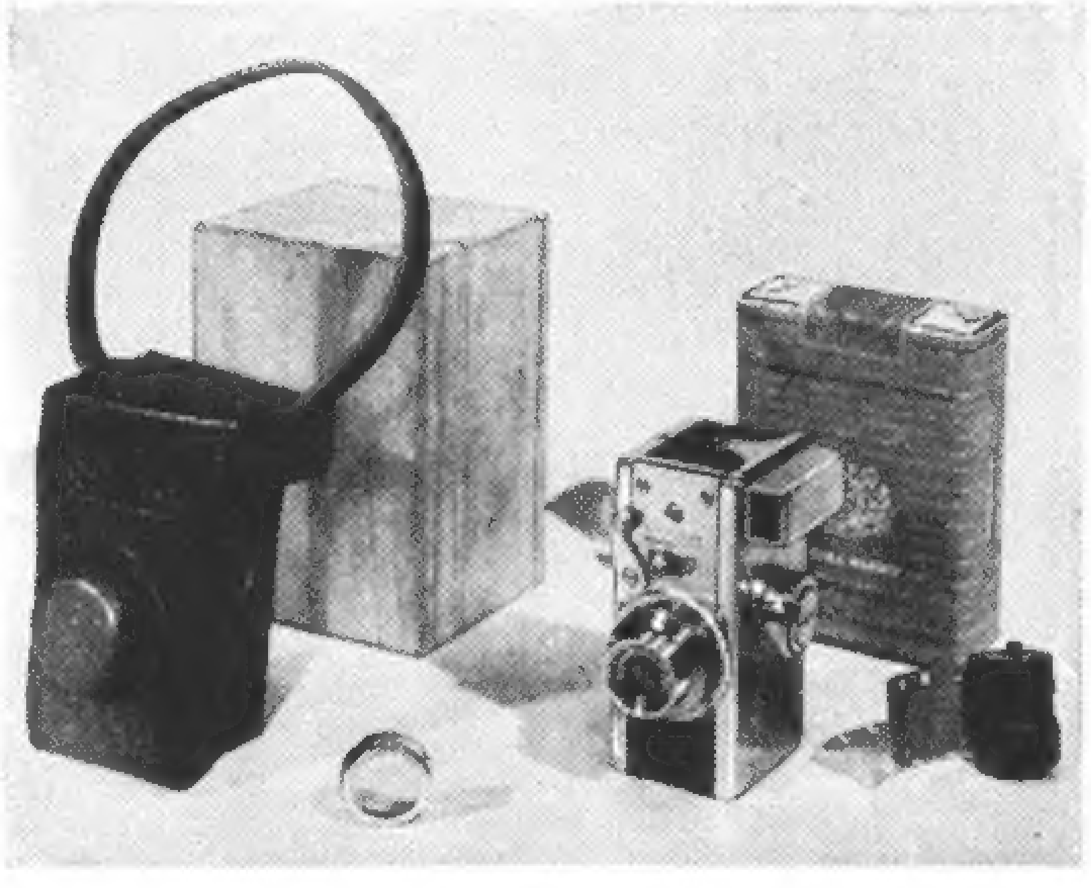

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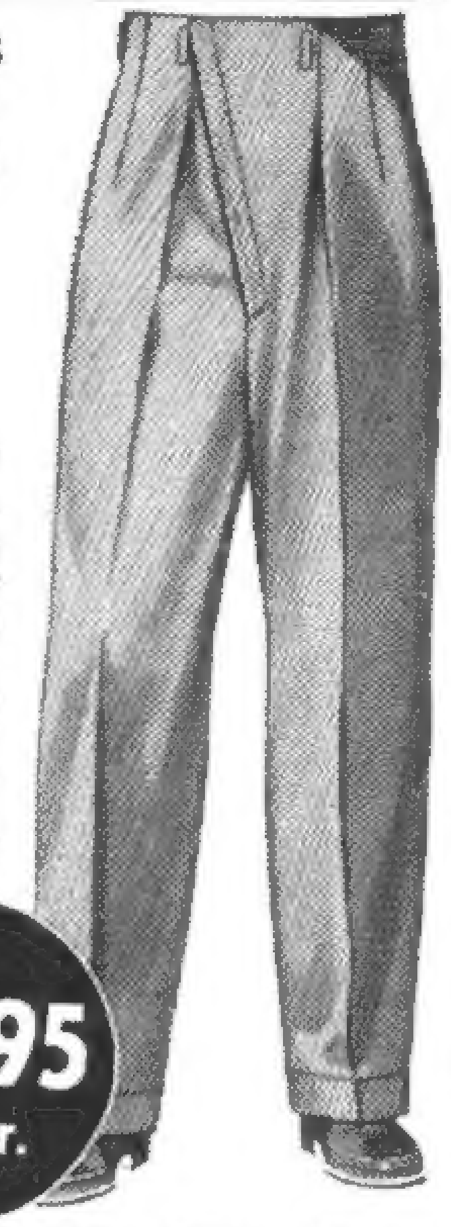

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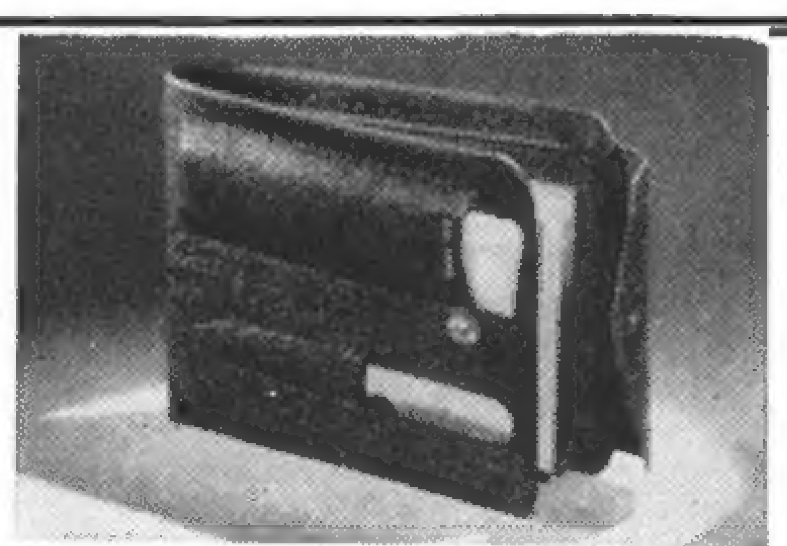

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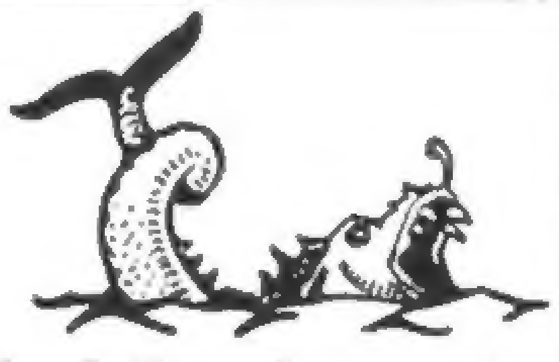

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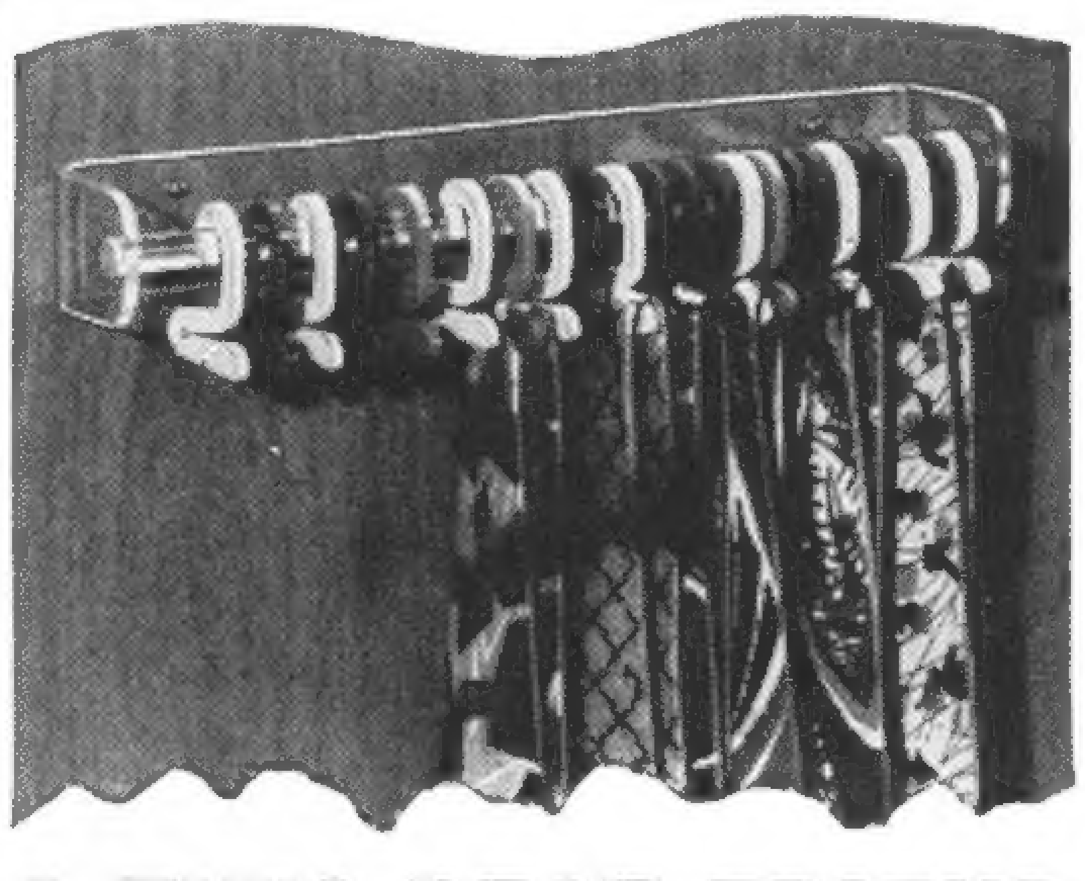

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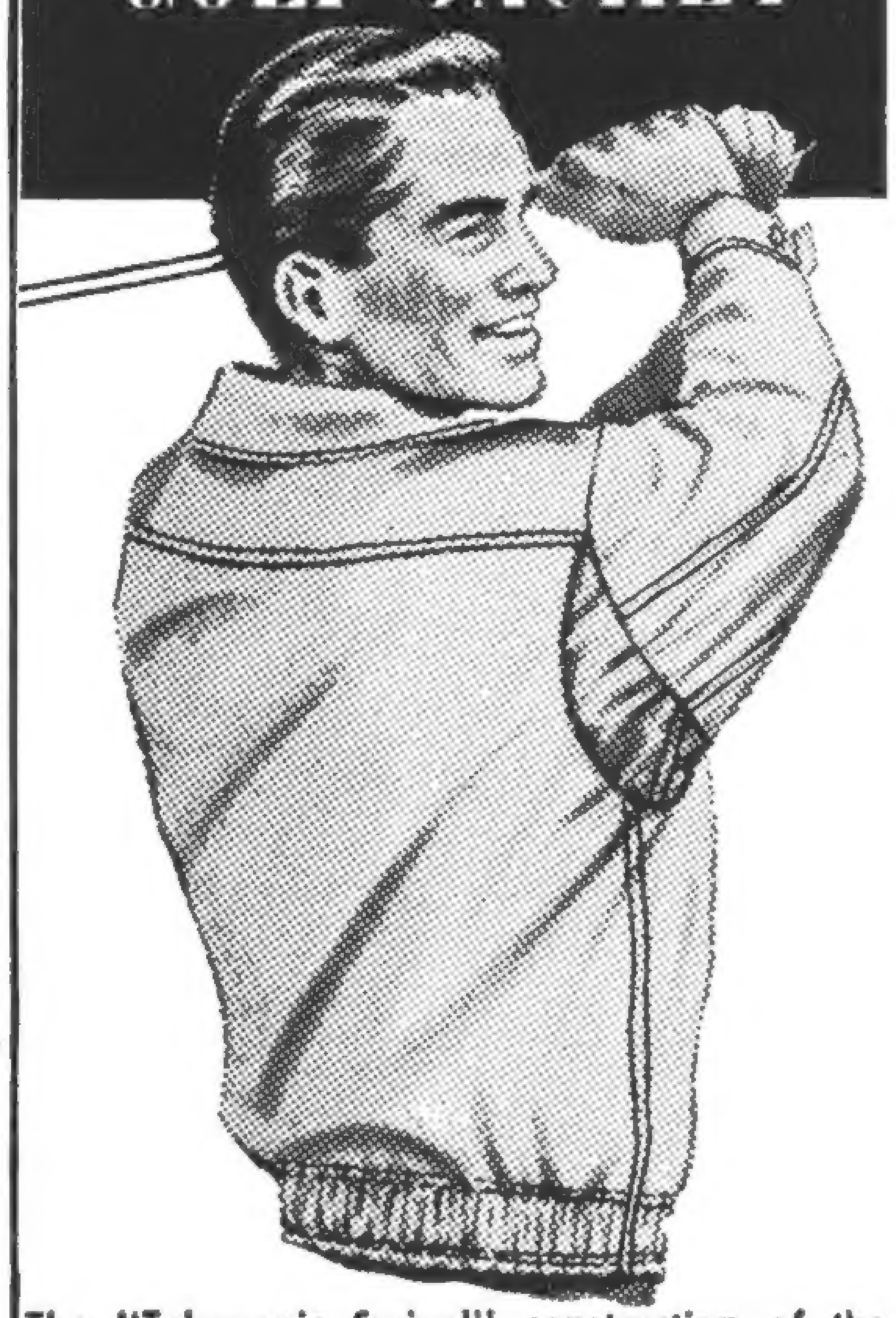

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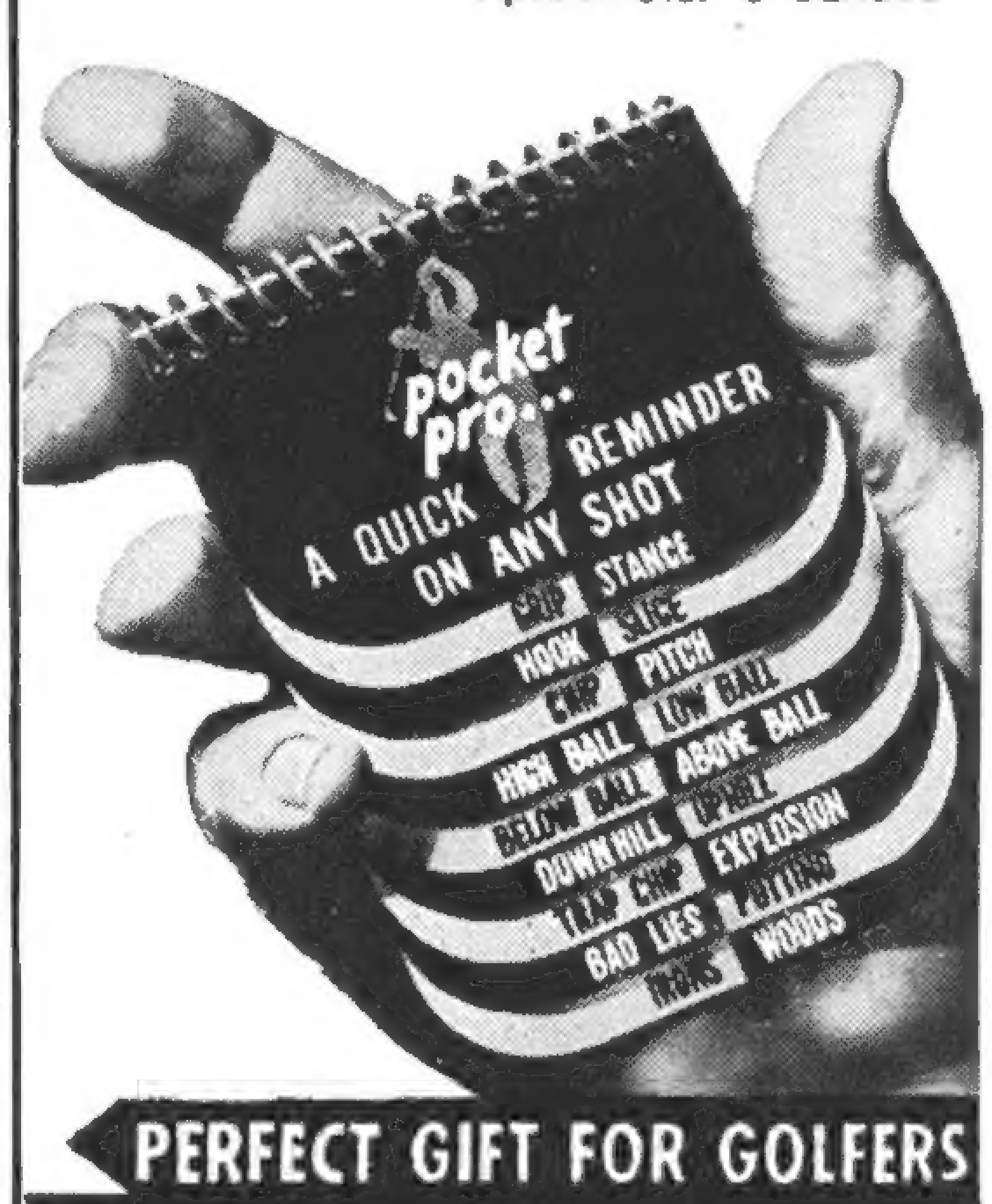

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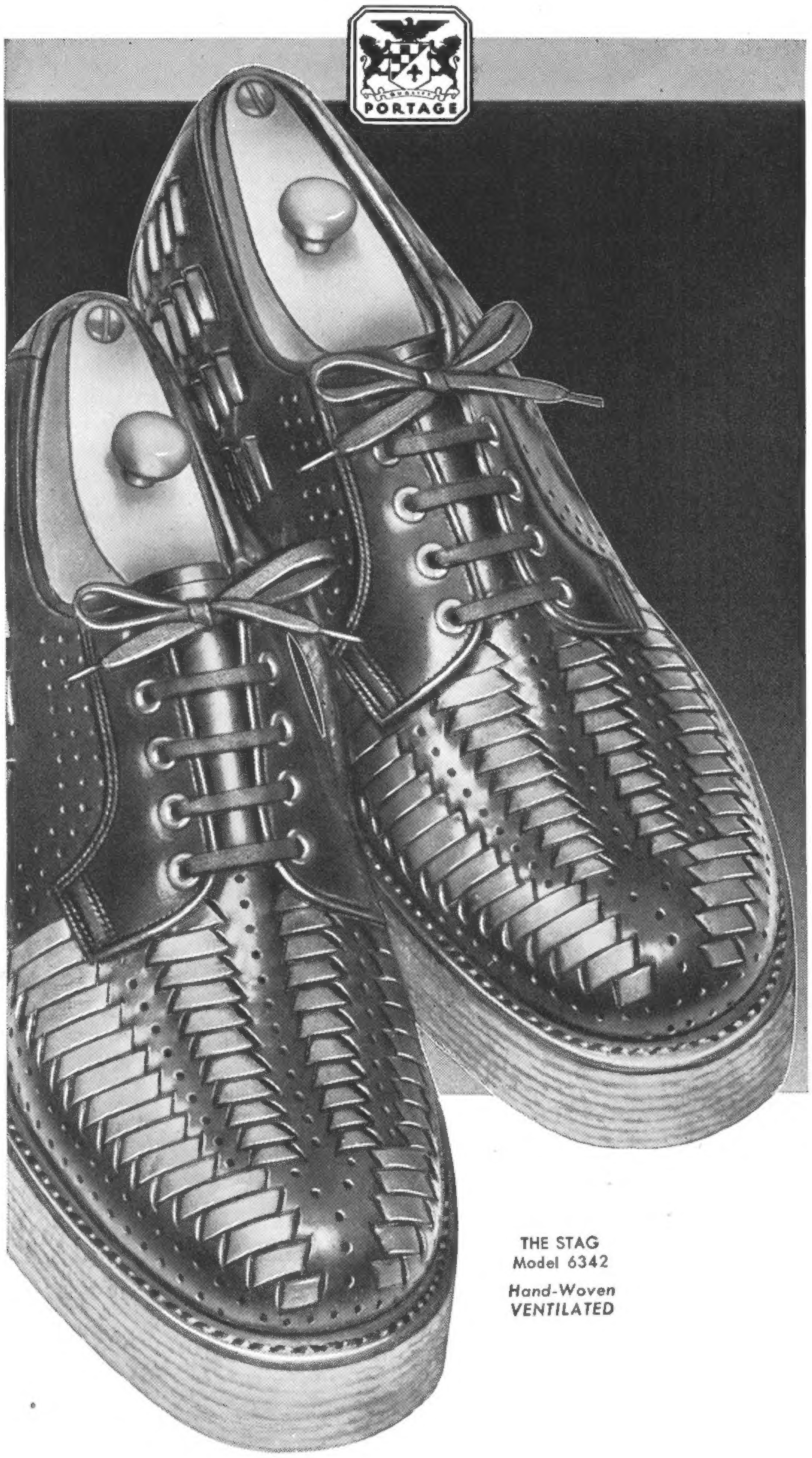

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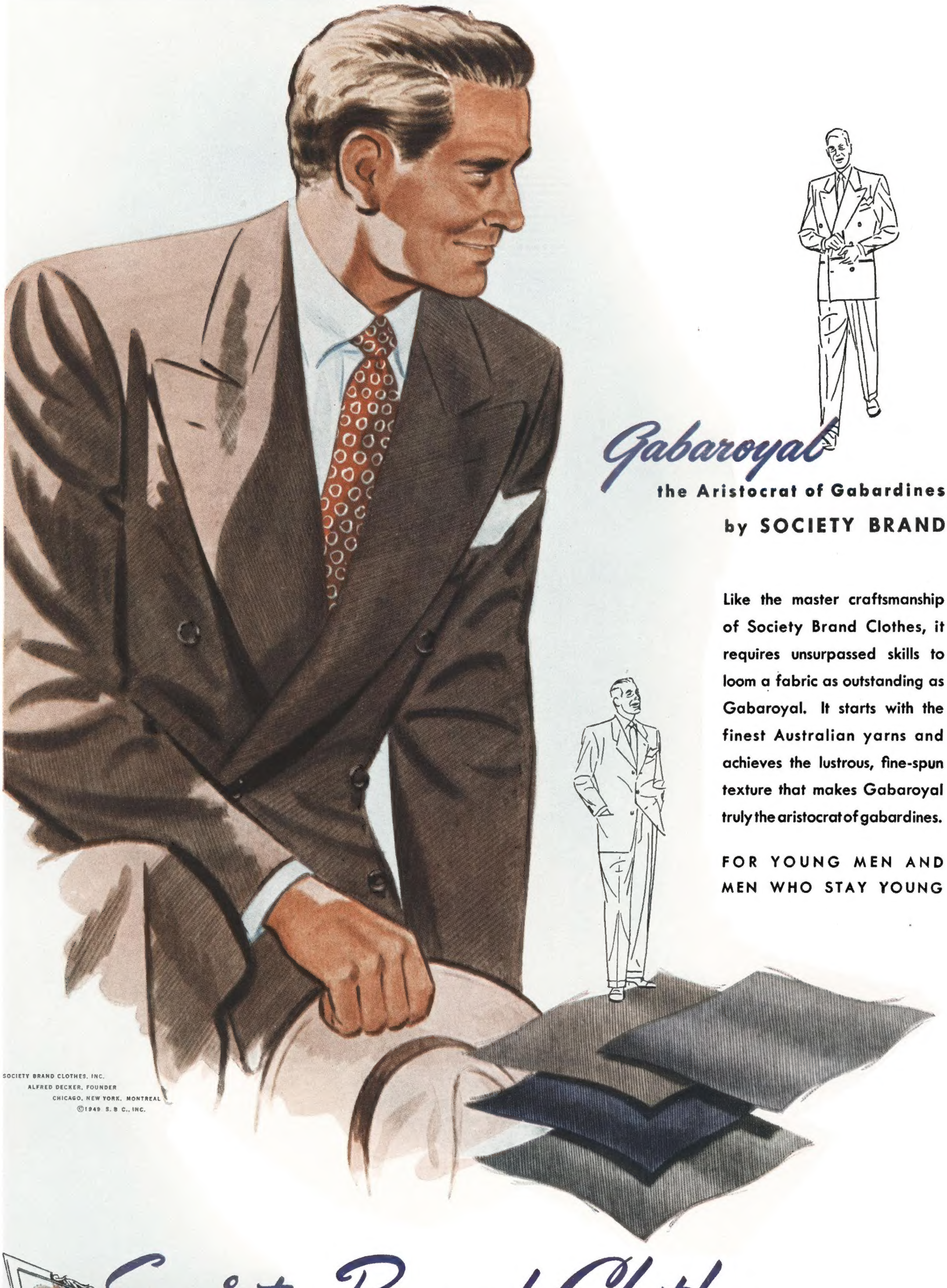

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